



Brading Church, Isle of Wight.

RT

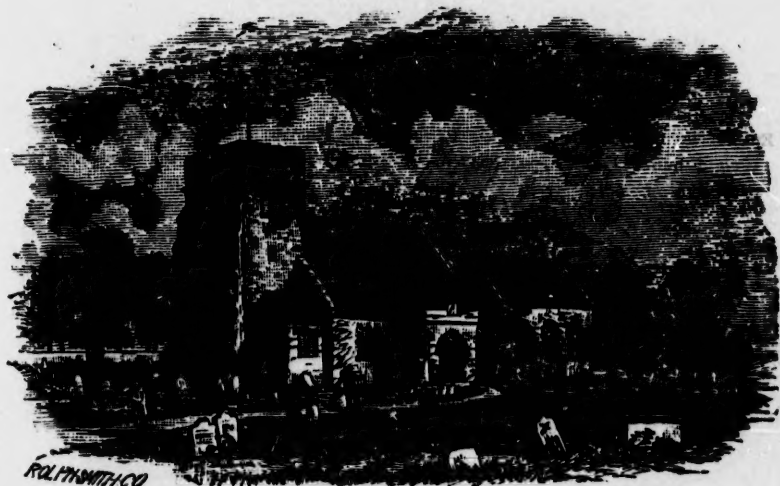
EVERGREEN LEAVES:

BEING

Notes from my Travel Book.

BY

TOOFIE.



Arleton Church, Isle of Wight.

TORONTO:
BELFORD BROTHERS.
MDCCCLXXV/I.

Entered according to the Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand
eight hundred and seventy-seven, by BELFORD BROTHERS, in the office of the
Minister of Agriculture.

PRINTED AND BOUND
BY
HUNTER, ROSE & Co.,
TORONTO.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
CHAPTER I.	
BEFORE STARTING	9
CHAPTER II.	
SUR LA MER.	16
CHAPTER III.	
LIVERPOOL—THE IRISH SEA—THE SOLWAY	33
CHAPTER IV.	
AT THE SEA-SIDE	38
CHAPTER V.	
THE BORDERS—CARLISLE	46
CHAPTER VI.	
THE BORDERS—CORBY CASTLE	53
CHAPTER VII.	
THE BORDERS—NAWORTH CASTLE—GILSLAND	60
CHAPTER VIII.	
RAMBLES IN THE BORDER-MOORS....	70

	PAGE.
CHAPTER IX.	
HERMITAGE CASTLE	81
CHAPTER X.	
MELROSE—ABBOTSFORD—DRYBURGH	88
CHAPTER XI.	
RAMBLINGS IN AND ABOUT EDINBURGH	106
CHAPTER XII.	
GLASGOW—THE LAND OF BURNS—RUINS	136
CHAPTER XIII.	
PLEASANT RAMBLES.....	143
CHAPTER XIV.	
A WEEK TO BE REMEMBERED	166
CHAPTER XV.	
FOUNTAINS ABBEY—BOLTON PRIORY	178
CHAPTER XVI.	
SKIPTON CASTLE—HAWORTH	188
CHAPTER XVII.	
CHATSWORTH—HADDON HALL	194
CHAPTER XVIII.	
REUNION—CATHEDRALS—COLLEGES .. .	202

CONTENTS.

vii

PAGE.

CHAPTER XIX.

PAGE.

LEAMINGTON	216
------------------	-----

CHAPTER XX.

CATHEDRALS—RUINS	223
------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XXI.

A MONTH IN WALES—CHESTER	236
--------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XXII.

IN SUSSEX	246
-----------------	-----

CHAPTER XXIII.

TWO MONTHS IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT	277
---------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XXIV.

VISITS TO, AND A WINTER IN, LONDON.....	320
---	-----

CHAPTER XXV.

DOVER AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD—CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL..	373
--	-----

..... 81

..... 88

..... 106

..... 136

..... 143

..... 166

..... 178

..... 188

..... 194

..... 202

THE

OF

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

EVERGREEN LEAVES.

CHAPTER I.

BEFORE STARTING.

“**I** SHALL not play another note this morning!” exclaimed Elise Hopeton, as she struck the last chords of Beethoven’s Mondschein Sonata. “I must leave music for Fred, he interprets those dear old German masters as only a truly musical soul can; but I have enjoyed this morning’s music so much! What a wild, rich beauty there is in Schumann and Weber. What tenderness, pathos, in Mozart and Mendelssohn; one never wearies of their society.”

“Pray, Flo! what are you in so deep a study about?” she asked, addressing a young girl of her own age, who sat reading near an open window. “Theology again! *Ben, ma mie!* have you answered yet satisfactorily to yourself the questions you and Fred discussed so earnestly last night, why all living beings must suffer, or whether we are fallen through our own fault, or Eve’s unhappy blunder on the banks of the Euphrates? You see, *ma*

mie, your author is regarded by correct theologians as dreadfully heterodox."

"That may be," said Flo. "But nevertheless, I find him very clear, on some points absolutely unanswerable. I am just reading on the government of God. My author says: 'That being has the most right to govern, who can, and will secure the greatest good to the universe.' He argues that God has the right to govern because He is perfect in goodness and benevolence, and because the aim of His empire is to elevate man to his state of primeval purity."

How deep the two maiden theologians would have plunged into the sea of theology it is impossible for me to say. Possibly, like the German pantheists and their disciples, far beyond their depth, had not a voice suddenly exclaimed:

"Elise, look here! how had I better paint this sunset sky? Would you make the colouring as brilliant as my model?"

"Ah! Artist Annie! You appeal to me out of the blindest affection," said Elise. "A genius like yours must go to Raffaello Sanzio, Poussin, Claude, or other great lights of the different schools. I love art; beauty in all her forms, but you know dear, I am not artist enough to advise you."

"I paint in colours, you in words, that is all the difference. Your word-pictures are very graphic, making what you describe like a reality."

"Girls! Do you think this will do?"

This question was addressed to the other three by a

maiden of blue eyes, spun gold hair, and that delicate peach complexion so seldom seen, who was altering the shape of a rich lace collar for her friend Flo, whom she declared she loved "better than any husband ever loved his wife."

"Oh, how beautifully you have done it!" cried the three girls, approaching the table, where all the delicate paraphernalia of a lady's work-basket lay scattered about. "You are a perfect love, Fannie! Your magic touch, like a fairy's wand, lends a new grace to everything. How do you manage it?"

This scene took place in the morning-room at Idylwood, situated on the banks of the beautiful inland water, Lake Ontario. The fragrance of roses and violets floated in at the window, which opened on a balcony leading to a grass terrace, from which one descended by steps to the bright sparkling waters of the lake, where lay boats ready for use. The sound of the waves stole pleasantly on the ear, and mingled with the bird-songs which filled the air this sunny June morning.

The four maidens in that pleasant sunny room, so different in form, character, talents, tastes, were in no wise related to each other; but still they were bound together by the strongest sympathy and affection,—that sympathy which is ever begotten of congeniality of spirit, and literary pursuit shared in common. They had studied together for years, had botanized and painted, "read the constellations" and the classics, played and sung together, and had forgotten that they could not always be together,

—nay, could not even dwell in the same country. Alas, ye early, happy days, ye sweet friends, like the remembered music of a friendly voice, existing only as the memories of a by-gone time! I seem to see those dear faces and hear those voices, so full of the sun of joy and hope, but 'tis but a fond fancy. *Hin* are ye for this world?

Annie was the artist, and hence was always called by her companions "Artist Annie." She would fall into the wildest raptures over a noble tree or a fine sunset, and it was the dream of her girlhood to see the great works of painting and sculpture in the old world.

Elise was the linguist, with a marvellous memory, so that she was playfully called the "*labendiges Wörterbuch*," a passion for the natural sciences and theology.

The fair Saxon, Fannie, delighted, too, in nature, and had a large collection of "bugs" and butterflies, plants and stones.

Flo, like Elise, would have been a clergyman "had she been a man." She was the only *Braut* of the party, and the friends had promised to visit her in her English home, which was to be under the protecting shadow of an old cathedral.

The friends had left school, and were on a visit to Elise at Idylwood before their long separation. Mr. Hopeton, the owner of Idylwood, was a bachelor of some fifty years, who had remained faithful to the memory of the affianced bride of his youth. His sister, the widow of an officer who had died in India, and the two orphan

children of a brother, Elise and Fred, shared his home, and he had named them heirs to his wealth. They were on the eve of entering upon a long European tour, and a residence in Germany, France, and Italy, of sufficient length to master the languages of those countries. Artist Annie was an orphan, without brother or sister, and being the most intimate friend of Elise for many years, Aunt Jessie had invited the gifted girl to travel and study with her niece.

While the friends were discussing the merits of Fannie's skill in lace collars, a clattering of horse-hoofs was heard, and Elise, going to the window, announced the arrival of Fred, who came galloping up the drive full of life and hilarity from his morning ride.

"Well, Aunt Jessie," said Fred, as he came into luncheon, "have you been able to keep the girls straight for me while I was out? Do you think Elise has got her things anywhere near ready? We cannot miss the steamer for her to buy a new hat, you know."

"You foolish boy," said his sister laughing, "do not be anxious or uneasy about my things. I am ready, to the last pair of gloves; but do come, just for one minute and look at Artist Annie's last picture, she has but finished it; see how perfectly she has given the dense foliage of that sycamore, and the old ruin looks as if it had just stepped out of a Ruysdael, or some other great master, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"Yes, it is nice," said Fred enthusiastically; "I am awfully glad you are to travel and study with us abroad, Mademoiselle Artiste; in La belle France and Germany,

and *all over* where we are to go, you will see more Saints, Madonnas and Holy Families, than you can count: Elise is alway raving about them, for she went with Aunt Jessie, you know;—and then on the Rhine, Moselle, Neckar, and in every *Wald* in Germany, you can gratify your passion for ruins. I have been reading up, and I shall ask you to sketch the Alhambra—for I *think* we shall end up with Spain—and its only rival of the mediæval ruins, Heidelberg Schloss. Elise is to be *chroniclerin*, walking-history, and translator-general; I announce myself critic!"

That last evening was spent in boating, amid a solemn, holy, silent beauty of water, land, sky—with its numberless stars, the crescent moon with Venus in her train,—and after they had said their last good-night, perhaps for years, Elise wrote the following lines :

FAREWELL.

Farewell ! and must I see thee go,
And far a stranger roam ?
Chide not these tender tears that flow,
For our deserted home.

If e'er upon this shore you stand,
Where we have stood of yore,
Oh ! think of one in foreign land,
Whom you may meet no more.

When on the crescent moon you gaze,
Or holy Evening Star,
May they, sweet friend, fond mem'ries raise,
Of one who wanders far.

Remember she will think of thee,
Though oceans roll between ;
Her dearest friend will ever be,
As she hath ever been.

Then fare thee well ! 'Tis sad ! Farewell !
Yet hope again to meet ;
No absence can break Friendship's spell :
Re-union, how sweet !

"There ! the last trunk and bag are on board !" exclaimed Mr. Hopeton, with a sigh of relief ; "now let me get you all to your own state-rooms at once, and we shall begin to feel a little settled for the voyage."

"Yes," said Fred, "and I suggest that everybody set his house in order. Artist Annie will get all her sketching materials to the top of her trunk. Elise, you did not forget your *Denkbuch*, did you, and pencils ! You must begin to take notes almost directly, you know. I intend to study human nature *well* this voyage ; an ocean steamer is a splendid place to find out what people are really made of."

CHAPTER II.

SUR LA MER.

THE sea ! The wild, grand, fearless billows ! How suggestive of Infinity ! of Omnipotence ! and how one's soul goes out in sympathy with its mighty forces, ungoverned by human potency, and in strange yearnings to fathom its mysteries ! Our friend Elise, official "*Chroniclerin*" to our party, stood in profound thought upon deck ; the "Sea Gull" was out at sea ; the good byes and frantic waving of hats and handkerchiefs were over, there had been the normal amount of bustle, confusion ; excitement, incident to such occasions ; the most heroic resolutions had been formed, and it may be safely asserted, that the introduction to the state-room regions, had suffered from sundry drawbacks not the most reassuring in the world.

"Well," said Fred, as he and Artist Annie came on deck, "I fancy Aunt Jessie's prediction that our next meal will be in the Mersey ! will not prove true ; how quiet and lovely the sea is ; we shall have a delightful voyage."

I suspect," said Elise, "that old Neptune, with his Mermaids, the minxes, must have laughed at our com-

posure at luncheon, when they pictured to themselves coming events. Depend upon it they are brewing mischief in those quiet depths; this calm is unreliable."

And so it proved. The wind rose as they lost sight of land,—in honour of that event; the passengers, finding themselves in a somewhat unsettled condition, gradually disappeared into the regions below, and Fred, who complained of a "suspicious giddiness in the head," was no more seen, for a period I decline to mention. It is seriously to be feared his study of human nature was sadly neglected, and "Steward" was summoned rather more frequently than that martyred individual, laden with basins, brandy, and broth, found quite convenient. Old Neptune's prescriptions, aided by the amiable suggestions of Proserpine and her suite, had brought about the final catastrophe. Sea-sickness is utterly unlike any other *douleur* in the whole catalogue of human miseries and woes that ever fell from the over-inquisitive Pandora's box. Do not take fright; I am not going to describe it—it's *indescribable*! I advise you, *ma chere*, if you desire to become *au fait* in this disorder, to get yourself presented at Neptune's court. If you have already enjoyed that honour, you remember those nights at sea!—*n'est-ce pas?* There you lie in your berth, very much like an Egyptian mummy laid up on a shelf, or rather, you stand, first on your head, then on your heels, or, at every roll of the vessel from "starboard" to "port," you feel sure to roll somewhere—lying still is a feat not to be thought of. The dim lamp vanishes into *fearful* dark-

ness at midnight, and, amid the most unearthly sounds, you helplessly wait till morning comes.

With our party Sunday chanced to be the first morning, but there were not many responses at prayers; the stewardess intimated that the passengers were on their "beam ends!"

It must be granted that a sea-voyage, to say the least of it, is somewhat monotonous. True, one has the "bells" to learn, if one would always know the time for one's self; then comes the grand ceremony of "throwing the log," at which *tout le monde* who have quarrelled with *mal-de-mer*, "assists;"—the taking of the solar observation, by which the time is determined, so soon as the latitude and longitude are found.

Sometimes a distant sail, looking wonderfully picturesque, awakens a thousand conjectures, which, however, usually come to nothing, as it is almost sure to approach no nearer than the horizon. I always think a noble vessel, her white sails spread like the wings of an albatross, and filled with the breeze, is a beautiful type of the soul of the Christian on its heavenward journey; and as the top of her mast vanishes under the horizon, these words, in a criticism on Bunyan, come back to memory: "The last glimpse you catch of her, she is gloriously entering the harbour, the haven of eternal rest, yea, you see her, that like a star, in the morning of eternity, dies into the light of heaven."

Thanks too, to the beautiful sea-mews, that come in flocks to be regaled with ships' delicacies, and so grace-

fully pick out of the green-blue-waves what is thrown to them. The saloon often musters a happy circle, some, with brain steady enough, writing, others reading—here and there a group at some game, or a meditative individual gazing quietly on the never-resting billows.

The "Sea-gull" was far out of sight of land; Elise sat in a cosy corner, lost in that very pleasant, comforting poem for the sea, "Sir Patrick Spens," who succeeds in getting himself wrecked off the Hebrides on his return from Scandinavia with the "Maid of Norway," who is to become Queen of Scotland; Artist Annie was engaged on a marine sketch, when Fred, rushing into the saloon, upset all composure there by exclaiming: "Icebergs! icebergs!"

In the wildest excitement everybody rushed on deck. Grandly sublime was the spectacle that presented itself. A number of these wonderful ice-mountains, in varied fantastic forms, grouped themselves, here a castle, there an imposing cathedral, with lofty towers, slender pinnacles and minarets, white as snow, fretted with the golden tints of a cloudless sun. Another, a vast Norman arch, the interior emerald green, the top glittering like burnished silver, mingled with the delicate tints of aqua marine, seemed to the lively imagination a fit entrance to the palace of Oceanus or Queen Mab's Grotto, the halls of Walhalla, or the Calypso of mystic fairies and goddesses, who seclude their forms from the vulgar scenes with which humanity is familiar.

It was amusing enough to observe the stocial indiffer-

ence of the captain and one or two officers, in contrast with the enthusiasm of the passengers—they knew better ! Shoals of whales and porpoises frolicked and made mimic water falls in the ice-cold waters.

It was after a cold, rainy day, that our friends stood shivering on deck, in a darkness so intense as to render it impossible to distinguish sea from sky, to observe the phosphorescent light which can only be seen to advantage when it is very dark. Looking from the "taffrail," the vessel seemed to plough a silver sea, while the most brilliant gems, like stars of varied-tinted lights, rose from the surface, blazed and disappeared in the dark distance, only to be succeeded by others of surpassing splendour. It would be impossible to convey an adequate idea of this unique scene—this Atlantic illumination, so brilliant and gorgeous, ever increasing in splendour as one goes southward. In the middle of Mr. Hopeton's scientific explanations of the Rhizopoda, the Tunicata, and other animals possessing the power of emitting light, especially in the tropical seas, a pelting shower somewhat damped their ardour, and the cosy supper which had been ordered by Fred in the well-lighted saloon, seemed doubly cheering.

Rat-tat ! at the state-room door, "Girls ! are you not coming on deck to see the sunrise ?" said a gay voice outside.

"Yes, yes, we'll be ready in a minute," and Fred went whistling up and down waiting.

How slowly, and with what indescribable majesty the monarch of light rose above, or, rather, *out* of the sea

spreading his rosy halo over the heavens and the waters! The seamen were spreading the sails, and the boatswain with his shrill whistle, gave meanwhile various mysterious orders to some sailors up the mast. Below them they could see the philosophic-looking cook, busy with preparations for breakfast, coffee-pot or casserole in hand, the very image of resigned despair—if you can imagine such a thing. Poor fellow! Many a toothsome, fragrant dish, has the treacherous sea spoiled for him.

"Your 'minute' has been twenty," said Fred, as the "girls" joined him; "would you like to hear what I have been doing, keeping time with that unwearied engine?"

"Just listen and see what a formidable rival Elise has got, but pray do not criticise too fiercely—remember the circumstances :

"On we go over the wave,
Swiftly on our vessel brave;
Sea-gulls float and shadows play
Over the shimmering spray.

"Voices of Mermaids at eve,
Soft floating like Zephyrs, leave
Mystic music, mingling still
With moonlight on sea and hill.

"Further from land evermore;
Water and sky—nothing more!
Wild voices of wind and sea,
Make one noble harmony.

"Sweet are these evening sea-scenes,
That wake sunny, youthful dreams;

Dreams that haunt our fancy still,
Like music of woodland rill ;
Like sounds from a distant shore,
We loved in days of yore ;
Like voices forever hushed,
It was once our pride to trust.

“ ‘Gently the billows murmur,
Softly the balmy winds whisper
Of youth and beauty, at rest
Beneath the billowy crest ;
And the bright, phosphoric light,
Most brilliant in darkest night,
Shines out like glittering gems,
That deck princely diadems.

“ ‘ ’Tis sunrise on the ocean !
Bright is the golden vision,
As the cloudy gates unfold
To glories beyond, untold,
In realms of infinite space,
That angel forms ever grace—
Where darkness finds not a place.
And the billows laugh and sing,
As their sunny spray they fling,
And tell of mountain and cave,
And many a sea-weed grave,
Below in those awful depths,
All unknown and fathomless.

“ ‘ Now ’tis wind, rain and thunder !
The storm-god’s thirst for plunder ;
The waves their foam-heads toss high,
Comme les chevaux de bataille ;
Spirits of the blast ride forth,

Fierce in their terrible mirth,
And those once full of gladness,
Shall yield to bitter sadness ;
And fire-sides lone and dreary,
And broken hearts—and weary,
Shall tell the tempest's power,
In the dark and troubled hour,
When mem'ries of friends and home,
Were lost in the white sea-foam.

“ ‘ And there shall be no more sea ’ !

Let the words ring loud to thee
Ocean ; play with wreck and woe,
In thy haughty, lordly flow !
‘ ‘ Thus far, no further shalt go,’ ’
Are words of Eternal Love
To thee from the heights above,
And thy storms and waves are still,
Before that infinite will.’ ”

“ That is very nice, my dear boy,” said Mr. Hopeton, joining the little group, “ but see ! I fear the fog is coming down on us, and there go ‘ eight bells,’ suppose we have some hot coffee, and you can interlard your salmon with poetry if you like—the girls look cold.”

“ We are not through ! It's jolly coming on deck so early—and gives one such an appetite ! ”

“ And the result will be, I shall get charged extra on our return ! ”

“ Fred, when are you going to read us your ‘ Notes of a Boy's Voyage across the Atlantic ? ’ ” asked Artist Annie, as they went on deck after breakfast, the fickle-minded

Fog having changed his mind, and left them for parts unknown.

"Now, if you like."

"Do then," said Elise, "while we have the deck so quiet—they'll be beginning quoits soon, and there will be no chance."

"Saturday.—It was an awfully hot day when we sailed from New York, and I thought there were more people to say good-bye, than passengers. The sea was very quiet, but the next day was rough, and a great many of the most noisy people were missing!

"Tuesday.—At luncheon time, the steward came on deck to ask me if I would have a roll! I begged to decline, since for the last three days I had had *nothing but roll!*

"Friday.—Bumped my head getting up; the most *touching* event of the day! At dinner I thought I would take a piece of peach tart; one stood before the captain, decked with a large 'P,' which any body might suppose stood for peach—it was plum! The steward pitched upon another 'P,' it was pear! Meditated on the proper use of the letter P! Went to bed *early*. Meant to lie down quietly, but missed the mark, my feet making acquaintance with the upper shelf—I beg pardon, I meant to say berth. Intended to get up next morning for 7 o'clock porridge; woke in time to hear the last breakfast bell! Very cold—felt it most in the nose.

"I can only say I shall be glad enough to get a bed-room again, where a fellow is not obliged to stand on his head half the night!

"Saturday.—The steamer stopped suddenly ! They were 'sounding,' but we did not know that. My first thought was, that we had struck a rock, and that I would have to go through a second edition of 'Robinson Crusoe !'"

There Fred was interrupted by Aunt Jessie, who said :
 "I have just been down with the captain to the intermediate, to see a sick girl; the doctor does not think she can possibly live to see land. She is dying of quick consumption. I have gained the captain's consent to have her brought into our part of the vessel, that I may be near to nurse her ; there is an unoccupied state-room near mine—they are bringing her now—I want both you girls to help me."

It was an interesting, sad face, that of the young Irish maiden, who was doomed to sleep her last sleep at the bottom of the Atlantic. Her deep sadness touched the hearts of Elise and Artist Annie, and they joined gladly in nursing the dying girl. A day or two after Mary's removal, as Aunt Jessie sat by her in silence, after having read to her, she said suddenly, "I think I have not long to live, dear Mrs. Winfield, and you have been so kind to me, I feel you ought to know something of my history, painful as it may be to me to refer to the past ; I should wish you, when all is over, to write to this address, to my parents ; it will break poor mother's heart, but she must know the truth.

"I had been engaged nearly three years, but Harry had not sufficient means for us to marry, and finally he thought he might do better in America.

"He went last October, and was to send for me when he could have a home for us. He obtained a good situation as head book-keeper, in New York, and wrote me in February begging me to go out to him in the spring. I wrote that I would go the middle of April, and went. On reaching New York, Harry did not meet me on board the steamer as he had promised, and I was advised to go at once to his office. There I was told he had left them some three weeks before, saying he felt ill, and had gone to his aunt's. That was some forty miles from the city, but I said, 'If Harry is sick I will go to him directly.' They got me a ticket for the train to Danetown, and I went. Arrived there, I found that Harry's aunt lived about two miles away, and only having a little money left, I decided to walk. It was a pleasant day, and the country looked green and fresh. When I reached the house a young girl was standing at the gate, to whom I said,—'I suppose you live here?' 'Oh, yes,' was the reply. In my anxiety about Harry, I asked, 'Is Mr. Grant better?' 'Better? He has not been ill. He was married last week to my sister, and they are gone to live in Buffalo.' I made some confused remark about a mistake, and hurried away. So Harry had not been really ill. On leaving New York it had been only a trumped-up story to get away. The agony of mind experienced when one is convinced in the utmost soul of the falseness, baseness, duplicity, of a heart one has fully and implicitly *trusted*, it would be fruitless for me to attempt to describe. In my bewilderment I must have taken another road, and I

wandered on and on, wondering in my misery how far it was back to Danetown. Suddenly it began to thunder and lighten fearfully, and I observed the black clouds and gathering storm which, in the stupor of my horrible pain, I had not before thought of nor seen. At last I came in sight of a pretty white cottage, nestled among trees and flowers, but before I could make up my mind what to do, to go in or on, I became suddenly so faint as to be obliged to sit down by the road-side. Now the rain began to pour down in torrents, and I was wet through and through. How long I was there I cannot tell,—I have not the remotest idea. I must have fainted. The next thing I remember is, the sun was shining, the rain had ceased. Soon a lady came to the door. She was a Quakeress, with a placid, sweet, kind look I shall never forget. She saw me, and came at once to me.

“‘Art thou not well?’ she asked. ‘Why, thou art wringing wet! Come in, and I will give thee dry clothes, and a hot cup of tea.’

“But I was so sick, the kind creature put me to bed, and sent for the doctor, and I was in bed—I cannot tell how long. Finally I grew a little better, able to sit up and then walk in the garden. At last, one quiet moonlight evening, I told this kind friend how I came there, concealing Harry’s name, how I had no money, but would like to get back to my mother. They made up my passage, and the good Quakeress went with me to New York and saw me on board. You know the rest. I shall never get back to Ireland—I know it now—they will bury me

in the ocean ! Poor mother !” and Mary wept long and bitterly—her *last tears forever* !

How glorious the sea looked that morning, as the Irish maiden was lowered to rest among the billows and the seaweed ! She had passed away in peace, among kind friends God had given her amid strangers, and strong and stern were the judgments against him who had caused Mary’s broken heart and early death. It was a solemn, awe-inspiring hour, and all day, only a subdued murmur of voices was heard.

“The sea shall give up her dead !” Can you imagine such a scene ?

“I wish,” said Aunt Jessie, as they were sitting together on deck, the last Sunday of the voyage “I could always look upon life through these soft mellow lights ; the weather seems as if made for the holy day. It reminds me” she continued after a pause, “of my first ocean journey, and a sail poor Arthur and I made on the Frith of Clyde. I have made seven voyages since then, but no one has ever been so delightful as that to which I refer. We had been touring in Ireland, and we took the steamer at Londonderry, and sailed around the north of the island, having a good view of the Giant’s Causeway, past the bold promontory, the Mull of Cantire, with its high lighthouse, and then came the kingly rock, Ailsa Craig, at our right, his massive slopes green with verdure. How soft and lovely were the Scottish Hills, the islands of Bute and Arran, and the coasts of fair Argyle.”

"Do not artists go to the Island of Arran often, to sketch?" asked Artist Annie.

"Yes, some of the choicest scenery is to be seen there, and I intend you to spend a few days there while we are in Glasgow."

"Was not St. Patrick born on the Clyde?" inquired Elise.

"He was born among the Kilpatrick Hills, not far from Glasgow."

"And so the guardian saint of Green Ireland was a Scotsman!" exclaimed Fred.

"One of the loveliest sunsets I ever saw, was during that sail on the Clyde," continued Aunt Jessie. "I remember, a gentleman, an amateur artist, fell into the wildest enthusiasm over it; he said to his daughter: 'why Cecilia, most people would say that scene was impossible, if they saw it painted. I have been through Italy, Spain and Switzerland, time and again, but these soft, exquisite lights, those grand masses of purple, crimson, gray and green, those romantic shores, crested with mountains, ruins, towns, and hamlets, place this famous Clyde among the noblest marine views in the world,'—and he was right, leaving out entirely all its bewitching history, legend, and poetry. How vividly it all comes back to me now; I seem to see it again before me."

"Is it not true, dear Aunt Jessie?" said Elise, "nothing that we have learned or seen, can ever be lost; other things may crowd much into the back-ground of memory,

but it will all return, if not here, when the mind regains her powers in a more perfect life."

"Most assuredly. If that were not the case, I see little use in the cultivation of mind. To me, *one* of the most enrapturing views of our coming life is, we shall ever study and learn, without St. Paul's 'weariness of the flesh.'

The last days of the voyage came, as they always do in all things, pleasant as well as sad; they were like a beautiful dream. It was as if our friends of the "Sea-gull" were sailing direct for the "Fortunate Isles,"—

"Wherein there nothing grows but smiles,"—

and

"The winds are sweet and gently blow."

Wednesday morning, before breakfast, the cry was heard—"land ahead!" Cape Clear stood out bold and "clear" on the horizon. In a soft twilight and gentle breeze they sail away from Queenstown; the city and the sun sink from view together, and the tea-bell rings *apropos*, for the eye will weary even with gazing at beauty.

The day was lovely, but what of the night? The sea lay almost without a ripple, the moon rose full and clear, like the shield of Apollo—not a single cloud. It was one of those scenes that paint themselves forever on the memory, and amid which the poetic soul loves long to linger. But the night is past. There lies Wales in the morning lights and shadows. That misty height is Snowdon, whose awful brow the sun's rays have come down to kiss;

it is no longer a *ragged line* on a map! but a sublime reality!

"What memories a sight of these shores brings one of the mystic rites of Druidism," said Artist Annie. "How green the island of Anglesea looks!"

"That was the ancient Mona?" said Mr. Hopeton. "One recalls with a shudder those terrible times, when, in this Mecca of Druidism, Paganism offered her human victims to the immortal gods."

"Do you think heathenism is growing better or worse?" asked Elise.

"In my opinion, immeasurably worse, more base and brutal. Modern Paganism has no Dryads or Nymphs, those graceful, poetic fairies, with which the old refined Greeks and Romans peopled their woods, groves and fountains. She has produced no divine Plato, groping through the darkness to conception of a God, infinite and eternal—of the soul's immortality. No Socrates; no Longinus, but, a *Nana Sahib*!"

"There is no modern temple in any wise to compare with that queen of elegance, beauty, delicate conception, the Parthenon at Athens."

"Here we are in the Mersey!" cried Fred. "There is solid, matter-of-fact Liverpool, enveloped in smoke, with canopy of clouds. Nobody could find a scrap of poetry about the place I am sure."

"Pardon, *mon cher frère*," said Elise. "Mrs. Hemans was born there."

"In this age of steam, machinery and enterprise," said

Mr. Hopeton. "Commerce holds a very different place than in the days when Spencer, Surrey and Shakespeare wrote. These vast docks and huge landing-stages, bring the world into shaking hands distance."

"Shall we stay long in Liverpool?" asked Elise.


"There is little to detain us, if we except St. George's Hall, which is justly much admired. The tessellated pavement of the great hall is extremely fine, coats-of-arms, mottos and other designs being worked into it, and the great organ is the largest in England save that of Albert Hall in London."

ifferent place
Shakespeare
stages, bring

d Elise.
t St. George's
sselated pave-
coats-of-arms,
o it, and the
hat of Albert

CHAPTER III.

LIVERPOOL—THE IRISH SEA—THE SOLWAY.

HE immense blocks of mercantile houses, all of brick or stone, the vast numbers of vessels, the docks, several miles in length, prove that Liverpool justly merits her rank as the commercial capital of England; in fact her exports are nearly equal to all the other ports of the United Kingdom put together.

Through miles of streets our friends drove to the Wavertree Park to see the flower show, where they found a splendid collection of fuchsias and calceolarias from the neighbouring seat of the Earl of Derby, and also the élite of Liverpool society. Then came a delightful drive among fair English meadows and hedges, the lark, music-mad, regaling them with a torrent of harmonies, the holly, the ivy, the snowy daisy, country-seats, and finally Knowsley Park, one of the magnificent seats of the Earls of Derby, with its fine trees, rich lawns and patrician abode—how enjoyable it all was, and then the great organ in the evening, and what a joy it was to share Fred's happiness!

"This is the best view of Liverpool I have had," said Fred, as they sailed out of the Mersey into the Irish Sea, *en route* for the Isle of Man and other where northward. It was a grand panorama. Lights everywhere within sight gave a good idea of the vast extent of the city, and were

just dim and distant enough to make the place seem some Elf-land,—the city gradually sinking into repose, Birkenhead *en face* with the Mersey between, in which the many-coloured lights along the shore were reflected.

“Hood’s ‘Bridge of Sighs’ might be built here,” said Elise ; “it seems just the place for the words to be true :—

“ ‘ In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran.’ ”

“ *Mais trève* to such ghostly associations,” said Fred ; “look at those numberless vessel-masts looming up like spectres in the deep shadows yonder.”

The lights sank lower and lower, the hum died away, and left only the winds, which seemed to be holding a high state festival, and the wild, lone sea-music. How bright the morning sun shone !

“There is St. Bees’ Head,” said Mr. Hopeton ; “it is the most prominent point of land on the Cumberland coast, its lofty cliffs and light-houses being visible at a distance of twenty miles when the atmosphere is clear.

“There was a St. Bees Abbey,” said Aunt Jessie, “said to have been built by an Irish Saint of royal blood—Bega—who was driven on the coast in a storm ; in gratitude she built a monastery, and adopted a monastic life. The Abbey is quite gone ; the choir and north transept of the Abbey-Church were unroofed and in a state of rapid decay, until repaired by permission of the Earl of Lonsdale for the use of divinity students. Between St. Bees and Furness Abbey, was Calder Abbey, now a solemn melan-

the place seem
into repose, Bir-
n, in which the
e reflected.

uilt here," said
ds to be true :—

ons," said Fred ;
ooming up like

num died away,
to be holding a
a-music. How

Hopeton ; " it is
he Cumberland
ing visible at a
here is clear.

nt Jessie, " said
al blood—Bega
n ; in gratitude
astic life. The
transept of the
te of rapid de-
arl of Lonsdale
n St. Bees and
solemn melan-

choly ruin. How much I enjoyed my visit in this district
in days gone by."

" I think all this district belonged to William de Me-
schines, who lived at Egremont Castle, now in ruins," said
Elise.

" Shall we stay long in the Isle of Man ?" asked Artist
Annie, who had been too busy sketching to join in the
conversation.

" Long enough," cried Fred, " to read 'Peveril of the
Peak' again, and to it I beg to refer those meditating
a visit to this pretty spot."

Having left the Isle of Man, our friends halted for a
little at Whitehaven. What a charming view of the town
from the hill above it. Lowther Castle, embosomed in
royal foliage, with its back-ground of richly wooded hills,
is a wondrous object, the delight of the artist's heart.
Seated in a glorious park, the transparent Lowther wind-
ing among its meadows and terraces, its white walls form
a striking contrast to the varied greens of its setting.
The north front is castellated, the south gothic, with
numerous pinnacles and pointed windows. From the lofty
tower one looks out upon Saddleback, Skiddaw, Helvel-
lyn, wrapped in mist and giant shadows.

The coal mines here are a hundred and thirty fathoms
deep, and extend under the sea, so that ships sail over the
head of the miners.

" Here we are at Workington !" exclaimed Elise ; " this
is where Mary of Scotland landed, when on her flight to
claim the friendship of her dear " ' cousin.' "

"Yes," said Fred, "and said 'cousin' proved the *dearest* friend Mary ever had."

"Workington Hall, the castellated mansion of the Curwens, was the unfortunate Queen's first shelter in England," said Aunt Jessie, "and from its friendly sanctuary, the fallen Stuart wrote to the haughty and cruel Tudor. I saw in the picture gallery many years ago, a lovely portrait of the Scottish Queen, and also a little agate cup, a parting gift to the kind family—she had nothing else to give, crownless, and a fugitive.

"Are not the Curwens an old family?" asked Artist Annie.

"They are descended from Gospatric, Earl of Northumberland," said Elise, "who was related through his mother with Gospatric the Great, and a daughter of his house married one of the Christian family so prominent in the Isle of Man. Gospatric the Great was a descendant of King Ethelred through his mother Elgiva, daughter of that king; the family was connected with the Nevilles, and Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmoreland, was the common ancestor of three Queens, Catharine Parr, Mary Stuart, and Elizabeth Tudor."

"Since you are determined to be historical," said Fred, "I may as well remind you that Marguerite d'Anjou, the 'queen of tears,' striving to cross the Solway with her little boy, Edward, Prince of Wales, nearly lost her life, her boat having struck a sand-bar."

"How picturesque this scenery is!" exclaimed Artist Annie, and the brown eyes glistened, "at our right there

oved the *dearest*

mansion of the

first shelter in

friendly sanctu-

ughty and cruel

any years ago, a

and also a little

—she had noth-

" asked Artist

, Earl of Nor-

ted through his

laughter of his

y so prominent

was a descend-

mother Elgiva,

connected with

Westmoreland,

eens, Catharine

ical," said Fred,

ite d'Anjou, the

olway with her

y lost her life,

claimed Artist

our right there

are Skiddaw and the dark brow of Helvellyn, at our left the graceful Criffel and the Galloway hills stretching far beyond our ken."

"It is what the poet sings," said Elise :

" 'Smiles the earth and smile the waters,
Smile the cloudless skies above us.'

"We are among scenes portrayed in 'Red Gauntlet;' the 'Jumping Jenny,' with her jolly captain, 'Nanty Ewart,' is supposed by the novelist to have sailed on these laughing waves."

The sun went down behind Criffel, and the tide rose, driving home the shrimp-fishers with their well-filled nets, and the soft shadows deepened into night, glorified with her holy stars.

CHAPTER IV.

AT THE SEA-SIDE.

"Yet rolling up some green mountain dale,
Oft let me hear, as oft-times, I have heard,
Thy swell thou deep ! when evening calls the bird
And bee to rest."

WASHINGTON IRVING says : "To one given up to day-dreaming, and fond of losing himself in reveries, a sea-voyage is full of subjects for meditation ; but then they are the wonders of the deep, and of the air, and rather tend to distract the mind from worldly themes."

This may also be said of a sojourn by the sea, to which, besides the charms of ocean, sky and land, may be added all the attractions of coast-scenery, and historical and literary associations. No doubt, this, in part, explains the universal fondness that exists for the recreations of a watering-place, where one can throw off the formal restraints of etiquette, the stupid conventionalities of our lamentably artificial society, and in a delicious *abandon*, gaze upon rich purple-and-gold sunsets behind lofty mountains, or beautiful trees, or into the sea ; watch the gently undulating billows, as they roll up on the sands, and back again, with unerring precision, in obedience to the eternal law, and listen to their wild, mournful, mysterious

murmurings, that seem like spirit-voices in a land of dreams. The weary workers in the fields of industry, politics, art, literature, theology, find repose there, and those exhausted and disgusted with a gay, glittering life, may escape awhile from an oppressive ennui. I speak of these sea-side resorts, not yet spoiled by fashion and folly, and where one really can commune with nature, always a kind sympathiser, if you will only admit her to your confidence.

It might not have occurred to me to write these thoughts at Brighton, Biarritz or Vichy—where one has no sea—but here among these solemn, grand hills, it is intensely true. After all, a place need not be spoiled for you, *ma chère*; you know the sentiment of our poet: "The mind is its own place."

How delightful were those sea-side rambles to our three young friends, as they climbed the hills, gathered seaweed and shells on the sands, or wrote their names there, only to see some graceful wave wash them out again and again.

"Do you remember those lines, so like our short, change-ful lives?" asked Elise:—

" 'Alone I walked the ocean strand ;
A pearly shell was in my hand ;
I stooped and wrote upon the sand,
My name, the year, the day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.' "

"And one may go on like the poetess," said Artist Annie, "to meditate upon that 'dark oblivion's sea,' that shall leave 'nor track, nor trace of one's name and place.' I never felt so *free* before, I think—except on horseback—here you may do just as taste or fancy leads. If you feel lazy, you may read and dream the hours away in some secluded glen, among cool shadows, the sweet-scented heather and gorse, and countless wild flowers; or perchance, in the shade of some lofty cliff, with the sea booming solemn music close to your feet, like an organ in some old cathedral, and the pleasant chattering of the sea-gulls around you. Perhaps your imagination dwells on the mysteries of the deep, and you think of those who lie enshrouded in sea-weed, where love can plant no flower, and weep no tear :

" 'The awful spirits of the deep,
Hold their communion there :'

"Someway it all seems more awfully *real*, since we saw our poor friend Mary left in the ocean."

"Just fancy what this peaceful scene you are both raving about is," said Fred, "when the Storm-King goes forth, and these laughing billows, as you girls call them, are lashed into foam and fury, and drive luckless ship and seaman upon the rocks or the beach, and the life-boat ventures to the rescue, manned with daring sailor-hearts. After all is said, we are all going into raptures over a very idle sort of life."

"But a very pleasant one," said Elise, "and one well

suiting to invigorate brain and muscle, and lay up a plentiful stock of health for after use."

"Talking of a 'free' existence," said Fred, "I find no invention so perfect and 'free' as the oyster! He sits quiet and undisturbed in his own grounds, when he chooses closes with exemplary firmness the doors of his pearl house, saying thereby, unmistakably clear to the world, 'not at home,' there he ruminates in peace, and solves his own little problems; but he is not hard-hearted, for when he decides to issue from his retirement, he presents a soft and tender being to admiring humanity."

"*Quant à moi*," said Elise, "I hate an idle life; the coral is more to my taste; he has a great and beautiful work to do, and he does it; the eternal sleep of an oyster-life would drive me wild."

"Look at that splendid ship entering the dock!" exclaimed Fred, "what is more delightful than the sight of a vessel returned from a successful voyage? See how gladly the sailors spring ashore! Do you see that lumber being unloaded yonder? That grew in Canada."

Bathing is *sur le tapis*! It is high tide—into the sea! Delightful! Hug the great waves—plunge your weary, perhaps aching head, into their grateful coolness! Scores of ladies are bobbing up and down in blue and red flannel gowns; little children barefooted, paddle near the shore, and fill the air with merry laughter, while happy groups here and there, laugh and chat, forgetful that Madam Care ever existed.

"Don't forget 'Red Gauntlet,' Fred; we are going to

sit on the sunny banks at Skinburness, and read," said Elise. "It is a pleasant ramble of a mile or so among the golden-flowered whin or gorse; how lovely the fells look in the misty blue air!"

"Here we are!" said Aunt Jessie; "This is 'Father Crackenthorp's' inn, the scene of the *dénouement* in the novel. See! the tide is rising. Hark! can you not hear 'Red Gauntlet's' cry to 'Darsie Latimer?' 'He that sleeps on the bed of the Solway, may wake in the next world!'"

"Now, Fred, begin."

If you go on from Skinburness to Grune Point, and it is very clear, you will see across to Bowness, where the Roman wall terminated on this side of England. The Solway is noted for its tides, and the rapidity with which they rise; the waves rise from three to six feet high, and at a speed of ten miles an hour; at Bowness, it is a glorious sight, the waves advancing, leaping, gliding with fantastic forms, and sweeping onward like a mighty war-horse, shaking his mane, ready for the battle.

It was on the shores of the Solway, that Scotland's maiden martyr and her aged friend laid down their lives for the truth. They were fastened to stakes at the mouth of the river Blednoch, and drowned in the rising tide. It was in 1685, during the terrible struggles of the Covenanters for religious freedom, which they gained at last, through untold agony, and blood and tears. Now these beautiful waters chant the never-ending, awful requiem for the two martyr-Margarets. They

read," said
or so among
ly the fells

is 'Father
ment in the
you not hear
' 'He that
e in the next

Point, and it
ss, where the
ngland. The
y with which
feet high, and
t is a glorious
with fantastic
ty war-horse,

at Scotland's
wn their lives
at the mouth
sing tide. It
ne Covenant-
ned at last,
Now these
ful requiem

"Lived unknown,
Till persecution dragged them into fame,
And drove them up to heaven."

"There is an invitation I fancy will give us all pleasure to accept," said Fred, coming in from the post with a bundle of nice fat-looking letters. "Captain Dalton invites us to join a party to go with his yacht across the Solway, and spend three or four days in Dumfries, and its interesting and picturesque neighbourhood. It is to be a sort of pic-nic excursion."

That was a golden week ! I live it over now as I write; again I see the pastoral Annandale, and Nithsdale, so full of rich memories of by-gone times, which the great Burns and Scott have made classic ground.

"How gently the Nith flows under Devorgilla's bridge—the oldest in Scotland," said Captain Dalton; "did you ever see stream flow more pellucid?"

"Devorgilla! What a dreadful name!" cried Artist Annie; "pray who was she?"

"A very talented woman," said her host, "who knew how to leave her mark on her age; her history is a very interesting one. She built the Monastery in which Bruce, in a fit of passion, murdered the Red Comyn. But there are the ruins of Lincluden Abbey!"

"How romantic!" cried Elise, as they approached the ruins; "how moss-like the grass—how pure and clear the Cluden!"

"Here Burns loved to write, Artist Annie," said Fred, "as you will love to sketch."

"Yes, I shall sketch those graceful arches and pillars; how true, all these dear old ruins fill us with an indescribable feeling, and wake the soul to musings high. To-morrow we drive to Sweetheart Abbey, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"Yes, if the weather be fine," said Mr. Hopeton, "but now, when you have finished your sketch, Artist Annie, we will return by the church, and see Burns' monument in the church-yard."

It was the opinion, after a long study of this so much *bepraised* mausoleum, that it was very "disappointing"—as a likeness of the poet it is striking, but cannot be called a masterpiece.

"What an exquisite seclusion! How charming! How romantic!" were the universal exclamations, as our party arrived the following day at the ruins of Sweetheart Abbey, a Gothic Abbey seated near the base of Criffel, built by the indefatigable Devorgilla as a memorial to her husband.

Another drive to Caerlaverock Castle, Scott's "Ellangowan," filled up a bright and sunny day. It was a seat of the Maxwells; over the entrance one still reads their motto, "I bid yefair." Only one of its towers remains—Murdock's tower, in which the Duke of Albany was prisoner. The ruins have once been of great strength. How impressive now the solitude! In the ancient church-yard is the stone to "Old Mortality."

"Maxwellton's Braes are bonnie!" mused Fred, "just as bonnie as in the days when 'Annie Laurie' graced them with her beauty and love."

They are making their last drive in Nithsdale, from

Maxwelton to Ellisland and Irongray by Terregles—how suggestive each place! In Irongray church-yard, Helen Walker, Scott's "Jeannie Deans" is buried; at Terregles, Mary Stuart rested before crossing the Frith to England, and Ellisland is holy ground—tread softly—it is the birth-place of that pure and spotless gem, "Mary in Heaven!" and the poet's *chef d'œuvre*. "Tam o' Shanter!" The delicious green meadows and hedges, the birds and the streams, seem all in sympathy as Elise repeats those lines, so full of tender pathos. What a soul must he, the master of deepest feeling, have possessed, to have created these wondrous lines. Poor Burns! He is the "awful beacon to those who feel intensely, and are tempted to re-kindle the vestal flames of genius, when they burn low, with earthly fire." They seem to feel as they drive along, to hear those "two voices" of the past:

"One is of the sea,
And one is of the mountains."

The poet lives in a world of his own creation; beautiful thoughts, dreams and visions are his friends in that Realm of Silence where he loves to wander. How true those lines of our favourite Tennyson:

"The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above;
Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love."

Truly Burns enjoyed his *full inheritance*!

"How pleasant it all is!" exclaims Artist Annie; "I wish we could go on staying here, but *en voyage* is our motto, and Captain Dalton's yacht cannot wait for us forever!"

CHAPTER V.

THE BORDERS—CARLISLE.

“King Arthur lives in merry Carlisle,
And seemly is to see ;
And there with him Queen Guenever,
That bride soe brigat of blee.”

“**T**HAT is the ruin of the old Abbey of Holme Cultram,” said Mr. Hopeton, as they whirled by on their way to Carlisle ; “ ‘ the wondrous Michael Scott ’ lived and studied there.”

“And ‘raised the devil,’” said Fred, “who, if all the traditions of Borderland are to be believed, gave him a good deal of trouble, when he got him raised ! The ruins are hideous enough, and do not look as if they could ever have been of any importance.”

“But it was a very rich Abbey ; it was probably founded by Henry Beaucherc ; and many Scottish nobles, among them Bruce, Earl of Carrick, father of the King Robert Bruce, were buried there. Scott sings of the burial of the ‘brave Musgrave’ in the ‘Lay of the Last Minstrel :’—

“ ‘ And thus the gallant knight they bore,
Through Liddesdale to Leven’s shore ;
Thence to Holme Coltrame’s lofty nave,
And laid him in his father’s grave.’ ”

"The Roman wall passed through this district, you know, and Burgh-upon-Sands where our train is now stopping, was a Roman station on the wall. There to your left you catch a glimpse of a monument ;—that is to Edward I. who died here, while encamped with his army, on his march against Scotland."

"Merry Carlisle!" cried Fred; "here we are girls! now prepare to be 'merry'!"

Few cities in Great Britain are richer in legend, ballad-song and story of mighty events, than this old Border-town. A cloud of historical associations hovers over it, through which one only dimly sees down through the long centuries to its origin. As in Edinburgh, there are here the twilight of antiquity, and the mid-day splendour of modern change and improvement; the old and the new, the past and the present, stand face to face. In its thrilling history, you read the vicissitudes of human greatness and misery, for a thousand years. The ancient castle and cathedral are still there, much changed it is true, and bearing the marks of desperate struggles, but still they stand as majestic proofs of past greatness and power. Situated on the western frontier, as Newcastle on the eastern, this city formed the very centre during many a deadly conflict, the mere recital of which chills the heart with horror; it saw:

"The furies of the Border war;
Saw lances gleam, and falchions redden,
And heard the slogan's deadly yell."

It is beautifully seated on an eminence, the crowning

glory of one of the richest plains, and is surrounded by three rivers, the Eden, Petteril and Caldew. The southern view of the city is the most striking, though from any point the picture is charming, the central object always being the castle and cathedral.

"This is like going back into the feudal ages," said Elise, "when helmeted heads looked over the battlements, and the heads of culprits hung on the 'yetts.'"

They were standing on the lady's walk, where Mary Stuart often rambled, a lonely captive.

The castle stands near the cathedral, with which it was connected by a subterraneous passage, now closed up. One gazes with a sort of awe on the old Norman fortress, crumbling with the weight of centuries, its moat dried up, its strong wall gone, and memory wanders into the dim past, when Agricola built a fortress where this now stands; when Rufus commenced this; when the gorgeous Plantagenet, the haughty Tudor, and *stubborn* Stuart ruled and passed beneath the now rusty portcullis, that still hangs above the entrance gates.

"Was Agricola's fort the first?" asked Artist Annie.

"No," said Fred, "the British Chronicles inform us the first was founded by a potentate named Luel, who lived in some very uncertain, remote period, *before the Romans.*"

"Oh, here is a well," cried Elise, as they went up the sallyport into the castle.

"That is Saint Cuthbert's well," said Aunt Jessie, "he visited Carlisle in the seventh century; it was then, by Royal gift, an appendage to the see of Lindisfarne."

How still, and peaceful, and deserted it seemed ! The form of brave knight or lady fair can be seen no more ; the groans of the captive have died away, and the grim old keep speaks no word of what it has witnessed. It is a link to bind us to the past—it seems to rest when the combat is over. It may be, a more fiery contest for England and Scotland is yet to come—with that it has nothing to do—the feudal days are gone !

It was burnt to ashes by the Danes, and rebuilt by the Normans. It saw many changes and stirring events during the reign of the first three Edwards. Bruce, the brave Wallace, and the Black Douglass were formidable enemies, and in those times, Scottish invasions and border struggles were almost incessant. The storm of battle raged here, too, during the Rose war, and later, until Cromwell set matters right by beheading Charles Stuart ! Then came the rebellions in favour of the two pretenders, and Cumberland wreaked his vengeance and fury upon the wretched city for the defeat of Culloden.

"I remember," said Elise, "an act of atrocity, scarcely to be surpassed, which took place at Harribee Hill ; it was this : The year of the death of Henry VIII., during an inroad into Scotland, the Earl of Lennox, father of the luckless Lord Darnley, was defeated. He had forced into his service a body of Scotch cavalry, by having some of their children in his possession as hostages. They deserted him, and in revenge, on his return here, *eleven of the boys were hung by his order!* Lord Herries, heir of Maxwell, was so young and boyish, that after the rope

had been put around his neck, the executioner, horror-stricken, could not finish his dreadful work, and the boy lived to be one of Mary Stuart's most gallant defenders. After that, Lennox was never known to be left alone."

The view from the north side—the lady's walk—is very picturesque. The large field between the castle ramparts and the Eden, is the spot where Buccleuch drew up his retainers, to rescue Kinmont Willie, a famous moss-trooper who had been taken prisoner by the English, and was about to be executed.

This rescue was a daring exploit, and has been gallantly sung in two old Cumberland Border ballads.

"Willie had ridden, and Willie had reiv'd,
Willie had burned, and Willie had thiev'd;
Lord Scroope he marched wi' rank and file,
Poor Kinmont Willie to auld Carlisle.

"'Twas horse and away with bold Buccleuch,
As he rode in the van of his border crew;
'You may tell your virgin queen,' he cried,
'That Scotland's rights are never defied,'
Wi' the stroke of a sword instead of a file,
He ransomed Willie in auld Carlisle."

Queen Elizabeth, when she heard of it, was highly indignant, and two years after that famous rescue, when Buccleuch was in England, demanded of him how he dare undertake an enterprise so presumptuous. "What is it a man dare not do?" replied the undaunted chieftain.

In the inner court are the arms of Richard III., and the royal arms placed there in Elizabeth's reign. Where

kings and queens have held their court, is desolate, dusty and bare! The square keep or donjon tower is the most imposing part of the fortifications; the walls are of great height and thickness; on the ground floor are the dungeons, dark, damp, terrible; they have no windows, no floor but the ground; some of the iron rings to which the captives were chained, are still in the walls. The cell in the higher portions of the keep, where so many of the victims of 1745 were confined, is interesting to the curious, and has attracted the attention of the antiquary. The stone window-sill bears the ruts of a man's fingers, which romance has attributed to Fergus McIvor, and the walls of the narrow passage leading to this cell are covered with cuttings in the stone, of birds and animals, no doubt done by the prisoners. From the roof of the donjon one has a beautiful prospect of a great part of Cumberland, and the heights of Northumberland.

The cathedral owes its origin also to the Normans; it has been partially destroyed and rebuilt many times. It is cruciform in shape, with a central square tower. In the south transept are many mural tablets, one to the Cumberland poet, Anderson, and a Runic inscription; in the north transept, a beautiful window, scenes in the life of Christ, to the then Dean Tait, whose five children died within a few days. The author of "Natural Theology," Archdeacon Paley, lies in the north aisle, and there is a mural tablet to his memory behind the chancel, near it a piscina, where the good monks used to wash their hands, and the chalice.

"See," said Aunt Jessie, "is not the *coup d'œil* from the entrance to the choir very fine? What a grouping of pillars, arches, foliated corbels, carved figures, the blue roof with its angels and gold stars, and the rich background of that orient window."

"What is the subject of the window?" inquired Artist Annie.

"The Last Judgment," replied Mr. Hopeton. "It is of the Plantagenet period, and one of the finest in England. We will go up into the clerestory and look down upon it."

"Carlisle stands in the ancient Inglewood Forest, minus the trees," said Fred, "which was as famous for its outlaws as Sherwood Forest of Robin Hood renown."

"The old place has its modern interests likewise," said Mr. Hopeton. "Though like most cathedral towns it wears a quiet subdued look, very different from the bustle and business of Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, London, it has won its victory, and can afford repose. Carlisle is the focus of the northern railway system, that, like a net-work, spreads over the whole country. The station is one of the largest, lightest, cleanest and most comfortable in the kingdom, through which one goes by a covered passage into the pleasant county hotel, which has been patronized by Her Majesty and the Empress of France. This is, too, the principal manufacturing town between Lancashire and Glasgow; cotton is the chief fabric made, and Carlisle biscuits have circumnavigated the globe."

from the
uping of
the blue
ch back-

ed Artist

"It is of
England.
upon it."
st, minus
for its
wn."
se," said
towns it
he bustle
ol, Glas-
ford re-
system,
country.
est and
ich one
y hotel,
he Em-
cturing
is the
mnavi-

CHAPTER VI.

THE BORDERS—CORBY CASTLE.

"Nor hill, nor brook, we paced along,
But had its legend, or its song."

THE Laburnum was laden with her golden shower, the sun blinked with unspeakable curiosity through the crimson, purple, and gold of the copper beech; the meadows, white with the snowy daisy, perfumed by a thousand wild flowers; the soft air of a May morning, and the lark that whirled and dashed upward, ever higher toward the deep blue of the cloudless heavens, careless of the earth and what she might have left there behind her, filled the thoughts of our friends with the most delicious fancies. Nature rejoiced in the fulness of her joy and beauty. I wish I could lead you, *ma chère*, fully to feel how exquisitely lovely this bright spring morning was. The drive lay along the soft banks of the Eden, that seemed to linger as she indulged in her graceful windings, as if turning back again, unwilling to leave the scene of so much sweet solitude, to launch her meadow-and-wild-flower-nurtured fair form, into the wild, uncertain billows of the ocean. Corby Wood is separated from the pretty Village of Wetheral by the Eden, and one crosses by a stone bridge, or with a row boat.

"Do see!" exclaimed Artist Annie. "Every cottage is as white as snow, and every window full of flowers! Let us cross by the boat; see that dear little Swiss cottage on the other side, under the steep, wooded banks!"

"We leave the boat there," said Aunt Jessie, "and climb the precipitous bank, when we shall find ourselves close behind the castle."

Corby stands high above the river, on a formation of red sandstone, from which one descends to the Eden partly by stone steps in front of the house. At the front are two or three caves hewn out of the rock, which are used in summer for study and meditation—here were Greek, Latin, Italian and other classics—what an Arcadian retreat! The house has a red front, decorated with a Doric portico, on the parapet above, the cognizance of the Howards, the red lion statant-gardant, and looks down a long grassy avenue, like an emerald ribbon, flanked by the most magnificent trees, to a gentle rising hill at some distance, crowned by a Grecian "Temple of Peace." They walked down this glorious avenue—the river at the right—to the temple, which is used as a summer-house.

"Look!" said Mr. Hopeton, pointing across the Eden, "there are the famous Wetheral Caves on the other side, just opposite this stone figure of St. Constantine, who seems to point sadly across to his old retreat, as if longing to return there; we will visit them later."

By the "Temple of Peace" they sat down, opened the luncheon-basket, and discussed its contents and the beauties of the landscape together.

"Do you not think it a pity, Fred, we have no Temple of Truth here as well?" asked Elise.

"It is my opinion that would be a hideous dwelling for most people. I wish our historians and biographers would use it for a study—the world would gain by it. Do you know anything of the history of Corby, Elise?"

"Oh yes, the first owner we read about, was the Hubert de Vaux—or Vallibus—who built Lanercost Priory; in the Wetheral church we shall see a well-battered altartomb to the memory of a De Salkeld and his wife, which family also held the manor awhile. 'Belted Will,' of Naworth, purchased the estate for his second son, Sir Francis Howard, and since then, it has been in possession of the Howards."

Shall I tell you how they wandered from one delicious wood-path to another, through Corby Wood, indulging in the wildest fancies? No, you too have been in the "Enchanted Wood," and I leave your imagination to fill up the hiatus. In the Howard chapel of the Wetheral church, is one of the immortal works of genius; I mean the divine marble group by Nollekins, the memorial of the late Mr. Howard's young bride-wife. Religion, an exquisite figure at the head, supports the agonized frame of the dying, whose face is turned toward heaven, in the expression of which are wonderfully commingled the death-agony—Grief for the motherless babe, and Faith striving to grasp the Infinite, and the offered hand of Eternal Love. The poor little babe rests on the mother's knee, but the clasp of her hand is unloosed! The Finite

exchanged for the Infinite. The Bible lies open on the couch. The power of this majestic, sublime group upon the mind is indescribable. As Elise returned the third time to gaze upon it, the old verger, who had been in the service of the family half a century, and, too old to work, had the key of this chapel for his support, said, "Ah, Madam, I have seen my late master kneel there many a time, and weep like a child; he always said it was such a good likeness of my mistress—and so it is—so it is."

"What ruin is this?" asked Artist Annie, as they walked to the caves.

"That is Wetheral Priory," replied Mr. Hopeton; "it was a monastery founded by Ranulph de Meschines about eight hundred years ago. The unfortunate monks were sent adrift by the first devout Defender of the Faith, and where the saintly brotherhood drank wine and ale, and ate venison and capons, the hens, with their rising families, cluck and cackle undisturbed."

"Here we are at the Caves!" exclaimed Elise. "Who made them? When were they made?"

"Nobody knows the least thing about it," said Fred, laughing; "*tout le monde* gropes in a most benighted state of mind respecting their origin and object."

"Tradition has assigned their origin to St. Constantine, son of a Scottish king," said Aunt Jessie, "and says he died a hermit in them; the probability is they were hiding-places."

By a flight of modern steps one climbs forty feet above the Eden to enter these romantic caves. In the old

times, one must have entered by means of a ladder. These mysterious caves are three in number, hewn out of the red sandstone; they are irregular in shape, and unequal in size. Fred and Mr. Hopeton measured them, and found they were all about eight feet in height, the largest cave being twenty-two, and the smallest twenty feet long. There is no separate doorway to each, but a common entrance to them all at the end of a gallery on the rock. This gallery is formed on one side by the caves, on the river-side by a parapet of ashlar work, hidden in the old time by the dense foliage. In the centre of this parapet is a chimney, which must have been common property. There were three windows in this parapet, one for each cave, one, evidently the state-window,—a handsome double-mullioned, still tolerably well preserved. From these caves our friends took leave of Corby Wood, which they had just left;—the whole scene was most romantic and fascinating. Their drives and walks around Carlisle lay—

“By many a cairn and trenched mound,
Where chiefs of yore sleep lone and sound,
And Springs, where gray-hair’d shepherds tell,
That still the fairies love to dwell.”

There was a morning ramble, though green holmes, past simple cottages, and bright, rosy children, to old Linstock, now a farm-house, formerly the residence of the Bishops of Carlisle.

“We know very little of what has transpired in this old gloomy-looking house,” said Elise, “but we may safely

assume that in the furious, fiery Border-days, when a Bishop could brandish a sword and wear a helmet, or read a paternoster with equal readiness, it has had its share of drama."

"Bishop Hilton was the chief light of the old house," said Fred; "he played a very prominent part in the history of his times;—he *settled* the claims of the numerous claimants for the Crown of Scotland, was present when John Baliol did homage for his kingdom to Edward, excommunicated, by 'bell, book and candle,' Robert de Bruce for the murder of the Red Comyn in the Sanctuary of Grey Friars Monastery in Dumfries, and was present at the coronation of Edward II—in fact he was a small king himself."

"I see from the chart," said Artist Annie, "that the Roman wall went close by here!"

"Yes," said Mr. Hopeton, "here is a small remnant used as a garden wall—as one says here—'dyke.'"

Pleasant visions come back to me now of the pretty valley of the Caldew, of the many quiet walks and hedge-paths, where the Muses love to dwell, especially of a crimson-purple sunset, as the back-ground of a return-drive from Rose Castle, on every hand pictures of beauty.

"One thinks in such places," said Artist Annie, "of bright mornings and calm evenings, of loves and lovers, beneath soft moons, with the cuckoo's mellow notes, and the triumphant trill and tremble of the nightingale's song, that, while filling one's heart with an untold peace and calm, seems an echo of the eternal plains—and how do


we know they are not a very faint echo of heaven's music?"

Oh, yes, my hazel-eye friend, it is pleasant to recall those delicious hours—those delightful rambles—those chats, when we, so long fellow-students, had so much in common; the broken thread of our intercourse shall be taken up again, and nothing will be lost or forgotten. I subscribe heartily that sentiment of our great Carlyle:—"The true past departs not, nothing that was worthy in the Past departs; no Truth or Goodness realized by man ever dies, or can die; but all is still here, and recognised or not, lives and works through endless changes."

CHAPTER VII.

THE BORDERS—NAWORTH CASTLE—GILSLAND.

“ But louder still the clamour grew,
And louder still the minstrels blew,
When from beneath the greenwood tree,
Rode forth Lord Howard's chivalry.”

 LONG-to-be-remembered drive was that from Carlisle to Naworth, the best-preserved of all the old Border keeps, and thence to the pretty, retired Gilsland, nestling so cosily among the solemn moor-hills. The Roman wall once ran in many places near the high road, and in several instances high mounds of earth still mark where *castelli* and *turres* have stood. Once the road lay on the foundations of the wall; at the left the ditch that defended the rampart, was distinctly marked—again they drove in what had been the ditch

“ It seems like some enchanted land, full as it is of the relics of the mighty past,” said Artist Annie, as they drove along. “ Now the rich vale of the Irthing, winding through fields of yellow corn and the greenest meadows, the cattle and sheep regaling themselves under the shadows of clumps of trees along its banks, comes full in view from the uplands where our road lies; what a picture of quiet contentment and happiness one has in those

snow-white farm-houses ! how richly all the hills and meadows of this sweet valley are wooded !

"That is Walton Wood in the distance, far to our left there," said Aunt Jessie, "in whose deep shade the stately Walton Abbey once stood."

"Tell us something of the history of Naworth and the Gilsland barony, as we go along, Elise," said Fred ; "see ! there yonder is Lanercost Priory ! how lovely the ruins look with that massive tapestry of the dark green ivy !"

"These fair domains," said Elise, "of which Naworth is the baronial seat, have been in the possession of four Border families, and have descended three times by female inheritance. Henry II. bestowed the Gilsland barony upon Hubert de Vallibus, or de Vaux, of Tryermain. Maud de Vaux, heiress of her family, married Thomas de Multon, of Askerton, thus uniting the estates of the two families. Maud de Multon brought the estates to the Dacres, whose seat was Dacre Castle, now used as a farmhouse.

"This once powerful family had their name from exploits of an ancestor at the siege of Acre, during the Crusades in the time of Cœur de Lion ; the name was originally written D'Acre. The last Lord Dacre was killed when a boy, leaving three sisters joint heiresses, and the estates and titles again descended by female inheritance. The second sister died ; Anne, the eldest, married Philip, Earl of Arundel, and Elizabeth, his brother, Lord William Howard, 'Belted Will,' the sons of that Duke of Norfolk, who was beheaded by Queen Elizabeth for the attempt

to release and marry Mary Stuart. The estates were many years forfeited to the crown ; after long delay they were restored—the baronies of Burgh and of Greystock, were given to Arundel, and the barony of Gilsland to Lord William Howard ; but, even after this judgment was given in favour of the heiresses, possession was withheld for several years, and poor Arundel never enjoyed his position ; he was imprisoned eight years, and finally died by poison. The younger brother escaped from the Tower, but the Howards were in disgrace, and though Lord William and the Dowager-Countess instituted a suit, it was utterly fruitless. In the end a friend came to the rescue, and purchased the estates, that the title might not be damaged, and ‘Belted Will,’ with his wife Lady Elizabeth D’Acre, and their fifteen children, retired to Naworth, in whose delicious quiet and beauty he devoted his leisure to writing, adorning his estate, and filling the castle with works of art. The Howards have given two queens to England.”

“Both of whom might better have been washerwomen !” interrupted Fred.

“The Earl of Surrey’s uncle, Lord Thomas Howard, was privately affianced to the Lady Margaret Douglas, niece of Henry VIII., with the King’s consent, but the fickle monarch, after the cruel murder of Anna Boleyn, committed both hapless lovers to the tower, where Lord Thomas died, and the Lady Margaret was not restored to court favour until after the death of Edward VI. As Countess of Lennox, she afterward got into dreadful dis-

grace with her queen-cousin Elizabeth, because of the marriage of her son, Lord Darnley, with Mary of Scotland ! Poor woman ! she had a thorny path to tread."

"What a wonderful memory you have, dear Elise," said Artist Annie ; "you talk on like a history, and as if you saw the whole thing before your eyes."

"I have told you very little indeed ; the history of the Howards is for a long time interwoven with that of their country."

"One of the Dukes of Norfolk married a daughter of Edward IV.," remarked Fred, "but how many fell into disgrace, and were executed ! 'Belted Will' witnessed the execution of his father when only *nine years of age* ! Poor little boy !"

"Our sympathies are, I think," said Aunt Jessie, "more especially awakened when we read the sad fate of the sweet, melodious poet, the Earl of Surrey, beheaded on Tower Hill, *the day before the death* of Henry VIII. ; and the life of his father, the Duke of Norfolk, was only saved by the monarch's unexpected death. To him we owe the *sonnet* and *blank verse* in English poesie. Poor Surrey learned at last, the soundness of that inspired counsel : 'Put not your trust in princes ;' his touching lines written in Windsor, where he had been educated, as playmate and friend of the young prince, shortly before his cruel death, are full of a melancholy pathos and beauty :

" 'Echo, alas ! that doth my sorrow rue,
Returns thereto a hollow sound of plaint ;
Thus I alone, where all my freedom grew,
In prison pine with bondage and restraint.' "

"Poor Surrey ! his experience of earthly friendships has been often enough repeated since those lines were penned."

Now the carriage enters the park, the drive winding among the most magnificent trees.

"There is Naworth Castle !" cried Mr. Hopeton ; " do you not see its old towers through the dense masses of foliage ? 'Tis but a glimpse, though, we get until we come suddenly in full view of its noble entrance."

How memory rushes back over centuries in sight of the home of "Belted Will !" We recall those feudal days, now happily gone by, not to return, when the horse stood always in saddle, and the Borderer never went unarmed, and this delicious Irthing Valley resounded to the wild music of :

" Noble Lord Dacre, he dwells on the Border,"

and the contemporary Border Keeps were in all the pride of their strength and power.

"Who built Naworth ?" asked Artist Annie.

"It is not known," replied Mr. Hopeton ; " the first notice we have of it is, when the first Lord Dacre of Gilsland obtained permission of Edward III. to castellate his mansion. The entrance is on the south side, which is strengthened by a curtain wall, a lofty square tower at the east and west corners, with a watch-turret above. Over the embrasured gateway are the Dacre arms, quartering those of de Vaux and de Multon, and the family motto : "*Fort en loialtie*." The castle is a quadrangle ; the north side is protected by being built on high cliffs overlooking the Irthing. From the outer court one

enters by an archway, with the Howard arms above, into the inner court, a grassy square, from which are the various entrances to the castle.

"How desolate, yet how lovely!" said Elise. "See that beautiful jasmine climbing over the baronial hall window, and there, to the right of the entrance into it, is a mulberry tree!"

This great hall is of feudal dimensions—eighty feet long—the huge fire-place is over five yards wide, and the log is laid ready, as if for "Belted Will's" return. One seems transplanted to the days of Border frays; the echo of the bold defiance from "Branksome" seems to linger here yet:—

"St. Mary, but we'll light a brand,
Shall warm your hearths in Cumberland."

This noble hall contains portraits of Dacres, Sir Thomas de Multon—grim enough looking—griffins, the bear and ragged staff, suits of armour and emblazoned shields. Under each of these shields is a chair, worked by ladies of the family, with corresponding ones. At the end of this baronial hall is a small room, separated from it by Gobelin tapestry; in it is a head of the unlucky Ann of Cleves, and a full length portrait of Lady Elizabeth Dacre, in the stiffest and primmest of toilettes. The extensive suite of apartments was *en. déshabille*! except the picture gallery, which also contains armour. In the fire which occurred here some years ago, the oak-work of the chapel, and many objects of priceless value,

since they cannot be replaced, were destroyed. The oratory, library and bedroom of "Belted Will" are preserved, as he left them. The bedroom contains many articles used by him, and from this room is the secret stairs to the dungeons underneath. Let us hope both he and his prisoners slept a refreshing, dreamless sleep, after those nightly visits.

"Here is the famous manuscript I told you about," cried Aunt Jessie, from the adjoining library; "it was illuminated by the monks, centuries ago, and is a history of Joseph of Arimathea and twelve of his followers, who, the monks say, built Glastonbury Abbey. There was another manuscript similarly illuminated, here formerly, which has been removed to Castle Howard, in Yorkshire, where we shall see it later."

The beautiful lantern stair-case of highly polished oak, leads up to the watch-towers, where one looks far over wood and meadow. What a walk that was through Naworth Wood, along the blustering Irthing to Lanercost Priory, a beautiful, solemn majestic ruin. The nave of the Priory church has been restored, and is used as a church; the tower, choir, transept and aisles, and the monastic buildings are unroofed, grass-and-lichen-grown, desolate, but wondrously lovely with those rich masses of ivy.

In the nave one finds the brass tablet to the memory its founder:—

"Robertus de Vallibus filius Hubert. Dux de Gilsland, fundator Priorat de Lanercost A^o : dni. 1116. Ædargan Uxor ejus sine Prole."

"Do you know," said Elise, "it was to expiate his crime, the murder of Gilles Bueth, that De Vallibus built this monastery?"

"Who was Gilles Bueth?" asked Artist Annie.

"He was the Saxon Lord whose ancestors' lands had been given to De Vaux by De Meschines. De Vaux, not being able to dislodge him, invited Bueth to a tryste, expressing a wish to settle the dispute amicably, but, at this meeting De Vaux basely murdered the unsuspecting Saxon."

"He was justly punished," said Fred, "for his memorial tablet tells us he died '*sine prole*!'"

From the triforium one looks down upon the whole ruin, and the lichen-grown tombs of the Dacres and "Belted Will." The choir was lighted toward the east by nine lancet windows, three above three; now, their beautiful proportions frame bits of blue sky, or the passing clouds—the effect is enchanting. The Priory was cruciform, and for Augustinians.

"To me," said Aunt Jessie, "there is something peculiarly sad in the cold beauty of this long-deserted monastery; is it that the shadow of the crime for which it was destined as an atonement, falls upon its ivy-mantled ruins? *Sic transit gloria mundi!*"

"There, Mademoiselle Artiste!" cried Fred, "that's the 'Popping Stone!' I beg you will sketch it for my especial benefit; that's where Sir Walter Scott asked the pretty French maiden to become Mrs. Scott, and there's the 'Living Bush!' where the *bond was sealed!*"

They are standing in the wild glen at Gilsland, shut in by its steep perpendicular banks of rock, through which the Irthing chants her eternal Te Deum. A group of barefooted children is crossing the stream on the stepping stones, stopping now and then to paddle in the clear rip-plets.

"Do look at that lovely golden-haired child, with her pinafore full of wild flowers!" cried Artist Annie; "I shall go and talk to her. I must sketch her. What is your name, little one?"

"Maggie!" and the child looked up with her sweet Madonna-face into the brown eyes of the questioner.

"Have you any brothers and sisters?"

"No; Katie's dead; mother says she's up there," pointing towards the sky. "Mother says heaven is prettier than this glen; what is it like? do you know?"

"You will never want anything there, Maggie, never be tired, never cry any more."

"How, never want anything more?"

"You will be so happy if you go there, that there will be *nothing left* you would like to have."

"And there will be flowers, and birds, and a river as nice as this?"

"Maggie, heaven is a great deal more lovely than any one in this world can understand; *our* flowers and birds are not to *compare* with those in heaven, and the Bible tells us about the 'River of Life that flows from the throne of God.' Where do you find such pretty flowers?"

"Here in the glen," and Maggie held out her little hand full to her new friend.

"I will put them in water and keep them as long as I can; do you come here often?"

"Oh yes! every day," said Maggie triumphantly.

"Now see, Maggie, I am going to paint a little picture of you just as you are—flowers and all. I will begin it now; will you come back to-morrow morning, and let me finish it?"

This having been settled satisfactorily, Artist Annie planted herself on a stone, and opened the never-failing portfolio, forgetful of all the world beside except her "study."

"I declare," exclaimed poor Fred in dismay, "our artist is going to sketch that child, and we shall all eat a cold dinner. Well, while she is busy with that, let us to the Spa!"

The waters are both chalybeate and sulphuretted, and to judge from the *variety* of people who come here, they must have turned out to be the panacea for all human physical ills. Corpulent, red-faced men, beef-steak-and-plum-pudding women, pale consumptives, delicate maidens, sickly and chubby children, all drinking from the same fountain!

CHAPTER VIII.

RAMBLES IN THE BORDER-MOORS.

“The faithful page he mounts his steed,
And soon he cross'd green Irthing's mead,
Dash'd o'er Kirkoswald's verdant plain,
And Eden barr'd his course in vain.”

THAT is something what our friends did! Shall I tell you of all those many rides and drives? How they saw “Mumps Ha,” where you remember “Meg Merrilies” and “Dandy Dinmont” first met, and Meg's grave-stone, with an inscription more truthful than poetic?

The moors! wild and desolate! Divinity is stamped upon these sublime hills. Broad and sweeping in outline, they stretch on, and still on, till to the imagination they seem infinite. The silence is almost oppressive, it is “stillness within stillness, the hushing of a hush!” Sometimes the awful silence is broken by the whistle of a shepherd, the bleating of a lamb, or the inexpressibly plaintive note of the curlew, dying away in the distance. Description gives little idea of these moors; they must be seen to be understood. They speak a language of their own, sad, but surpassingly sweet; they are possessed of a hidden influence, revealed only while you climb the hills,

sit in the quiet valleys, among the purple, sweet-scented heather, holding a *tête-à-tête* with native birds, breezes and flowers. Oh! those delicious rides on the moors! How fresh the breezes!

What a ride that was from Gilsland to Denton Fell, and what views from the summit! and then the quiet rest by the dark waters of Takin Tarn, graced by beautiful swans—and that cup of tea, that Fred ordered "*on the sly*," to surprise everybody. Never, never, did tea seem so refreshing as *that* cup did!

To Tindall Fell! what hills! what valleys! what pure, fresh breezes!—and the mystic ripple now and then of a little stream in the wild solitudes. It was all a romance. To say the hills, uplands, and trees, when the way left the moorland, were fresh and green, would be giving a faint notion of the almost numberless tints of gold in the sunbeams, emerald, and the deeper and *triste* shades of sycamore, yew and cypress. Words cannot paint these wonderful lights. It was riding through a Claude or a Turner, with that misty vapour in the air, so soft, like an Indian Summer day in Beau Canada!

"There are the 'witch and grey geese of 'Mucklestane Moor!'" cried Artist Annie, as they cantered through a delicious valley. It was a very old woman driving a flock of geese, which circumstance suggested many scenes in the "Black Dwarf."

"Well, I must acknowledge," said Elise, "that,

'The Brown Man of the Moor, that stays beneath the heather-bell,'

has kept himself dreadfully secluded, nor, though I have been in some '*unco bogilly bits*,' have I encountered kelpie, spunkie, bogle, brownie, cowie, worricow, fairy, redcap, or any other of the numerous family of sprites, with which superstition has peopled these lonely regions."

"A most disgraceful piece of rudeness," cried Fred, laughing. "They might have paid a little attention to strangers. Don't you think so, Aunt Jessie?"

"It is wonderful what a charm rests on this Borderland," said Mr. Hopeton. "History, the old ballads, Scott, and Percy, have rendered it classic ground. The sleuth dog, the beacon fires, the Jedwood axes, the moss-troopers, and the yell of the slogan, have passed away forever; but they still captivate the imagination. Such names as Cheveychase, Otterbourne, Hermitage, Naworth, Wark, Warkworth, Douglass, Percy, awaken numberless associations of the olden time. These wild moors and mosses, these ruined keeps, are enveloped in a halo of romance, from which neither the hand of cultivation nor the inventions of science can ever strip the charm. These borders will ever be peopled by all those fancies, forms, and memories, that Genius has called forth from the dimness of the vanished centuries."

"There is a dark side to the picture you have drawn," said Aunt Jessie. "These borders have been the silent witnesses of countless deeds of barbarity; but the '*Blue Bonnets*' no longer meet with spear and battle-axe as in the ballad-days."

"Ah! the 'Blue Bonnets!'" cried Fred, "that's a spirited ballad:

" 'March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,
 Why the *deil* dinna ye march forward in order?
 March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
 All the Blue Bonnets are bound for the Border.
 Many a banner spread,
 Flutters above your head;
 Many a crest that is famous in story;
 Mount and make ready then,
 Sons of the mountain glen,
 Fight for the Queen and our old Scottish glory.

" 'Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing,
 Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;
 Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,
 Come with the buckler, the lance and the bow.
 Trumpets are sounding,
 War-steeds are bounding;
 Stand to your arms and march in good order,
 England shall many a day
 Tell of the bloody fray,
 When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border.' "

"Bravo! my dear boy," exclaimed Mr. Hopeton, as he regarded, with just pride, the spirited youth. "Here we are at Burdoswald, the best preserved and most distinctly marked of all the stations on the Roman wall. Many relics, such as personal ornaments, household utensils, altars, coins, have been dug up here. To the north stood Thirlwall Castle. Those hills you see yonder are the

Nine Niches of Thirlwall ; near there the Picts are said to have broken through the Roman rampart."

"What a lovely prospect, in this misty air !" said Artist Annie, "and the Irthing goes babbling on, indifferent to Pict or Scot, Roman or Norman ; what cares nature in her peace for all petty strifes ; and are not these strifes for supremacy not petty ? This pure stream seems to me a fit type of the life of a beautiful soul, that unmoved by earthly tempests, presses steadily on to her exalted goal."

With a glorious sunset our friends again reached Gilsland, the centre of these moor-rambles.

"I propose to make the excursion to-morrow, if the day be fine, to Cristenbury Crag," said Mr. Hopeton ; "you remember they figure in 'Guy Mannering.'"

"Let us go on horseback," said Elise ; "one is *so free* in the saddle."

"We shall be obliged to walk the last half mile ; it will be a hard day's work, and to accomplish all we design, we must be off at sunrise !"

This marvellous group of rocks lies on the boundary-line between Cumberland and Northumberland, in the midst of the wildest moors, on the summit of a majestic moor-hill. Nothing can surpass the surrounding desolation—not a single tree to be seen ! on every hand the grand purple hills, covered with wild flowers. Three-fourths of a mile from the crags, the horses were left at a shepherd's cottage, and our friends proceeded on foot through the deep heather, by no means an easy task. Fred suggested when once at the top, one could "roll

down!" The day was cloudless, the atmosphere clear. What a view! one could see a distance of fifty miles, save on the Northumberland side. In the far distance the Solway, like a

"Silver plain in shining pride,"

the misty blue Cumberland Fells, the Cheviotts, made so famous by the old ballads, that tell us how the Douglass and the Percy fought and fell.

These huge boulders have fallen together in the most fantastic positions, in some places reminding one of vast blocks of warehouses in some old city. The largest boulder stands twenty or thirty feet in height above all the others.

"Another border mystery!" exclaimed Elise; "how came these rocks here?"

"And echo answers 'how?'" said Fred, laughing. "It is pretty certain they are not natives, and the story of the broken apron-string is somewhat doubtful. They floated here in some flood, most likely, from Norway, say the geologists."

"Floated? Fred," cried Elise, "did you say *floated*?"

"*Oui ma chère sœur, floated!* or what did they do? *Pouvez vous me dire?*"

A servant had been sent on in advance with refreshments, and an abundance of water, wine and fruit; luncheon was spread on a huge boulder called the "Table," where the Titans might have feasted, and never certainly was a happier pic-nic group.

"We will return by Bueth's Castle," said Mr. Hopeton, "not that the ruin is in the least interesting as an object of beauty, only bare, gray stone walls, but there is a curious Runic pillar in the church-yard hard by, which is one of the most celebrated archæological remains. It bears some resemblance to the only Runic monument in Scotland—the Ruthwell Cross near Dumfries, which we saw last summer. My friend, the Rev. Mr. Maughan, has deciphered the Runes, and has published a description of his discoveries. It is the memorial of a petty Saxon King, Alcfrid, who died in Egbert's reign! This wonderful cross is more than 1200 years old, and the inscription is very likely the oldest specimen of Anglo-Saxon poetry in existence. The monk Cœdmon only can compete with it—he died in 680. This pillar, one stone, is nearly the frustum of a square pyramid, $14\frac{1}{2}$ feet high above its pedestal. There was a cross on the top, which has been lost, hence the pillar is now merely an obelisk. It is of a peculiar species of work, a very hard, gritty, and durable white freestone, with a yellow tinge, thickly covered with spots of a gray hue.

"The east side bears a vine, winding up with numerous branches, foliage, and clusters of grapes, an eagle, a raven, both similar to those on the Ruthwell Cross, a fox-hound all in alto relievo. The west side is the most important. On the top stands the figure of St. John the Baptist, holding the Agnus Dei—the head has once been surrounded by a nimbus. Below this figure is a cross; then two lines of Runes, then the figure of the Redeemer, below

nine lines of a Runic inscription, and lastly the figure of a layman bearing a falcon on the arm, which doubtless is meant to represent the royal personage for whom the monument was erected."

"What are Runes?" enquired Artist Annie.

Mr. Maughan explained, "Runes are *secret letters*, because few knew them. They are of Scandinavian origin."

"The south and north sides are each divided into five compartments, and contain magical knots, vines, fruit, a sun-dial, and so forth."

After the maps and charts of the Roman wall had been duly examined, and the site of the Roman station here pointed out, even to where streets had been, Mrs. Maughan invited our friends to the quiet rectory drawing-room to partake of wine and cake. The good pastor and his wife are gone to their rest, but the recollections of that little visit and chat are still fresh and very pleasant. And thus it is all along life's desert way. Here and there gleams the bright oasis, lighted up by a friendly face, the music of the voice of kindness mingling with the sighing of leaves and breezes, and ripples of the sunny brooklet.

From Carlisle to Newcastleton in the Scottish border, one enjoys a view of some of the most picturesque portions of the valleys of the Eden, Esk and Liddel.

The rain of the previous day had given the country its freshest dress; myriads of snowy daisies decked the meadows, the hedges were radiant, the lark sang her matins, now and then a venerable thorn-tree stood in solemn dignity, crowned with a century or more, the con-

fidante of many a tender meeting and parting—aye, perhaps too, of many an hour of anguish. Who can tell?

"One must not forget we are in the midst of many scenes referred to in 'Guy Mannering,'" said Aunt Jessie, as they whizzed along; "Liddesdale, the farm of Charlieshope, so noted for its pepper and mustard terriers, Nichol Forest, and many other places."

"Just fancy," said Elise, "The picture of 'Dumple' bearing 'Dandie Dinmont,' and 'Brown' *en croupe* over moor and glen, the faithful 'Wasp' bringing up the rear, just after the encounter with the robbers upon leaving 'Mumps Ha.' Hear the sturdy borderer saying: 'I could gar him show mair action, but we are twa langlegged chiefs after a', and it would be a pity to distress 'Dumple!'"

"So say I," cried Fred, laughing; "*mais nous-avons changé tout cela*. The *Dumples* have given place to the snorting steam-horse, that might strike terror into the hearts of all the moss-troopers *en masse* that ever wandered lawless through these wild glens."

The valley of the Esk is bordered with uplands, and richly wooded, especially the Netherby estate, the seat of the Grahams.

"There is Netherby Hall," said Mr. Hopeton. "It is built on the site of a Roman station."

"Netherby?" said Fred. "That is the scene of Lady Heron's song before King James in Holyrood:

" 'Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best,
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,

He rode all unarm'd and he rode all alone ;
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

* * * *

“ ‘ One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door and the charger stood near,
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung.
She is won ! We are gone over bank, bush, and scaur,
They'll have fleet steeds that follow, quoth young Lochinvar.

“ ‘ There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan,
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran ;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see ;
So daring in love and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ? ’ ”

“ Do you see that old ruin covered with ivy ? ” asked Aunt Jessie. “ That is Liddell Strength. William of Scotland took it by storm; and David Bruce, after having besieged it before the battle of Durham, upon the surrender of the governor, Selby, caused his two sons to be strangled before his eyes, and then beheaded the father.”

“ Armstrong the poet was born in this pastoral county and Telfer, author of ‘ Barbara Gray,’ ” said Elise. “ But here we are in Newcastleton, or, as the country folk about here say, Copshawholm.”

“ It looks gloomy enough,” cried Artist Annie.

“ *Mais oui* ; but it was the classic ground of Liddesdale and the head-quarters of the Armstrong clan, whose chief seat was Mangerton Tower, the ruins of which still

remain. Langholm Castle and Gilnockie Tower once belonged to them."

"The valley on both sides of the Liddell was once studded with these towers," said Mr. Hopeton; "but most of them are gone. There were *seventeen* clans in Liddesdale alone, but the two leading ones were the Armstrongs and Elliots. The Elliots had their family ghost,—the Cowie, who was always heard to utter the most doleful lamentations when a death was about to occur among them; and the popular belief is that when a member of the Unthank Elliots is to die, a light is seen in the ruined chapel of Unthank, which on our drive to Hermitage we shall see."

er once be-

was once
ton; "but
n clans in
e the Arm-
ly ghost,—
most dole-
ecur among
member of
the ruined
rmitage we

CHAPTER IX.

HERMITAGE CASTLE.

"I do love these ancient ruins,
We never tread upon them but we set
Our foot upon some reverend history."

HERMITAGE Castle! How suggestive the words! The birds were busy with their morning orisons, when our party set out upon their delightful drive along the clear mountain stream, the Hermitage water, to visit the loneliest and most romantic of Liddesdale ruins, one of the most famous of the old border castles. The road extends through just such scenes as the artist loves to paint, soft lights, deepening into Rembrandt shades on the wild moor hills, the river, bordered with the rich, massive-branched Alder trees, that bent lovingly to each other, in a confidential mood, most gratifying to witness, and reflecting their pleasant foliage in the ripples flowing crystal clear over their rocky bed, and singing of love, and joy, and freedom, immortal all, despite tyrants and their machinations.

"This dale is like a sweet, pastoral poem," said Elise, breaking in upon the silence that had fallen upon the party; "how the rippling water and the bird-songs harmonize! No discord there, Fred."

"What excellent roads the Scottish highways are," said Mr. Hopeton; "we must not forget that there was *not a road* in Liddesdale until 1780. Everything was carried on horseback, and the rivers and streams had to be forded."

"But had not the Romans a highway?" inquired Fred.

"Yes, the Wheelcauseway, a continuation of the maiden way, extended through Liddesdale."

"What is the meaning of 'maiden way?'" asked Artist Annie.

"Maden or maiden is an old Celtic word, meaning raised or elevated—hence maiden way simply signifies a road raised, or highway, but here is the Newlands, where we must obtain the key to the ruins,"—and a bare-footed, white-headed boy at the gate, "*sought*" the much desired key. The whole district belongs to the Duke of Buccleuch, and the Newlands is a shooting-box of the Duke's, surrounded with evergreens.

Hermitage Castle stands on the north side of the Hermitage water, in the wild waste, secluded and desolate, surrounded by mosses and vast sweeping moor-hills. It has been very strongly protected by ramparts and a moat—but its chief defence must have been its wild, dangerous fens and mosses. It is a massive gray structure about one hundred feet square, with its main entrance on the west side, though there are two tall portals, which were meant as decoys, being only blank wall.

The keep is full of loop-holes and windows, from which

those within, unseen, could shoot arrows and hurl stones and other missiles at those approaching. In the court is a well; in the interior the remains of moss-grown-stairways; in the kitchen the great oven, an old stone mortar, and an immense copper, in which, perhaps, many a hotch-potch has been prepared. The dungeon is eighteen feet deep, the opening at the top only about eighteen inches square. It is like a well! The entrance to it was from an opening in the outer wall of the castle, twenty feet from the ground; the prisoner was taken up into the castle by means of a ladder, which was drawn in after him, and then *let down* into the dungeon! Escape was utterly impossible. Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie was starved to death in it—and how many groans of anguish and despair have been uttered only to the damp walls and fearful darkness, who shall say?

"Well," said Artist Annie, "those bright blue-bells high up on the walls yonder, wink and blink, and nod defiantly their pretty heads, as if coquetting with the grim old keep, and the terrible Soulis and his familiar Redcap."

"Do you not hear them *ringing out* their notes of freedom, as it beseemeth all right-minded bells?" asked Fred, at the same time making a hopeless plan to get at them; "but I propose *Mademoiselle Artiste*, that you seat yourself on this lichen-grown stone, and begin your sketch or we shall be obliged to stay here all night."

It is not known who built this famous castle, most probably one of the De Sules—or Soulis family, sometime about the middle of the thirteenth century.

This family owned vast possessions, which, however, were forfeited, when Lord William Soulis, the most celebrated of the family, made an attempt to wrest the crown from Robert Bruce. Tradition says he was boiled in lead in a huge caldron on the Nine-Stane-Rig hard-by :—

“ On a circle of stones they placed the pot,
On a circle of stones, but barely nine ;
They heated it red and fiery-hot,
Till the burnished brass did glimmer and shine.

They rolled him up in a sheet of lead,
A sheet of lead for a funeral pall,
They plunged him in the caldron red,
And melted him, lead, and bones, and all.”

All very well for poetry ! but the truth is, Lord Soulis was convicted of treason, and imprisoned in Dumbarton Castle.

Upon this forfeiture, the lands were given by David II. to William Douglass, and later they came into the hands of the Earls of Bothwell. One of the most interesting associations of Hermitage Castle, is the visit the ill-fated Mary Stuart made to it. The *famous* Earl Bothwell, afterward the queen's third husband, was the Lord Lieutenant of the Border ; he had been wounded in a fierce encounter with the freebooter, John Elliot, of the Park—and I may say *en passant*, this hand-to-hand conflict suggested to Sir Walter Scott his imagined death-grapple between “ Roderick Dhu ” and “ Fitz-James ” in the “ Lady of the Lake ; ” and Mary, then holding her court in Jed-

burgh, rode her white palfrey across the moors, to Hermitage and back in one day, accompanied by her half-brother, the Earl of Moray, and the nobles of her court. The fatigue of this moor-ride brought on a malignant fever which nearly cost her life.

But, to the Cout of Keeldar's grave :

"This is the bonny brae, the green,
Yet sacred to the brave,
Where still of ancient size, is seen
Gigantic Keeldar's grave.

"The lonely shepherd loves to mark
The daisy springing fair,
Where weeps the birch of silver bark,
With long dishevell'd hair.

"The grave is green, and round is spread
The curling lady-fern ;
That fatal day the mound was red,
No moss was on the cairn."

A solitary ash-tree stands in the ancient burial-ground, on the spot where was the chapel. Ruinous, deserted all—nothing left of the pride of race and possession, but some old, lichen-and-moss-grown stones !

"What a solitude it is !" said Elise ; "it seems as if it might truly be haunted by old Redcap and his dupe, the cruel and hated Soulis."

"Who was the Cout of Keeldar ?" asked Artist Annie.

"He was," replied Fred, "young, brave, generous, handsome, and the enemy of Lord Soulis, who, not being able

to destroy him in any other way, invited him to dine at Hermitage Castle. The Brown Man of the Moors predicts evil, and his wife entreats him not to go, certain some mischief is intended, but trusting to his charmed armour, the Cout goes to the fatal feast. While at table, enchantment fastens all the Cout's men to their seats:—

“ ‘ Each hunter bold, of Keeldar's train,
Sat an enchanted man ;
For cold as ice, through every vein,
The freezing life-blood ran.”

“ The Cout—*Colt* in border parlance—alone is able to burst forth ; he rushes toward the river, the swords of his foes having no effect upon his charmed armour.

“ He burst the doors ; the roofs resound ;
With yells the castle rung.
Before him, with a sudden bound,
His favourite blood-hound sprung.”

At the river-bank he stumbles and falls, and they hold him down with their spears till he is dead, no species of enchantment having any power by a running stream.”

“ Oh ! ” exclaimed Elise, “ one almost wishes the story of the boiling in lead were true.”

Fred had brought his “ Minstreisy of the Scottish Border,” they had the sunny day before them, and sitting down by the gigantic grave, he read Leyden's exquisite ballads “ The Cout of Keeldar,” and “ Lord Soulis,” which I beg you also, *ma chère*, to do, if you do not already know them *par cœur*. And if you ever go to this enchanting spot,

“ Where weeps the birch with branches green,
Without the holy ground,

Between two old gray stones is seen
The warrior's ridgy mound,"

You will find it, and be enraptured, and then—*pensez à moi, et à mon avis !*

From the Cout of Keeldar's grave, they walked over the moor to the Nine-Stane-Rig, perhaps a Druidical circle, of which now only four stones remain. Possibly the Cauldron story had its origin in human sacrifices ! Who can tell ? A wilder, more desolate spot it were difficult to imagine—the sublimest solitude !

"If I could only get those darling little blue-bells, Fred," cried Artist Annie, as she folded up her sketching portfolio, "for a souvenir of this royal day and old Hermitage Castle, but they, like so many desirable things, belong to the unattainable !

" ' But clinging in the rifted side
Of Hermitage, that fronts the north,
Your drooping bells have I espied
In fearless beauty pouring forth.

" ' Oh, softly blow, thou northern blast,
And sweetly kiss them, setting sun !
Till summer's flowery days are past,
And purpled fells grow bare and dun.

" ' E'en now the tales of distant days,
That wrapp'd in dread the haunted ground,
Grow faint and feebler as I gaze—
Tradition speaks with empty sound. '

"Sweet tuft of blue-bells, ye speak of light and gladness, instead of the pomps and tyranny of feudal days."

Adieu !

CHAPTER X.

MELROSE—ABBOTSFORD—DRYBURGH.

“A land o’ love, and a land o’ dreams—
It is our Border land.”

“FAREWELL to the romantic Borderland!” cried Fred, as they whirled by the moors around Hermitage Castle, the glorious moors, the white sheep among the purple heather; how divinely sweet the air! This Waverley route from Carlisle to Edinburgh is a great treat to the student of history, and the lover of the beautiful; to the moors succeed fields of green and gold, a sprinkling of castles and abbeys, in the back-ground mountains, and the legendary lore of this district, haunted at *every step* by hoary memories, and echoing loud the minstrel’s ballads and the wild notes of his harp, throws a mystic halo over its natural beauties.

In pretty Teviotdale, Hawick lies seated in a hollow of the mountains, so busy with her rattling machinery preparing woollen cloths for her friends, that she seems to have entirely forgotten what an important figure she has made in the days gone by.

“No time,” says the hurrying shuttle, “for idle dreaming,” and that crowd of toilers hastening to their earnest work, trouble their heads very little about old scenes and

ballads! The barony of Hawick is very ancient, being first possessed by the Norman Lovells, and has passed into many other families, among them the Baliols and Douglasses. Now, it belongs to the "bold Buccleuch."

Branksome Towers, on the banks of the Teviot close by, was long the chief residence of the Buccleuchs. It is the scene of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and from here William of Deloraine rode through the darkness of the night to Melrose, to obtain the magic book from the grave of the "wondrous Michael Scott."

"Sir William of Deloraine, good at need,
Mount thee on the wightest steed ;
Spare not to spur, nor stint to ride,
Until thou come to fair Tweedside ;
And in Melrose's holy pile
Seek thou the Monk of St. Mary's aisle.
Greet the Father well from me,
Say that the fated hour is come,
And to-night he shall watch with thee
To win the treasure of the tomb.
For this will be St. Michael's night,
And though stars be dim, the moon is bright,
And the cross of bloody red
Will point to the grave of the mighty dead."

Such was the command of the "Ladye of Branksome," and with what feelings our friends followed that reckless ride, and the mystic poesie that enchants Melrose, until—

"Deloraine in terror took
From the cold hand the mighty book,"

till, carried away by fancy, they, too, seemed to hear the "Spirit of the Flood" that spoke,—

"And he called on the Spirit of the Fell."

The poet Leyden, whose ballads are among the finest we have, was born at Denholm, not far distant from Hawick.

"Melrose! Where shall we stop?"

"At the Abbey-gate Hotel," cried Artist Annie, "that we may have the ruins always in sight."

From the windows of their private parlour, they look out upon the world-famous,—in poesie and romance enshrined—Abbey; but unhappily the clear, sunny morning has draped her fair form in the deepest mourning, and her tears fall like a water-spout.

"We shall certainly not be able to follow Scott's counsel to see the ruins by moonlight to-night," said Elise.

"*Mais cela ne fait rien, ma poulette!*" cried Fred gaily. "We are going to stay in this neighbourhood a week, at least, and we must have *some* clear nights."

"If it only had not rained the first evening," said Artist Annie.

"*If!* Look at it. What a funny, queer little word it looks, as irregular in its figure as in its every day life. 'Insignificant!' did you say? Of course you are perfectly right, *cara mia*, as usual; but how deceitful appearances are sometimes, *n'est-ce-pas?* What a mighty influence that little, insane-looking word wields,—nothing human is free from its potent sway. If—the queen of the empire,

Uncertainty—always wears her mask, and prepares for us the most wonderful surprises, sometimes sad enough, sometimes deliciously happy. If the fair Fanny had found a path leading through the thick wood, she had extended her walk ; in that case, would *not* have turned back to meet that delightful youth, quite perfection, with bewitching curly hair, and *such* eyes that set her little heart in a fearful tremor ;—the current of her life enters a new channel. Can you fancy to yourself the end, centuries to come ? Scarcely. If you, *ma chère*, had not made that visit to your Aunt Charity, you had never met the Rev. Mr. Meeksoul, nor entered the church ! If Napoleon had not divorced Josephine, nor invaded Russia, it is impossible to say where England would have been to-day—so say the French—I wonder if they *believe* what they say ! If Cæsar had not crossed the Rubicon—well, what would have been the result ? and so one might go on ‘ ifing ’ to the end of the chapter, and be as wise as at the outset.”

“ Perhaps it will clear up in the end,” said Aunt Jessie, “ and after dinner I propose we have a literary evening ; here is a piano ; Fred shall give us some music, Artist Annie read portions of the ‘ Lay,’ and Elise tell us a story.”

Dinner is over, the curtains are drawn, and, though it is August, a bright fire is burning in the grate.

“ Play us something from Schumann,” said Artist Annie ; “ to me there is a wondrous magic charm in his music ; he seems to catch the spirit of nature, and to

minge in a divine harmony her varied notes, sad and gladsome ;” and they listen, as the music fills the room, to the voices of joy or despair, of confidence or doubt, or fancy themselves in the quiet woodland by the rippling brooklet, or picture the broken heart in the Sahara of sorrow. Now, the brilliant imagination of Scott’s “Lay,” sends the blood curdling through the veins, till they, too, grasp the fearful book, and

“ They heard strange voices on the blast,
And voices unlike the voice of man ;
As if the fiends kept holiday,”

and the clear tones of the reader’s voice—you remember, dear, how beautifully Artist Annie reads—seem the talisman to lead the fancy on.

“ Now, Elise, for your story,” said Fred.

“ My story is the two maidens in white.”

“ Ah ! in white, that would make a great deal of washing, I should think.”

“ Oh, Fred, you are incorrigible ! ”

“ ‘ Mr. Hundson waited at the station *du Nord à Paris*, for the train which was to convey him to the centre and south of France. Of a meditative spirit, he walked up and down, watching with an amused interest the crowds that hurried to and fro ; that very *unmusical* French word, ‘ *bagage*,’ rang incessantly in his ear, and trunks, and people, of every colour, shape and size, arrived and departed in the most extraordinary and miraculous manner. A moment before the departure of his train, a car-

riage drove up, with a lady of remarkable beauty, but of delicate appearance, with her husband and two lovely young girls, of, perhaps, the age of fifteen and seventeen, attired entirely in white. They were attended by a *bonne*, a staid woman of about forty, in a white cap and apron, as beseemeth all French *bonnes*. A more striking contrast could not well be imagined, than existed between the sisters. Both had long, curly hair—one was fair as a Saxon—that golden brown hair we call auburn, and forget-me-not eyes; the other, dark as night, raven black hair, and eyes like an eastern houri.

“*Au revoir, Maman! tu viendras la semaine prochaine, n'est-ce pas? Adieu! Au revoir!*”

“The engine whistles his parting salute, and speeds on his noisy journey, the pale “*maman*” remains in Paris. Oh! those adieus! how sad they are—but how precious the meaning—A Dieu! At Orléans, Mr. Hundson left the train to see the grey old city and the cathedral, the foundation stone of which was laid by Henry IV. and Maria de Medici, with great solemnity in 1601, to take the place of the ancient one which had been destroyed. Its front façade is finished with two towers in the style of Notre Dame de Paris, and presents a noble view.

“After his little promenade through history here, Mr. Hundson went to Blois to see the old château which stands on the sunny banks of the Loire, silent and deserted. The unhappy, deformed Jeanne de France, spent much of her unsatisfied existence in this ancestral palace

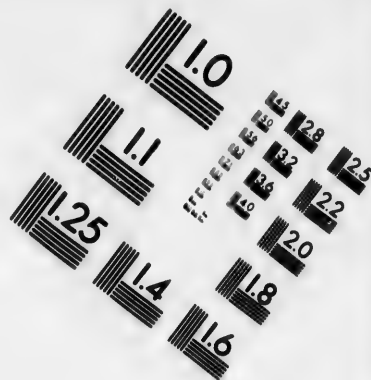
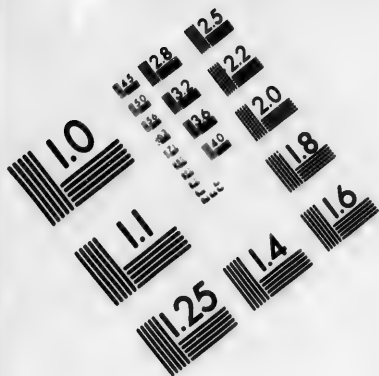
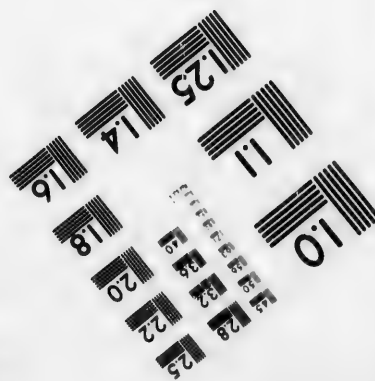
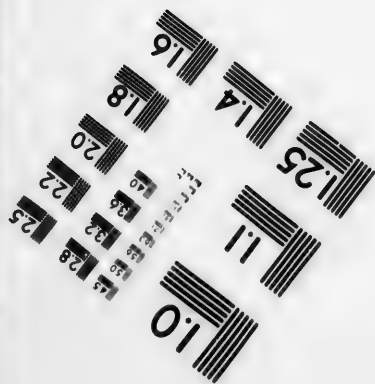
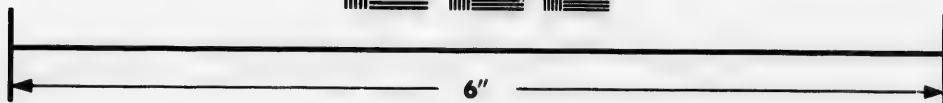
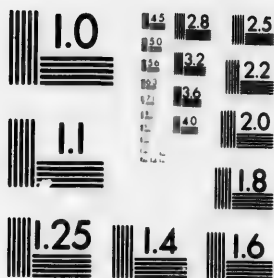


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

18 20 22 25
28 30 32 34 36 38 40

10

of her unloving husband, Louis XII., and James V. of Scotland and Madeleine de France were betrothed here.

“Napoleon III. accepted the château as a residence for “le Petit Prince”—well, he is not more unfortunate than those of the old royal blood, who once pined in misery in its halls.

“Next he made a pleasant drive to the Château Chambord, sixteen kilomètres distant, built by Francis I., in the Renaissance style, emblazoned with the royal “F,” the Salamander in flames, and profusely adorned with caryatides, frescoes, carvings—one of the most luxurious palaces ever built. To his great surprise on entering the train for Tours, he saw the two maidens of Paris enter an adjoining carriage, still in white, but attended only by the *bonne*. Some weeks were spent in Tours where he had friends, but a remembrance of the sisters still lingered in his memory. Suddenly he determined to go to Vichy. The morning after his arrival whom should he see but the two girls, no longer in white, but in the deepest mourning, accompanied by their faithful attendant. Three or four days passed without his seeing them again; and not being in a mood to enjoy the gaieties of a French “*bain*,” he went to Marseilles, enjoying the beauties of the rich provinces of Burgundy, and the mountains and glens of the valleys of the Saone and Rhone. From Marseilles he went to Geneva by a Mediterranean steamer, and finding the heat too great to permit his remaining long in Italy, he went to Switzerland for the summer. Arrived at length in Geneva, one evening as he was lingering amid the fascinating scenes

of Lake Geneva at the Castle of Chillon, he saw his two maiden travelling companions in a boat on the lake, with a lady and gentleman he had never before seen; surprised and delighted, he stood watching the boat. The dark maiden was playing a guitar, her fair sister was toying with the clear water, while her rich voice joined in her sister's song. Suddenly leaning too far over the boat, she lost her balance and fell into the water. Mr. Hundson, a capital swimmer, plunged into the lake and swam towards the boat."

"But," exclaimed Elise, looking out into the night, "it is not raining, and the moon is full and clear. We can go yet and see the ruins to-night, it is not late."

"And I should have you all sick on my hands," said Aunt Jessie, "if you went out in all that wet grass."

"We will not go in the grass, Aunt; it is sure to rain every night, and we must catch the chance."

"But what came of the boat-rescue?" asked Fred.

"Nonsense, Fred! what would you do if you had rescued a pair of forget-me-not eyes from old Pluto? But listen! hush! Was that an owl? What an enchanted, haunted-like scene it is. How spectre-like those tall pillars and arches look in the moonlight! What could one imagine more mysterious and beautiful?"

"Where are the girls?" enquired Fred the next morning, coming into the breakfast-room; "they are nowhere to be found."

"I suspect they are in the ruins," said Aunt Jessie, and Fred went to see.

Artist Annie, seated on a moss-grown stone in the choir, was sketching a group of pillars ; Elise was walking, lost in deep meditation, through aisles and transepts, chancel, nave and chapels, all grass-grown, and all roofless save the choir which still retains its elegant stone roof,—stopping here to admire a fine carving, there to wonder at the majestic pillars, and the delicate tracery of the beautiful east window,—standing in St. Mary's aisle by the tomb of Michael Scott, repeating to herself at intervals, snatches of poetry.

This delightful reverie was suddenly interrupted by the voice of Fred calling :—

“ Venez, venez, mes chères amies ! le déjeuner est prêt il y a longtemps ! et j'ai beaucoup de faim—beaucoup ! ”

“ Fred must be in a happy mood, this morning,” said Artist Annie, gathering up her pencils, “ for he is talking French before breakfast, an infallible sign ; ”—and certainly the muffins and fried sole, golden coffee and country cream tasted none the worse for that ramble in the ruins.

“ Melrose Abbey is very ancient, is it not ? ” asked Artist Annie during breakfast.

“ The Abbey, whose ruins one now sees,” said Mr. Hopton, “ was not the first ; there was an Old Melrose, about two miles further east, on the peninsula formed by the windings of the Tweed. This first Abbey was established in 636, by Aidan, a monk from Iona, who was also the founder of the famous Lindisfarne Abbey. He had come to Northumbria at the earnest solicitation of the pious King Oswald. How little did the Roman conqueror im-

agine, when he carried Caractacus and his family captives to Rome, that he was to be, through that very act of cruelty, the instrument through which God would introduce Christianity into this land. The family learned the true religion in Rome, and carried it to the country of their fathers; it is furthermore supposed that Linus, Bishop of Rome, was a son of the British captive king. The shepherd-boy, now known as St. Cuthbert, used to tend his sheep on the Melrose mountains, and, one night, he tells us, he had a vision :—‘ I saw a long stream of light,’ he says, ‘ break through the dread stillness of the night, and in the midst of it a company of the heavenly host descended to the earth, and having received among them a spirit of surpassing brightness, returned without delay to their heavenly home.’ This ‘ spirit ’ was that of Bishop Aidan, who died that night. The youth was so deeply impressed, that he immediately chose a monastic life, and became an inmate of Old Melrose, later Prior ; and here was, according to the legend, for a time the resting-place of St. Cuthbert after his disinterment at Lindisfarne. St. Cuthbert’s chapel was long a shrine, and thousands of pilgrims came from the north to worship there. The kingly ruins of Melrose Abbey, the noblest Gothic in Scotland, are not the remains of the abbey built by David I. in 1136 ; it was entirely destroyed by the English in the reign of Edward II. Robert I. re-built the monastery, and we see the ruins the Reformation has left.”

“ The Abbey was very extensive,” said Aunt Jessie ;
 “ the wall of enclosure was a mile in extent ; each monk

had his own private garden, for exercise, retirement and meditation."

"We are standing now in St. Mary's Aisle," said Elise, "by Michael Scott's tomb; do you see that little postern door at the north-west end of the nave? Through that, one goes out into the cloisters, and through it, the monk leads William of Deloraine to the grave for the magic book

" ' By a steel-clenched postern-door,
They enter'd now the chancel tall;
The darken'd roof rose high aloof,
On pillars lofty, and light, and small.' "

On this mossy stone, by the supposed tomb of Alexander II, Scott was wont to sit and weave his wondrous word-pictures.

It would have been all so still, but for the merry swallows, that twittered and trilled as if mad with happiness.

"Let us go first to the Eildon Hills," said Artist Annie, "then we shall have a view of the country at once, and pray let us go on horseback."

"Very well then," said Aunt Jessie, "but in that case we must cut short our ravings in the ruins, if we are to go this morning."

Our equestrian party rode amid scenes that the Ettrick Shepherd describes as among the loveliest in Scotland, to the eastern Eildon, where Oswine the rebel had a camp, and got himself killed in an engagement in 761, and where Alexander III. remained sometime with an army. Arrived at the summit, the panorama is superb. The Eildons

stand in the centre of a vast amphitheatre, with a circumference of more than a hundred miles !

"What must this landscape have been," said Mr. Hope-ton, "when St. David's ruined pile was in all its splendour, and the beauties of Dryburgh, and many a castle and tower were in their perfection. This magic circle you see, is formed by mountains ; there to the south lie the Cheviots ; north, the Lammermoors ; west, the Moffat Hills ; east, the Flodden heights."

"How soft the lights and shadows are," said Artist Annie, "that fall on the valleys and the distant mountains ; how lovely the woodlands and clumps of trees."

"That is bonny Teviotdale, 'abbeyed, towered and castled,' lying to the south there," said Aunt Jessie, "and far westward, you see the groves of Yair, and that portion of the Ettrick Forest

" ' Where Newark's stately tower,
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower.' "

This district was densely wooded in earlier times ; the Ettrick Forest comprised the whole of Selkirkshire except Selkirk town, and the Eildon slopes were densely wooded.

"Yonder to the east, how romantic the ivy-grown ruins of Dryburgh Abbey look among the dark trees !" said Artist Annie.

"You must know, *ma bonne artiste*," said Fred, "that Thomas the Rhymer saw the Elfland-queen—

" ' Come riding down by the Eildon Tree,' "

and the brilliant vision seems to have quite overpowered him, so that he was not seen for seven years afterward."

"While we look down upon this lovely country," said Aunt Jessie, "we can imagine the contrast in the Roman period, when Watling Street passed through a territory of woods and marshes, peopled by wild animals, even bears and lions, and, instead of that express train that comes dashing out of the pretty valley of the Gala, we should hear the steady march of the Roman legions!"

Abbotsford bears something the same relation to its poet-builder, as Beckford's Saracenic Tower does to its builder; the wild, weird fancies of "Vathek" must needs have an embodiment, full of mysterious stairs and dark corners, for his Giaour!

They drove to it over the Huntly Burn, and by the Rhymer's Glen, where Scott so loved to ramble. Fantastic balconies, parapets, gables, strike the eye. Much of its ornamentation was taken from famous ruins, a postern from the "Heart of Mid-Lothian"—a gateway from Linlithgow—oak panelling from Dunfermline!

"Of all the rooms," said Fred, "the study, where Scott's powerful genius worked out his elaborate plots, is to me the most fascinating; here is his arm-chair, by the table where he wrote! One seems to feel the presence of that wonderful mind in this spot so sacred to every Scottish heart, and the reading world."

The man showed them a little closet out of the study, saying: "this is 'Speak-a-bit,' where Sir Walter used to

bring a friend," and, opening a box, he said, "these are the last clothes he wore!"

The study opens into the library where one sees Chantrey's bust of the Titan-novelist. The walls of the various rooms are hung with paintings by Turner, Thomson, Hogarth and others.

The drawing-room is a beautiful room, with antique ebony furniture, carved cabinets, some exquisite enamels, portraits of Scott and Dryden.

Among the armour are instruments of torture, and the mask worn by Wishart at the stake! It seemed a holy spot, and one suggestive of a thousand reflections.

Now they drive through Yarrowdale to St. Mary's Loch, through a romance that Wordsworth has sung in his beautiful ballads of "Yarrow Unvisited," and "Yarrow Revisited," a romance that has enriched "Marmion," the "Queen's Wake," and many a witching ballad and song.

Here is the farm where the African traveller, Mungo Park was born, then still further they pass Mount Benger, where the Ettrick shepherd lived and wrote! Every green mound, every tree, every stone seems sacred to fair Poesie. How pleasant it was to sit in the soft summer air, by the clear waters of St. Mary's Loch, and watch Fred fishing, while they chatted of scenes real or fanciful that fill the very air with enchantment. How delightful that pilgrimage to Chapelhope, where the breezes chant the fame of the immortal shepherd, whose monument graces a grassy mound close by; and to wild and desolate Loch Skene, a tarn close by the source of the Yarrow.

The Moffat Hills, how quiet and solemn they were in the misty air !

There were enchanting drives, too, on the banks of the Ettrick, peopled with poetic fancies and stern facts likewise. In Ettrick-dale, near the retired Newark, so classic in association, so lovely in situation, Montrose fought the battle of Philiphaugh against the Covenanters. Sacred to the hallowed memory of that devoted and hunted and persecuted people, are these solemn moor-hills, that have echoed many a song of praise and many a prayer. I tell you there is material now in bonny Scotland for a persecution as bloody and cruel as in the days of the Romans or Claverhouse.

The drive to Dryburgh Abbey lay across the Tweed, and by the heights of Bemerside, where the view of the valley of Melrose is superb, if not so extensive as from the Eildons.

“ How lovely the ruins are ! ” exclaimed Artist Annie, “ half hidden by trees and that wonderful ivy.”

“ Do you see that kingly yew ? ” asked Fred. “ It is more than seven hundred years old, and was planted by the monks at the time of the building of the Abbey.”

“ I think that the situation of Dryburgh Abbey is far more beautiful than that of Melrose ; and the massive foliage gives a charm not to be found in bare stone carvings, however fine and delicate. Now, Fred, you make me a stone seat, and I'll sketch that yew with the Chapter-house in the background.”

“ Who built Dryburgh ? ” asked Elise.

y were in the

banks of the
orn facts like-
ark, so classic
se fought the
ters. Sacred
d hunted and
lls, that have
rayer. I tell
d for a perse-
the Romans

s the Tweed,
e view of the
e as from the

Artist Annie,
y."

Fred. "It is
s planted by
Abbey."

Abbey is far
the massive
e stone carv-
d, you make
h the Chap-

"It was built about the same time as Melrose by one of the De Morevilles, who possessed vast estates in Scotland," said Mr. Hopeton. "Edward II. destroyed the monastery, which is said to have been afterward restored."

"Well, we have left the dark ages far behind," said Fred, "and are not likely to get into them again. We want *light*, and the best of it is, the world has come to know her need, and possesses the manhood that can enforce her claim."

"That is true, my dear boy; and so long as Germany can boast such a man as Bismarck, moral light will intensify itself. Light and darkness can have no affinity for each other: one must reign."

"What do you think, *Mademoiselle l'Artiste*?" asked Fred.

"I think this dear old yew speaks to me of an eternal beauty; and her majestic branches, spreading themselves untrammelled forth to air and sunlight, speak divinely of freedom and the heavenly love that bestows upon us such wondrous forms as these. What being save a God, could have *created*—mind I say created—a tree—such a tree as this, and all these forms of beauty around us?"

And Fred suddenly discovered a new charm in the sweet brown eyes and enthusiastic face.

How solemn and still are now the ruins of refectory and Chapter-house, cloisters and aisles.

In St. Mary's Aisle, the gorgeous mausoleum of Finland granite to Sir Walter Scott, forms a striking contrast to the romantic ruins, that seem haunted by the spirit of the past. The echoes of the retreating footsteps

seem to linger in the air, and fall sadly on the ear. But all pleasant things must have an end, as sure as the spring-flowers and summer ripeness must yield the sceptre to the fadings of autumn and severity of winter, and so it came to pass that those ramblings and imaginings in the wondrous valley of Melrose came to an end, with the same sort of feeling as the Tweed indulges in as it winds around Dryburgh Abbey :—

“Tweed loves them well, and turns again,
As loath to leave the sweet domain.”

“This is the place of sour plums!” cried Fred, as the train bustled into Galashiels.

“How so?” asked Artist Annie. “The arms of Galashiels are a plum-tree, with a fox on each side as supporters, looking up into the tree, with the motto ‘Sour Plums!’ and there is a popular air called ‘Sour Plums’ in Galashiels.’ The legend is, that after an invasion of Scotland by the English, on their return some soldiers strayed from the army to gather plums in Ettrick Forest, but the men of Galashiels attacked and slew them all.”

The woollen manufacture here is extensive; it is said that 25,000 women would be required to card and spin the wool worked up by its vast machinery. Northward ho!

“There are the Moorfoot Hills,” said Elise; “here stands Borthwick Castle, built in the reign of James I. of Scotland. It was once very strong, built of solid blocks of stone, moated and protected by walls flanked with forti-

fied towers. The windows are thirty feet from the ground—there is but one door.

"Mary Stuart fled to this fortress with Bothwell, and one still sees the suits of rooms she occupied. The unhappy Queen escaped from here alone at midnight, during Bothwell's absence, creeping down a turret stair unattended; she let herself down from a window of the banqueting-hall, and at a postern gate in the wall, mounted a horse saddled for her, by whom was never known, but she lost her way on the moors, and at day-break encountered Bothwell, who carried her off to Dunbar Castle!"

"Dear me," said Fred, "you have given us quite a romance in connection with this barren-looking old ruin—not so much as a single wild-flower as I can see, to hide its ugliness!"

But now—

"The train has left the hills of Braid."

And there sits the Queen of the North, with the Lion, Arthur's Seat, overshadowing her, as if ready to spring upon her first foe!

CHAPTER XI.

RAMBLINGS IN AND ABOUT EDINBURGH.

“Dun-Edin! O, how alter’d now,
When safe amid thy mountain court,
Thou sit’st, like Empress at her sport,
And liberal, unconfined and free,
Flinging thy white arms to the sea.”

“**W**HO is that with his night-cap on?” asked Artist Annie, as they drove up Princes Street.

“I am shocked at your irreverence, *ma bonne Annie*,” said Elise; “that is Ramsay, guarding the West Princes Street Gardens, and how pretty they look with the Castle on its kingly rock, for a back-ground. There stands the ‘Noctes Ambrosianæ’ Wilson, in the East Princes Street Gardens, a figure that looks as if it had fallen out of an epic poem, and how calmly Scott looks down from his canopied throne upon the hurrying crowd!”

“Do you see that hill at the end of the street?” asked Aunt Jessie; “that is Calton Hill, crested with monuments.”

“Pray what ugly monument is that in front of our hotel?” enquired Artist Annie.

“That,” said Elise, “is in honour of Melville, the fellow-statesman of Pitt; we are in St. Andrews Square; Lord

Brougham was born in this square, and the great Hume lived near the Douglass hotel."

"Dear me, how interesting!" said Fred, "but I am awfully hungry; I think the best thing for us all is some dinner!"

"Shall we have a 'haggis?'" asked Mr. Hopeton, laughing; "I suspect Fred is in very good trim for that Scottish dish,—one like the Shepherd's you know, in the 'Noctes.'"

"Holyrood! so full of thrilling interest to the lover of Scottish history," said Elise, as they stood by the beautiful fountain—an exquisite piece of sculpture, with figures of the hapless Mary in various costumes.

"And this was once a palace,
Where the rich viol answered to the lute,
And maidens flung the flowers from their hair,
Till the halls swam with perfume; there the dance
Kept time with light harps, and yet lighter feet;
And here the beautiful Mary kept her court,
When sighs and smiles made her regality,
And dreamed not of the long and weary years,
When the heart was to waste itself away
In hope, whose consciousness was as a curse."

The Picture Gallery is 150 feet in length, and contains no less than 106 portraits of fabulous Scottish kings.

"Fancy the scenes of splendour in this, now dismal-looking gallery," said Elise; "up this long hall of state walked the young Darnley, in the flush of happiness and

love, and knelt that his Queen-Wife might place the crown-matrimonial on his head ! and here Mary danced in honour of the bridal of one of her Maries when the explosion of his murder was heard ! Did she know the plot as she danced ? The question can never be answered."

"Schiller," said Fred "has portrayed Mary a noble character, but he makes her confess to her nurse her knowledge of the intended assassination ; his 'Maria Stuart' is one of the finest things he wrote ; he imagines a meeting between the rival Queens at Fotheringay Castle ; a violent quarrel ensues ; Elizabeth insults Mary cruelly, till her proud Stuart blood can endure no longer, and she tells the Tudor ; 'Lie now in the dust at my feet, for I am thy king.'"

"We feel," said Aunt Jessie, "a deep sorrow for Mary and Darnley, whose fate might have been so different, had they only been surrounded by friends and faithful advisers."

Mary's rooms are dismal enough ; in her bed-chamber is her French mirror, the first ever in Scotland, and a little box, the lid composed of needle-work, done by her when a girl in France ; the work represents Jacob's dream.

This little room off the bed-chamber in the turret is Mary's closet ! and here is the private stair—unsafe now—leading to Darnley's rooms below ; up this stair came the conspirators to murder Riccio.

"Poor fellow !" said Elise, "he merited a better fate. He first came under Mary's notice in the chapel, as she

heard his rich voice chanting the dirge for the soul of her young husband François II; at that time he was private secretary to the ambassador of the Duc de Savoie."

In this turret-room is the marble block on which Mary Stuart knelt at her union with Darnley, his boots, and armour. The story of blood-stains at the entrance to the Audience Chamber is rather mythical.

Holyrood Chapel is roofless, grass-grown, gray, cold, sad, open to every tempest that rages, a few mouldering monuments left, it seems, as it is, utterly deserted, yet what a thrilling though mournful interest its numerous associations awaken; how unutterably sad seems even that flood of light thrown from its richly mullioned east window—upon its ruined capitals and pillars.

In the south-east corner is the royal vault, where several sovereigns of Scotland were buried, and here the amiable Madeleine de France sleeps,—she whose first act on reaching her husband's kingdom was to kneel and kiss the soil. Poor princess! She only lived six weeks after her arrival. I am not so sure we should say "poor." Well would it have been for Mary had she, too, died young and beloved, as she was on her return to Scotland as a widowed queen.

"This mournful ruin," said Fred, "is a striking comment on the history of the House of Stuart, the most unfortunate in the world, unless we except the Bourbons. James I. was a captive during childhood, and was at last assassinated; James II. was destroyed by the bursting of a cannon at Roxburgh; James III. was defeated in battle

by his own son, and afterward murdered ; James IV. fell at Flodden Field ; James V. died of grief and his wounds at Pinkie ; James VI. saw his daughter, the Princess Palatine, the ' Winter Queen of Bohemia,' a crownless, homeless widow ; Charles I. was beheaded ; Charles II. was obliged to flee for his life ; James VII. to abdicate and die in exile ; the two Pretenders failed to regain their inheritance ; and to Mary the Beautiful fell the lot to drink the dregs of the cup of bitterness."

" You are right," said Elise ; " but there is another side to the picture. The descendant of the Winter Queen sits on England's throne to-day, but it is the Protestant branch of the Stuarts."

In the passage leading to the Chapel, Riccio is buried, but the inscription is illegible. Here once—

" Hymns and incense made all holiness,"

now the winds chant the requiem for the dead, and *the past that can never* come back.

" Fred, will you go early to-morrow morning with Artist Annie and me to Arthur's Seat ? We want to sketch, and will take our luncheon-basket, and Aunt Jessie and Uncle will meet us with a carriage for our drive at St. Anthony's Chapel."

" That is an Arcadian idea, I must say ! What hour will Your Highness be pleased to start ? Four o'clock ?"

" We shall be ready at eight o'clock, Fred."

" All right ! *Nous verrons !*"

" Who was St. Anthony ?" enquired Artist Annie, as she sat in the ruin sketching.

"We only know he was a hermit," said Elise; "the history of this lonely ruin is lost; we ought to have a Chatterton here to invent one."

"One would not think these hills were once covered with wood," said Fred, "or that the royal hunting forest of Drumsheuch stood on a portion of the ground now covered by the New Town!"

"How still and solitary the spot is," said Elise, "and how fascinating, when we recall Scott's 'Heart of Midlothian.' I should like to build a summer hermitage in just such a retirement, where I could enjoy a choice library and my dearest friends."

"I would build my hermitage," said Fred, "on the highest point of the 'Seat;' I would have the broadest horizon possible, and the broadest views of life and nature, and the purest atmosphere."

"But you would be so exposed to the wind!" said Artist Annie.

"So much the better; wind is healthy; one goes to the seaside, or to sea, to be blown on. The Romans got to be afraid of winds, or who knows but Latin would have had the place of English to-day, instead of being a dead tongue."

"I do not think so," said Elise, "I'll tell you why; the English are the lost Ten Tribes! and prophecy is being fulfilled every day. In India, the islands of the seas, all over Europe and the Western Hemisphere, the great English nation has a foot-hold. I once heard a gentleman say on the Rhine, it was a delusion, this travelling abroad

to hear a foreign language, one heard as much English as German !”

“Here comes the carriage,” cried Fred, and our friends set out to enjoy one of the most charming landscapes imaginable.

“What a divine prospect from this drive around Arthur’s Seat !” exclaimed Aunt Jessie ; “Edina does not look to-day as if she could ever deserve the soubriquet of ‘Auld Reekie.’ Look at the rich plains beyond, yellow with the golden corn, and how mysterious and lovely those distant mountain-ranges look ; south, the green slopes of the Pentland Hills ; far to the east, the Lammermoors ; north, the Grampians and Ben Nevis, and ‘the ocean, with its azure tide.’

“No wonder the poets”rave over the natural beauties of ‘Dunedin blue.’”

“Here,” said Fred, “I have enjoyed many a pleasant ramble along the Salisbury Crags, when studying in Edinburgh ; the view is particularly lovely at sunset.”

“I suspect you rarely saw it at sunrise,” said Elise, laughing.

“We have a lovely day before us,” said Mr. Hopeton ; “we will drive to Pinkie, the disastrous battle-field of Queen Mary’s father, and thence to Preston Pans, of Prince Charlie renown.”

“What place is this ?” asked Artist Annie.

“Musselburgh ; Dr. Moir—‘Delta’—was born here ; it is a favourite watering-place ; that house there, with the

elegant stone fountain, is Pinkie House, nearly four hundred years old."

"Oh!" said Fred, "that is young for Europe! nothing short of a thousand years can claim age!"

"This is Pinkie," said Aunt Jessie, "cut up now by the railway, and yonder in the distance is Carberry Hill, where Mary surrendered to the Associate Lords; imagine her riding down its slopes on her snow-white palfrey to meet them!"

"Here we are, at Preston Pans!" exclaimed Mr. Hope-ton; "how beautiful the sea looks; there is the monu-ment to Colonel Gardiner, who fell in the engagement. I have brought 'Waverly,'—listen to the graphic description of the battle."

"To me," said Elise, "this is the charm of old countries; the *human interest* is always the strongest, and in old lands, history has scattered broadcast her thrilling narra-tives, mingled with poetry and romance."

"Here is Holyrood again!" said Aunt Jessie; "suppose we drive up through the old Canongate, on our way to our hotel."

"One would certainly never imagine," said Fred, "that this dirty street, and its dismal closes, were once inhabited by the proudest aristocracy in the world, and that Mary Stuart, with her court, was wont to walk on a summer's evening, from Holyrood to the castle! I have amused myself in noting a few, among many thousand interest-ing facts and incidents of this chief street of the old town. Not even the echo of the stately pageantries of

sovereigns lingers now among these rags ! Madeleine de France, and her haughty successor Mary de Guise, the stormy Margaret of England, Anne of Denmark, and Mary Stuart, have all passed by this way. The Canon-gate has its Tolbooth, a quaint French-like building, towered, spired, turreted. Now we are passing Moray House at our left ; that Earl of Argyle, destroyer of the brave Montrose, was married in it to Lady Jane Stuart, daughter of the Earl of Moray, and in its antique, still well-preserved balcony, the guests of the nuptial banquet stood to see Montrose led past to his doom ! Three of those on-lookers, one the bridegroom, suffered on the very spot where Montrose fell, a victim to party strife and sudden vicissitude of fortune ! There is the house of John Knox, falling rapidly into decay ! What astonishes me is, that the city does not purchase it, and some ground around it, and plant flowers and trees. Scotland can well afford such an outlay upon such a holy spot. Look at it well—you will not soon forget its antique style. The events that have transpired behind those walls, have changed the destiny of Scotland ! The memory of the Titan Reformer is embalmed in every Scottish soul. In this street, the Lady Catherine Hyde entertained the poet Gay, and here was the house of the Earls of Wintoun, the 'Seaton House' of the Abbot, into which the page, 'Roland Graeme,' finds his way. Dr. Johnson and Hume lived here. Opposite Knox's house is the house where the conspirators met the night of Darnley's murder !

" That Wynd is Blackfriars—full of ruins—and rags—

and memories. Alexander II. built a Black Friars Monastery in it, and memorable events have transpired in this now dismal alley. In St. John's Street, still somewhat respectable, Miss Burnet entertained Burns, and the poet has alluded to her in his 'Address to Edinburgh':—

"Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn !
 Gay as the gilded summer sky,
 Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
 Dear as the raptured hill of joy !
 Fair Burnet strikes th' adoring eye,
 Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine :
 I see the *sire of love on high*,
 And *own* his work indeed divine !

"James Ballantyne, friend of Sir Walter Scott, lived also in this street, and at the head of it is the house of the Earl of Hopeton, in which the Novelist Smollett once lived ! but here is old St. Giles ! Let us go in."

"I should have known it from its lantern tower," said Artist Annie ; "is it very old ?"

"So old," said Aunt Jessie, "that the date of its erection is not known ; it is first mentioned during the time of David II."

At our left, as we enter, we see on the outer wall a memorial tablet to Napier, inventor of logarithms, in the interior the tombs of the Regent Moray and Montrose. In these venerable walls Knox hurled his anathema against Popery, and we try to fancy the scene when the fearless Janet Geddes, with her three-legged-stool, struck con-

sternation into the heart of the luckless Dean, who so far forgot himself as to attempt to read the English liturgy in the "lugs" of a Scottish congregation ! The old churchyard, where Knox was buried—the spot marked by "J.K." on a small flat stone—is now a paved thoroughfare.

"I do not know," said Aunt Jessie, "where one could go to be buried and rest in peace, unless it be in the valley of Jehosopha ! I believe I shall go and end my days in the Holy Land."

"You would be no better off, Aunt," said Elise, "if we are to believe in the fulfilment of prophecy."

"No, I dare say not; I often pity those poor Mummies ! How little did they imagine centuries ago, they were destined to be stared at, and wondered over, by people they never knew anything about !"

"Do you see this great heart in the pavement ?" asked Mr. Hopeton ; "Scott's 'Heart of Midlothian,' the High Street. Tolbooth stood here, adjoining St. Giles ; that great building behind was the Parliament House—now the Hall of the College of Justice—every one of its pinnacles and towers is sacred to history ; let us enter and see the great hall, adorned with paintings and sculpture, where Claverhouse and his minions condemned the Covenanters to torture and death ! That magnificent stained window represents one of the many royal pageantries that have taken place here,—the King James V. inaugurating the Court. You will like to know it was designed by the German artist Kaulbach, whose works you will soon see in Berlin and elsewhere."

"What books are those you have been buying, Fred?"

"Oh! books about Edinburgh—Scott, Chambers, Wilson—*our* Wilson, *vous savez*. I am thinking of stocking *one* library purely with works on the fair Queen of the North. There's no use, Elise, in your saying anything about Edinburgh; there's nothing more to be said. I met my old Oxford college-mate, Baron, and we have been poking about the whole morning in the queerest closes, and into old houses; one cannot go three inches without stumbling against a scrap of history—it's perfectly amazing. We went over the North Bridge, and the splendid George IV. Bridge, where one looks down into the Cowgate, a continuation of the Grassmarket, the latter the scene of so many executions and martyrdoms; it conveys an odd impression, this looking down, as it were, into another town below, with an altogether different human stratum! Not much of the air of *La haute noblesse* about these old streets now.

"In Byer's Close is the house of Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney, who married Mary and Darnley—the old house is the scene of that beautiful ballad, 'Lady Ann Bothwell's Lament,' given by Percy in his *Reliques*, beginning:

" ' Balow, my babe, lye still and sleipe !
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe :
If thou'st be silent I'ae be glad,
Thy moaning makes my heart feel sad.' "

"The 'High Jinks' scene in 'Guy Mannering' was in

Advocate's Close; the pastoral poet, Robert Ferguson, was born in a close, now a part of the North Bridge—memories such as his suggest long vistas of thought. By the old Tron Church, in the High Street, stood the house in which the great George Buchanan died so poor, as not to be possessed of sufficient money to bury him!

"Ah!" said Elise, "such is too often the reward of great talents and hard literary labour."

"But not so much now as in the days gone by; the great genius is honoured and better paid."

"You must have had a delightful morning, Fred; what else have you to tell me before we go out?"

"We were in Lady Stair's Close, where the famous Viscountess Primrose lived, whose history Scott worked up into Aunt Margaret's Mirror. We saw Gourlay's House, in Old Bank Close, which is closely connected with several great men and marked events in Scottish history—in fact, Gourlay's House bears something the same relation to old Edinburgh, as *la maison de Zamet* to Paris. The Regent Morton was kept in it until his execution, for his participation in Darnley's murder, and the great Fénélon was once entertained there as ambassador from France.

"The House of Kirk-of-Field, where Darnley was blown up, stood on one side of the square now occupied by the University; it was contiguous to the Palace of Hamilton, Duc de Châtelherault, first prince of the blood-royal, and at the time of the assassination, Hamilton's brother, the Primate of Scotland, was residing in it; but,

Ferguson,
n Bridge—
ought. By
d the house
poor, as not
im !”

reward of

e by ; the

ing, Fred ;
t ?”

he famous
ott worked

Gourlay's
connected

in Scottish
ething the
e de Zamet

it until his
urder, and
s ambassa-

was blown
ied by the

of Hamil-
the blood-
Hamilton's

in it ; but,

amid a thousand interesting facts, which shall one choose?”

“We are ready to go to the Castle,” said Artist Annie, coming in from a shopping expedition with Aunt Jessie ; “*Allons !*”

Their drive lay over the North and South Bridge, and up the old High Street, a continuation of the Canongate. The Canongate you will remember, was a suburb in the old days, and one entered by the Netherbow Port—the Temple Bar of Edinburgh—into the city. The City Cross stood in High Street (the *shaft* of which is now placed in front of St. Giles), where festivities and executions strangely commingled.

Castle Hill ! there was the ancient tilting-ground, where the Stuart monarchs presided at tilt and tournament. There the beautiful Lady Glamis, convicted by the perjury of a rejected suitor, of high treason, was *burned alive* in sight of her imprisoned husband, who, driven mad at the sight, threw himself from Castle rock. Many of the highest nobles had their town houses on Castle Hill—the Mortons, Argyles, Buccleuchs, Sempils, Mary de Guise had a palace, and Allan Ramsay once lived here. But here is the Castle, seated on her stately, rocky throne ! What a panorama of the city and distant country, and mountains !

“Come pay your homage to Mons Meg,” cried Fred, “it is King of the Castle now !”

“Is Mons Meg very old ?” asked Artist Annie.

“It is not known with certainty,” said Mr. Hopeton,

"when or where it was made; most probably it is of Galloway origin—the balls are of Galloway granite; it is said to have been used by James II. in 1455, at the siege of Threave Castle."

You stand and gaze almost bewildered at the fascinating picture spread out before you.

Do you hear the tramp of centuries, the voice of mirth and woe, the processions of kings and queens and of martyrs? You seem to hear the groans of anguish. 'Tis but a far-distant smothered echo—all is '*auf ewig hin*.'

St. Margaret's Chapel is the oldest portion of the castle. It was no doubt the private chapel of Malcolm Canmore's Queen, Margaret, a Saxon princess, the granddaughter of Edmund Ironside. That is pretty far back, *n'est-ce-pas*? This chapel is very small—16 feet by 10—of Norman style, the chancel semi-circular, separated from the nave by a double arch ornamented with zig-zag mouldings. There is a piscina and a small recess, which was either a confessional or a receptacle for the sedilia, or a robing-closet, I leave you to decide for yourself. The queer little irregular room where James VI. was born, and where Mary received Darnley and presented him with the boy, reproaching him for his perfidy, contains the well-known prayer, composed very likely by her poet son, a piece of the thorn planted by Mary at Lochleven Castle, and a copy of Furino's exquisite portrait of Mary when Dauphine. The hair, arranged in short curls, setting off the lofty, regal brow, is entwined with pearls; she wears a collar of gold and precious stones, a black velvet boddice

with a soft white fur at the neck ; the original is in Dunrobin castle. At Chatsworth is Zuchero's portrait of Mary in her riding costume, with the coquettish little black velvet hat. This is considered the finest portrait of Mary, except the richly-coloured, brilliant painting at Culzean Castle.

" Shall we look at the regalia now ? " asked Aunt Jessie.

It is shown by gas-light, and strikes one as a sad comment on the " high and mighty " line of Stuart sovereigns who have worn that beautiful and dazzling crown. The sword is the one given to James IV. by Pope Julius II.

The New Town presents a most striking contrast to the old city, which, however, is much higher,—on a hill, in fact,—so that from the New Assembly Hall one can descend the hill by a long flight of stone steps into East Princes' Street Gardens, instead of going round by a street. In many of the streets and squares one may look out of the windows in the morning, and fancy himself in a park instead of a great city. The streets are laid out with an enclosure through the centre, with well-kept lawns, seats, and handsome trees. These grounds are private, and only those having a key can enter. The massive houses have, it must be confessed, a somewhat sombre, heavy look, despite their richness, being built of freestone, which becomes soon almost black, from the smoke, rain, and fogs.

Connected with this splendid New Town are many pleasant literary associations. Sir Walter Scott lived over twenty years in North Castle Street ; Lord Jeffery died in Moray Place ; De Quincy is buried in the West

Cemetery; the great Sir William Hamilton in the pretty St. John's Chapel, both at the west end of Princes Street; and one might go on almost *ad infinitum*. At different points one is able to have a *coup d'œil* of these broad animated streets and noble buildings.

From the elegant Dean Bridge one has a pretty, though somewhat limited, view, but from the new Fettes College, on Comely Bank, the city lies at your feet, walled in by Arthur's Seat, Castle Rock, and Calton Hill, from which latter point, perhaps, the most pleasing prospect is to be enjoyed. If the public buildings of Edinburgh are unexcelled in magnificence, certainly, her charitable institutions are unrivalled, and the University, High School, and Academy are not only princely types of architecture, especially the University, but rank in merit with the best in Great Britain.

The "hospitals" are palaces! This term hospital is used in a broader sense in Scotland than in England, being applied to schools founded as charities.

"Will you climb with me to the top of Scott's Monument?" asked Fred.

"Perhaps the girls may, but not I," said Aunt Jessie; "I am cured of climbing, but I will sit in the gardens and wait till you go up."

They mounted by two hundred and eighty-seven steps—that is they all counted, but none of them agreed! How fresh and green the gardens looked, with flowers, noble trees, and the fountains of the West Gardens.

In the foreground, those Grecian palace-like buildings,

the Museum and Picture Gallery stand, and on the hill above, the splendid new Assembly Hall, the Bank of Scotland, behind ; rising above these, the lantern-tower of St. Giles, to the west, Castle Rock—east, Arthur's Seat and Calton Hill ! What a paradise !—simply indescribable. Do not think it exaggeration—you will not when you have seen it. And this mass of human beings, look where you will, down Princes Street, over the North Bridge, here through these gardens—one stream, or rather many, meeting and crossing each other. One feels, as in London, saddened at the sight—whither, oh where ! is this multitude hastening ?

Above the canopy, beneath which the great poet-novelist sits, with his dog looking up lovingly into his face, is a beautiful little room, with rich stained windows and seats. There are fifty-six niches, designed to be filled with Scott's various imaginary characters, only a few of which, however, are finished.

The band from the Castle is playing in the West Princes' Street Gardens, and the *élite* of Edinburgh society walks about and chats gaily, the bright toilettes mingling their colours with the delicious green shades of lawn and trees.

Now come the "pipers," marching as they play, with a *genuine Highland stride*, that no mortal man, not a Highlander, can successfully imitate.

"The bagpipes sound wild and weird enough," said Elise ; "do you remember what our friend Dr. Seymour says ?—that it is the wildest, grandest music in the world ;

heard on the moors among the heather, it seems a musical embodiment of wild desolation."

The picture gallery contains a few Titians and Rembrandts, portraits by Gainsborough and Lawrence, and a beautiful statue of Burns. In the museum one sees Janet Geddes' stool! and the covenant with the autograph of the unfortunate Montrose.

How pleasant is still the remembrance of that drive to the sad "wood-embosomed towers" of Craigmillar. The castle stands on a lofty eminence below the Pentlands, about three miles from Edinburgh; most picturesque ruins, full of melancholy memories of hapless Mary—she planted the old thorn. The donjon, the chapel, banqueting-hall, and sleeping-room of the queen, seem to echo her footsteps and her voice. The view of the capital from Craigmillar is enchanting. It was here the conspirators signed Darnley's doom of death!

Shall I tell you of those delightful visits to Wemyss Castle, on a perpendicular rock, between Elie Point and Burntisland, with its caves, the dusk-red-ruins of Macduff's Castle in sight? Or of the wild lonely ruins of Tantallon—so—well described in "Marmion"—a castle of the Douglasses—

"Then rest you in Tantallon Hold;
Your host shall be the Douglass bold,
A chief unlike his sires of old,
He wears their motto on his blade,
Their blazon o'er his towers display'd."

Our party, was not so fortunate as "Lord Marmion!"

Their "host" was the raging wind, that made it seem miraculous that a single scrap of the ruins yet remain ! But they are still massive and strong. Tantallon is close to North Berwick, stands high on the rocky coast, looking fearlessly forth over the frith, as if it would see

"The gathering ocean storm."

Here Mary and Darnley *first met*—it seemed a savage place for lovers or love-making ! or the sad musings of the "Lady Clare,"—or of the wild and savage coast by Dunbar—of its ruined castle, where Mary and Darnley fled from Holyrood, after the murder of Riccio, when Darnley discovered there was a plot on foot to destroy them both ? Or of the ruins of Fast Castle at St. Abbs Head, where the billows dash and roar with fearful noise against the lofty cliffs ? This castle figures in the "Bride of Lammermoor" as "Wolf's Crag."

Visit those wild ruins, *ma chère*, you will never forget the desolation, and the awful grandeur of rocks and ocean.

The pleasant boatings and drives on this *détour* from Edinburgh, with ruins, poetry, and history, went to make up a scene of unusual charms, and the week's absence seemed to have enhanced the beauty of the capital.

"Where have you been Fred, so early this morning ?" asked Elise, as they sat down to breakfast the morning after their return from North Berwick.

"Oh ! I went to Trinity for a walk, and really it is a pretty suburb, with a wide view of the Frith and the piers. As I came around by Newhaven, I encountered two

Marmion !"

fish-wives, who were busily engaged taking Silhouettes of each other. What are we going to do to-day ?”

“I have arranged to drive along the Queensferry road to see the grounds of Hopetoun House,” said Mr. Hopeton, “after which we will cross to Dunfermline.”

What a landscape all the way, with old and young castles, country seats, parks. The grounds of Hopetoun House are regal ; from the terrace walks one catches such glimpses of beautiful trees and flowers, the Frith and Blackness Castle.

“Here, where we cross the ferry,” said Aunt Jessie, “it is proposed to construct a bridge, and no doubt the idea will be carried out.”

Dunfermline ! once the St. Denis of Scotland. That ancient tower, seated on the hill, is the remnant of the palace where Malcolm Canmore and St. Margaret lived, and there their daughter Maud, Queen of Beaclere, was born ; from it, one looks down into a deep ravine.

“This is the scene of ‘Sir Patrick Spens,’” said Fred :

“ ‘ The King sits in Dunfermline toune,
Drinking the blude-reid wine ;
O quahr will I get quid sailor,
To sail this ship of mine ?

“ ‘ O up and spoke an eldern knight,
Sat at the King’s richt kne, —

“ Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor,
That ever sailed the se.” ’ ”

“There is a German translation of this ballad in Herder’s ‘Volk Lieder’—its time is Alexander III.”

Dunfermline was long the favourite abode of Scottish royalty ; Charles I. and his sister, the Princess Elizabeth were born there. The Abbey was very ancient, built by Canmore, and in its sacred walls twenty-one royal personages, among them, the founders, David I, Robert Bruce, the mother of Wallace, and many celebrities were buried. How reposeful now, these ruins once so brilliant ! The nuptial and funeral music, the pomp and pride of rank and power—all alike vanished in the vast Unknown !

Far different is the train of thought in old Grey Friars. Suddenly, from the noise of a great city, one finds one's self in a secluded, solemn stillness, in the old church-yard, once the garden of the ancient monastery, with the world shut out, and one perceives only a distant, muffled murmur from without. You stand *by the stone*—pointed out by tradition—where the solemn league and covenant was first signed ! Imagine that procession issuing from those grey old walls, and here, under the blue heavens, with that “ great cloud of witnesses ” invisible in the air, those noble men sign that immortal protest. There is no spot on earth more sacred to the God-endowed right of freedom of thought and choice. A short distance below is the martyrs' grave, where more than one hundred martyrs sleep till the day of retribution, and near is the monument to “ Bloody Mackenzie ! ” Picture to your mind that awful scene, when the archangel's trump shall summon to the resurrection, and *these* shall stand there face to face, and things shall at last be seen as they are, and deception, falsehood, tyranny, be forever at an end. Scot-

land's martyrs, through blood and tears, have conquered ; the truth for which they surrendered *all*, has her chief throne in this fair land, and the good shall be crowned victor at the end.

“ When clouds are past, the weather will grow clear,
Ye sow in tears, but ye shall reap in joy.”

“ If you have finished your sketch, Artist Annie,” said Fred, “ we will walk across the meadows to the Grange Road cemetery, and afterward we can drive around by the Canongate and Calton cemeteries, since you wish to see them.”

In the cemetery at the Grange, which is planted with flowers and trees, and beautifully kept, Dr. Guthrie, Dr. Chalmers, and the great geologist, Hugh Miller, are buried. On the opposite side of the drive, at Dr. Chalmers' feet, sleeps the “ Earnest Student,” in compliance with his last request before his early death, while studying in Germany. He was a brother of Mrs. Norman McLeod : Dr. McLeod wrote his interesting biography. Hume, the great historian, rests in the old Calton burial-ground ; in the Canongate church-yard are buried the poet Ferguson and the well-known Dugald Stewart. In the pretty, seated-on-a-hill Dean cemetery, “ Noctes ” Wilson, Lord Jeffrey and Lord Cockburn lie buried.

But our friends are *en voyage*, and now a very different subject interests their thoughts,—

“ Dalkeith that all the graces love. ”

They have seen its interesting rooms, its portraits and

other paintings, and now stroll in the fair park, by the union of the two Esks, amid tree-grown lawns and legendary lore. The old palace is seated on a bank overlooking the river—a home fit for Jupiter himself and the Muses. “Froissart tells us of Dalkeith,” said Fred; “he visited Douglass here, and seems to have had a jolly time of it, and the famous—or rather infamous—Regent Morton lived here awhile.”

Dalkeith came by purchase to the Buccleuch family; Anne, the last Buccleuch, married the Duke of Monmouth, and after his execution she lived in this palace in great state, assuming to herself royal honours—only one chair was allowed in her presence-chamber. She was dreadfully eccentric, in fact, had a “bee in her bonnet;” witness an extract from her diary:—

“To-day cut my finger-and-toe-nails, and burnt them!”

Through rich meadows lay their walk to Newbattle Abbey, where that indefatigable monastery-builder, David I. founded a Cistercian Abbey. This is the scene of the “Grey Brother:”

“And the convent-bells did vespers tell,
Newbattle’s oaks among,
And mingled with the solemn knell
Our Lady’s evening song.”

A fair-haired maiden cantered by, attended by her groom, and instinctively Fred raised his hat.

“Where can one feel so *free* and independent as on horseback?” cried Elsie, “but in a place like this it is divine!”

"Let us sit down here and rest," said Artist Annie, "and open our luncheon-basket, and meanwhile the Esk and the birds shall give us a symphony, such as Beethoven attempted to copy."

Two little children went by, a golden-haired girl, leading her younger brother by the hand; the air was soft and balmy; now and then a great butterfly floated leisurely by in search of new pleasures, or a bee was heard amid the clover and snowy daisies. It was a sweet pastoral scene.

Who shall describe the beauty of that wild, romantic glen, from Hawthornden, along the Esk, through to Roslin Castle and Chapel. History, legend, tradition, song, have rendered this enchanted ground, and how divinely has Scott's magic pen and powerful genius sung its praise. You must always carry a pocket-edition of Scott with you, *cara mia*, when in these regions :

"Sweet are thy paths, oh ! passing sweet,
By Esk's fair stream that run."

The House at Hawthornden, home of the poet Drummond, is built on a steep cliff, in the red sand-stone; directly below it are many caves hewn out of the solid rock, where it is said Bruce once found a hiding-place—one cave called the "library," has numerous shelves cut in the stone. In the garden, under an oak, still in its prime, Drummond met and greeted his guest Johnson, who had walked from London, with the words:—

"Best and noblest of men,
Welcome to Hawthornden !"

From the grounds, one looks down into the wild glen, through which the North Esk's dark waters flow. A huge, projecting rock, is called Knox's Pulpit, where it is said the Reformer once preached, and near is a delicious little nook cut out of the rock, with a stone seat—the "sopha," where Drummond and Johnson loved to hold their literary tête-à-têtes.

"There is rich food here for a poet!" cried Elise, as they entered "Roslin's rocky glen."

"The Drummonds have been allied with royalty," said Aunt Jessie. "Margaret was the first Queen of James VI., but envy prompted her destruction—she and her two sisters were poisoned, by whom was never discovered, and they all lie buried in Dunblane Cathedral."

"There are the ruins of Roslin Castle!" exclaimed Artist Annie, "how wild and beautiful."

"Do you remember the tradition of the St. Clairs?" asked Fred; "Scott has embodied it in his exquisite ballad of Rosabelle:—

" 'O'er Roslin all that dreary night,
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'Twas broader than the watch-fires' light,
And redder than the bright moon-beam.

" 'It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copsewood glen
It was seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.' "

The rippling murmur of the dark stream, the precipi-

tous, red sand-stone banks, from one to two hundred feet in height, the dark massive foliage, the lonely ruins of Roslin Castle, the Gothic chapel seated high on a hill above, formed the decorations of "Rosabelle," that read here sends the blood freezing through one's veins.

This famous chapel has been re-roofed, and service is held in it every Sunday. It is not very ancient; it only dates from 1446. In the St Clair vault,—

"There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle."

They were all buried, as the ballad tells us, in armour—uncoffined.

"I must say," said Artist Annie, "I am disappointed in the 'Apprentices Pillar,' though the idea of that wreath of foliage winding spirally around the fluted column, is very beautiful."

"What a neighborhood we are in!" cried Elise. "At Lasswade, whence we ramble along the river, lived Scott and De Quincy, and in 'Auchendinny's' hazel glade,' dwelt 'the Man of Feeling'—Mackenzie."

"What does the poet mean by 'haunted Woodhouselee?'" asked Artist Annie.

"The history is this:—Bothwellhaugh, one of the Hamiltons, assassinated the Regent Moray out of revenge, the Regent having set fire to his mansion of Woodhouselee, and driven the Lady Bothwellhaugh with her young

infant forth into the night, causing her death. She is still seen, according to the tradition, clad in white, and bearing her babe in her arms."

"The ballad of 'Cadzow Castle,' the original seat of the Hamilton clan, gives the tradition, you remember," said Fred:—

" 'But Cadzow's towers, in ruins laid,
And vaults, by ivy mantled o'er,
Thrill to the music of the shade,
Or echo Evan's hoarser roar.

" 'Yet still, of Cadzow's faded fame,
You bid me tell a minstrel tale,
And tune my harp, of border fame,
On the wild banks of Evandale.

What sheeted phantom wanders wild,
Where mountain lake through woodland flows,
Her arms enfold a shadowy child—
Oh! is it she, the pallid rose?'"

"It is beautiful as walking in a dream!" exclaimed Artist Annie; "how I wish we could go on staying here, but, unhappily, neither our train nor the sun will wait for us to dream out our dreams."

"Of all the palaces so fair,
Built for the royal dwelling,
In Scotland, far beyond compare,
Linlithgow is excelling;
And in its park in jovial June,
How sweet the merry linnet's tune,
How blithe the blackbird's lay!"

That was a delightful summer afternoon our friends spent among the ruins of Linlithgow ! The palace stands on a gentle hill above the lake, to which the descent was formerly by terraces ; a few trees cast their shadows about this ancient abode of Scottish royalty. It was very quiet, nothing to disturb the stillness, save the birds and a party boating on the lake. It is said to have been built of fine polished stone, but the fire has destroyed the polish of its surface. Edward I. built the first Castle, James III., IV., and V. made additions to it, and James VI. completed the quadrangle.

The palace consists of four towers, between which are the chapel and state apartments. Mary was born in the royal presence chamber, and the event is commemorated by a crowned thistle over the window overlooking the court, where the now broken fountain played. This chamber was paved, after the French style, with varied-coloured tiles ; the floor *now* is a green sod and turf. From this chamber a trapdoor opened upon a secret stair leading to an unknown hiding-place, where it is said that Margaret of Denmark concealed James III. from the traitor nobles who sought his life.

The walls are hung with long grass, harebells, the wild white rose of Scotland, that wave mournfully in the winds which sweep unopposed through the ruins.

Unroofed and desolate, its elegance and beauty are sad mementoes of the fallen Stuarts. The beautiful lake flows past the terraces, the stately abbey-church, where

the mysterious messenger warned James IV. against his expedition to Flodden :—

“ My mother sent me from afar,
Sir King, to warn thee not to war,
Woe waits on thine array ;”

and the Highland hill in the background—it was a most fascinating, although unutterably lonely scene.

“ We have this bright, sunny morning for the Botanical Gardens,” said Fred, “ where I have had many a pleasant hour ; there is a fine collection of ferns, and the palm house is magnificent, filled with splendid palms. This afternoon we will glance at the University library, adorned with marble busts, where I have read many an hour.”

CHAPTER XII.

GLASGOW—THE LAND OF BURNS—RUINS.

IT was a striking, not altogether pleasant transition, from the classic dignity and stately repose of the city of the Muses, to the noisy, crowded streets of the great ship-building and manufacturing metropolis of Scotland. Everybody seems to have something *to do*, and loaded waggons, drawn by monstrous horses, second only to those of Liverpool, pass in an uninterrupted stream ; all is bustle, hurry, confusion, but behind are prosperity and wealth. You have your proof in the massive buildings, fine docks ; and the new University proves that a love of learning is not forgotten in this game of commerce. The great name of James Watt reflects an undying lustre on the busy city. In the Cathedral, one of Sir Walter Scott's tools in "Rob Roy," one finds one's self suddenly transplanted into the old times, and you cannot forget you are in Scotland, for there is no organ and no altar ! In the well-preserved crypt is the supposed tomb of St. Mungo, who built a church on the cathedral-site in 560. The stained windows are rich and beautiful, the finest from Munich. The Chapter-House, behind the choir, is a perfect gem, in the form of a cube, with groined roof supported by a single pillar in the cen-

tre ; a fine tessellated pavement and stained windows complete its adornments.

From the new cemetery, elevated some three hundred feet above, and close by, the view of the Cathedral, city and country, with the Clyde, docks and shipping, would be superb—minus the smoke. There is a monument to the great theologian Dr. Dick, and a pillar in honour of John Knox.

While our friends sat in the pleasant morning sunshine by Knox's monument, making excursions into the history and memories of the venerable Cathedral and the city, two priests, travellers like themselves, stopped and read the inscription ; one was a tall, fine-looking man, with a sunny, open countenance, and a fascinating manner ; the other, small and cynical, brought irresistibly to the mind the mocking face of Voltaire, whose countryman he was, for they both spoke French. The Voltaire-like priest repeated the latter part of the inscription with an indescribable sneer, and they went away laughing.

The beautiful new University crowns the summit of a hill, the river Kelvin flowing by, and those hundreds of students, in the still-worn red robes, pouring out after the lectures, made the scene a very animated one. It is to be hoped these wild, rattle-headed youths, part of the future hope of Scotland, will get their wild oats sown by the end of their collegiate course, and be ready for the earnestness of life.

"The Glasgow students," said Fred, "get the credit of being the wildest in Scotland, but I assure you they are

not so far behind in Edinburgh. The fellows there are up to all sorts of larks—stealing door-knockers, and signs, ringing bells, and so on. How often have I seen a student ring, in passing, all the bells of an eight-story house. Eight or ten of the fellows, one winter, while I was there, stole a very handsome new sign from a draper, who had prided himself immensely on his late acquisition. The draper took out a warrant to search the students' rooms. The ringleader, hearing of this, got all the fellows together in his room, where the sign was hidden under the bed. Telling them to sit down around the table which stood in the middle of the room, he opened the Bible and waited. As the door opened to admit the officers of the law, he read :—‘ And they shall seek after a sign, and there shall no sign be given them, but the sign of the prophet, Jonah.’

“ ‘ Oh ! ’ said one of the officers, ‘ there’s a prayer meeting here,’ and softly closed the door.”

Now they drive through the Queen’s Park to the village of Langside, past Cathcart Castle, whence Mary Stuart, after her escape from Lochleven, witnessed the disastrous battle of Langside, that destroyed all chance of her recovery of her crown. On their way to Paisley they pass the ruins of Crookston Castle, where Mary and Darnley were betrothed, now only a heap of stones overgrown with wild flowers. The Paisley Abbey-Church is very old ; said to have been built by Marjory, the mother of the first king of Scotland of the Stuart line ; her traditionary tomb one sees in St. Mirren’s aisle.

"Sir William Wallace was born in this neighbourhood," said Elise, "and Pollock, author of the 'Course of Time;' it seems an easy thing to become a poet amidst these poetic landscapes."

From Ayr they drive amid the scenes sacred to Burns, filled with the creations of his mighty genius, scenes in his *chef d'œuvre*, "Tam O'Shanter"—the unroofed, haunted, Alloway kirk, the "Auld Brig O'Doon," where the breezes seem to whisper and re-echo:—

"Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon;"—

the "cairn," the "ford," the clay bigging where the poet was born, the farm of Mossgiel, where Burns wrote most of his finest poems, the church-yard at Mauchline, scene of the "Holy Fair;"—on the bright banks of the Ayr, near Mossgiel, many of Burns' sweetest lyrical poems had their birth. In this enchanted region, where Scott, too, has thrown the shadow of his magic pen, new and strange sensations overpower their hearts, they recall those touching words:—

"Man was made to mourn,"

and in their deepest soul they pity the wonderful sorrow of this creative genius.

"We always say 'poor Burns,'" said Artist Annie, "he seemed to suffer more than any other poet, and probably that is why he felt so deeply, and penetrated so deep into the Scottish national heart; he felt the most keenly, because he possessed the finest sensibilities of which the human mind is capable."

By his magnificent mausoleum, one feels a strange awe and grief steal over the soul; here is the Bible Burns gave to Highland Mary, as they knelt on the banks of the Ayr, and exchanged their vows at what proved their last meeting. Mary died suddenly in Greenock, and by her grave our friends had already read those divine lines to "Mary in Heaven." Nothing purer, sweeter, or more pathetic was ever written by mortal pen :

"Oh Mary ! dear departed shade,
Where is thy place of blissful rest ?"

The spirits of the lovers it must have been hovering in the air, that made the spot holy ground. They walked as in a dream through the enclosed grounds of the mausoleum to the statues of Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnnie, feeling as if transplanted into that delicious realm of poetic fancy, where the great soul of Burns found her home—her only home on earth. To the readers of his life, poems, and inimitable letters, a thousand thoughts throng the memory.

Hamilton Palace—Bothwell Brig—The Covenanters ! "Do not forget 'Old Mortality,' Fred," said Elise ; "we shall visit many scenes described in its pages to-day, and your duty it will be to refresh our failing memories."

Their train passed through the richest mineral district in Scotland, where at night you may imagine yourself transplanted into the infernal regions.

It is not my intention to attempt a description of the splendours of Hamilton Palace, in whose kingly halls and park, our party spent a most enjoyable morning. There

are fine portraits and paintings by such artists as Corregio, Titian, Rembrandt, Guido Reni, Salvator Rosa, and many other great names. The walls are hung with rare tapestry, the library is filled with the most precious works. Its adornings in gold and varied colours, its throne of ambassadors, "supported" by porphyry busts of Roman Emperors, its black marble, green porphyry, its costly cabinets, jewel-cases, all unite to form a whole of bewitching beauty. Its gold and silver plate is a very fair rival to the "gold pantry" at Windsor, especially a gold tea-service of great richness and beauty. The Sèvres porcelain is of almost priceless value, and exquisite in workmanship. There are, too, numerous memorials of distinguished personages, among which is the ring given by Mary Stewart to Hamilton, and the weapon with which Bothwellhaugh shot the Regent Moray at Linlithgow.

In the park is the Hamilton mausoleum, in the Roman style, with its great lions and rich decorations.

The ruins of Cadzow Castle stand amid lovely scenes, some two miles distant, on the Avon; on the opposite bank the old French château of Chatelherault; close by is the ancient chase, the small remains of the Caledonian Forest, with its kingly oaks, where the ancient wild cattle of Scotland are still preserved. How enchanting was the retired peaceful spot, with only the birds and river to relieve what would otherwise have been only a solemn silence! Never was a more pleasant drive than that through that avenue from the palace to these ruins, and

here, seated on the romantic banks of the Avon, Fred read again the ballad of Cadzow Castle.

Returning up the avenue to the palace their drive lay a couple of miles northward, where at last they stand

“Where Bothwell’s bridge connects the margin steep,
And Clyde, below, runs silent, strong and deep ;”

Where

“Fierce Dundee, inflamed with deadly hate,
In vengeance for the great Montrose’s fate,
Let loose the sword, and to the hero’s shade,
A barbarous hecatomb of victims paid.”


O ! spot sacred to the Covenanters ! There they sat down, and Fred read the old ballad of “Bothwell Brig,” and the vivid description of the engagement in “Old Mortality.” Do you hear the cry of Morton ? “I do not fly. I come to lead you to the attack.” Do you hear the voice of Claverhouse in the din of battle, crying to his soldiers—“Kill, kill !—no quarter ! Think on Richard Grahame !”

They listen, and picture the terrible conflict, till the brain grows dizzy, and the blood turns to ice in the veins. And it is no fiction ! On this spot the bloody combat really took place.

A mile further on the queenly Clyde, are the ruins of the old Norman Bothwell Castle ! The massive walls, the moat, the ruined chapel, silent, overgrown with the wild rose of Scotland, and the deep green ivy ! It is a romantic, bewitching spot. What a nursery Joanna Baillie had in this lovely neighbourhood of history, romance and poetry, enriched with country seats and noble trees.

CHAPTER XIII.

PLEASANT RAMBLES.

N their way to the Yorkshire Wolds and grand Moorlands, our friends "broke their journey" at Hexham, where are the remains of its once extensive and rich monastery, built by St. Wilfrid in the seventh century, and the restored Abbey Church, built in the twelfth. The little, quiet town stands on rising ground, the ruins of the monastery in the centre, and long before reaching the place, one sees the square tower of the abbey, pointing, firm and fearless in its dignity and strength, upward, as if defying time and decay. The church has no nave, only transept and choir; the simplicity and yet magnitude of its proportions strike the beholder; its light, lofty arches, its many masses of tall clustered columns, with the varied, soft shades of the rich stained windows falling on them, impress the mind with a deep solemnity—not to say sadness. The site of the cloisters is now grass-grown, desolate and lonely, with traces of arches and pillars, here and there a broken carved stone. In front of the ruins a group of children was at play, and the sounds of their mirth contrasted strangely with the thoughts of the hushed silence and gloom of a cloister life. Across the spacious market-place, nearly opposite the priory, is an arched gateway, grey as the abbey itself,

One of the contests between the White and Red Roses, was the battle of Hexham, and one may imagine the commingling of the notes of the din of war with the Ave Maria or the Angelus. It is a drive—or a walk if you like—of three miles from Hexham to the interesting, picturesque, lonely ruins of Dilston Castle, seated on a rising knoll, past which the Devil's water flows. The mansion has been permitted to fall into decay, and has since been removed; the ruins consist mainly of the tower, all that is left of the once princely home of the proud Radcliffes. Our friends sat down on the terraced banks of the stream, and Fred read those touching mournful lines written by the unfortunate Earl, James, shortly before his execution—his farewell to his beloved home:

“Farewell to pleasant Dilston Hall,
My father's ancient seat;
A stranger now must call thee his,
Which gars my heart to greet.
Farewell, each kindly well-known face,
My heart has held so dear;
My tenants now, must leave their lands,
Or hold their lives in fear.

“No more along the banks of Tyne,
I'll rove in autumn gray;
No more I'll hear, at early dawn,
The lav'rocks wake the day;—
Then fare thee well, brave Witherington,
And Foster ever true—
Dear Shaftsbury and Errington,
Receive my last adieu!

“ And fare thee well, my bonny gray steed,
That carried me aye so free ;
I wish I had been asleep in my bed,
Last time I mounted thee.
The warning bell now bids me cease ;
My trouble's nearly o'er ;
Yon sun, that rises from the sea,
Shall rise on me no more !

“ Albeit, that here, in London Tower,
It is my fate to die,—
O, carry me to Northumberland,
In my father's grave to lie ;
There chant my solemn requiem,
In Hexham's holy towers,
And let six maids of fair Tynedale,
Scatter my grave with flowers.

“ And when the head that wears the crown
Shall be laid low like mine,
Some honest hearts may then lament
For Radcliffe's fallen line.”

And the broken-hearted Derwentwater ends his dying song with the first four lines. His wish was granted ;—they buried him in the family vault of the private chapel, as has been really proved through the opening of the vault, when the head was found lying by the body ! He suffered for taking part in the rebellion of 1715, in favour of the first Pretender. The estates were confiscated, and given to the Greenwich Hospital for seamen.

His unhappy widow, Lady Derwentwater, died at the early age of thirty. His posthumous daughter, Anna

Maria, married Lord Petre ; his only son died in France at the age of nineteen. How

“ Ruined and lone is their roofless abode ! ”

How mournful are those relics of past family joy and brightness,—the yet remaining avenue of beautiful chest-nuts, these scattered wild roses, offspring of those garden-roses that once bloomed, those few fruit-trees in the old orchard, the wall all gone ! The fountain is forever still, and the little feet no longer patter in the once handsome court.

“ Let us go over the bridge into the deer-park,” said Artist Annie. “ How sad and still ! See these remains of the terraced drives and bridle paths in the woods. Now just leave me time to ske’ that lovely knoll there, with its fine chestnut and fern the roots.”

The sun was rising over the Tyne valley as our friends left Hexham for Newcastle-on-Tyne, where they breakfasted, and took the morning to admire, shall I say, this great coal capital. The Norman Donjon, built in the Conqueror’s day, black as coal itself, and the splendid modern streets, elegant mansions, and noble towers, form a striking contrast ; and then here, there, everywhere, those huge chimneys, bathing city and country with a hopeless, never-ending shadow, which reflects itself in the river and decks the shipping. It is no longer war, but commerce.

“ Well,” said Mr. Hopeton, “ people make pilgrimages no longer to the Holy Well, but their time is better employed,—at least let us hope so.”

"I do not think," said Aunt Jessie, "so many queens and princesses would have graced this old city had it then been wrapped in smoke as it is now."

"You know," said Elise, "this old coal-hole has a rich mine of history almost as inexhaustible as its vast coal-mines. Any number of kings have come here. David I. of Scotland, obliged the people to swear allegiance to the Empress Maude; Magna Charta John and William the Lion had a conference here; Baliol did homage to Edward in that black old castle of Robert Curthose; the Wallace and the Bruce have striven to subdue the city; Edward III. held his Whitsuntide here when Edward Baliol once more did homage for his crown; here the delegates met to agree as touching the ransom of David Bruce, who had been taken prisoner at the battle of Neville's Cross, near Durham, twelve years before; and here the unfortunate Charles I. was taken, as disguised he hastened to the ship that was to have borne him to safety."

Six miles before reaching Durham, is Chester-le-Street, where our friends spent the afternoon; it is interesting for its spired church, adorned with effigies of the Lumleys, an ancient Saxon family founded by the famous Lyulph;—this once collegiate church formed at one time a resting-place for St. Cuthbert's restless bones, for over a hundred years.

There is no church in England that can produce such a remarkable muster of effigies of a single family. There are fourteen Lumleys, each grim figure resting on its altar-tomb, the armorial bearings displayed on a tab-

let above on the wall—these are in the north aisle, and in the west end of the church is the effigy of Lyulph their Saxon progenitor—they are without exception—*noseless*! Fred thought they must have had very prominent noses! The descendants of these old Saxons call themselves now Savilles—Earls of Scarborough, but they do not occupy Lumley Castle, which is unfurnished, and stands dejected, silent, and melancholy, but in the midst of sweeping meadows, green and lovely, a noble park—the delight of pic-nics—and soothed in its loneliness by the ripples of the winding Wear.

“The Lumleys,” said Fred, “have been Crusaders; they fought at Flodden Field, in France, in the civil wars in favour of Charles I. against Monmouth in the time of James II. when they helped to bring in Mary and William of Orange. They have allied themselves with the greatest families—the Nevilles, Scroops, Fitzallans, and with royalty—one of them espoused Elizabeth Plantagenet, daughter of Edward IV.”

Lumley Castle has a beautiful sloping hill for its seat, its vast woods extending right and left beyond, as you drive up to it. It is about a mile distant from Chester-le-Street, is built of yellow freestone, a huge quadrangle, with a massive square tower at each corner, each crowned with a machicolated octagon turret. It is an imposing object in the rich and varied landscape; one approaches by the west front, and from the platform, which is reached by a double flight of steps, the view is of the most striking character, the rich lawns of the park sloping away

to the muttering river, the lime-tree avenue--in the background the spire and roofs of the old town. It stands deserted and *finster* in its magnificence; great only in memories—it belongs to the past and a feudality of the olden times, which, in its modern character, is so changed, that one fails sometimes to recognise it! But let us enter and roam at will through long suites of empty rooms, down—or up—long halls and flights of stairs! how silent, with all its towers, its shields adorned with grim monsters, its gloomy-looking gateway, battlements and turrets—you feel they are only relics of the never-to-return! Let us linger a little in the gigantic hall, with its yawning fire-place opposite the entrance door; this hall is sixty feet in length, and contains portraits in black frames of those same Lumleys whose effigies we have just been looking at in the old church; they are all life size, their shields adorned with parroquets, some of them having also the family emblem on their robes;—the modern crest of the family is the pious pelican. At one end of the hall is the figure of the great Lyulph himself on a brown horse large as life riding with a most brave and determined air, with his battle-axe in his hand. Doubtless, a faithful likeness! Among all these grim old Saxons there is but a single lady, Lady Darcy, who wears a black dress covered with trees and flying birds! The kitchen is right royal in its enormous dimensions, and visions of the dinners that have been cooked in it, were somewhat tantalizing!

It is a drive of a mile from Lumley Castle to the seat of the Earl of Durham, Lambton Castle, as perfect a con-

trast as one could easily imagine,—rich in all that is modern.

“See!” cried Artist Annie, as they drove along the Wear, its steep banks covered with beautiful woods, “how nobly the castle stands on that bold eminence above the river; I think I never saw anything more charming than this carriage-drive, winding so romantically among these delicious, shadowy solitudes.” Lambton Castle is full of beauty—at every turn a new surprise, paintings, busts, statues, vases, gilt and of porphyry, books.

“Did you ever hear the Lambton Legend of the Worm?” asked Fred.

“No,” said Artist Annie; “what is it?”

“It is said the heir of the house was wont to fish in the Weir on Sunday, and one day he fished up a worm, which he threw into a well. This worm grew too large for the worm-well, and so entered the river. It frequented a mound called the Worm Hill, and became the terror of the whole country-side, demanded the milk of nine cows daily, and if it failed to receive the full quantity devoured man and beast. Meanwhile the youthful Lambton had repented of his misdeeds and become a crusader. Returned from the Holy Land, he became horrified at the devastations of the Worm, and set to work to destroy it. This he effected by arming himself in a coat of mail studded with razors, and thus fortified repaired to a crag in the river, where the monster usually lay coiled up a part of the day. At the usual time, the worm came, and coiling himself round the crusader, was cut to pieces!”

Our friends reached Durham in company with the night-shadows, only dimly perceiving the outlines of the Cathedral, that seemed too, like a vast shadow, its tower losing itself in the darkness.

What a striking contrast to noisy, smoky, matter-of-fact Newcastle-on-Tyne, is stately, composed, meditative Durham? Its magnificent Norman Cathedral, with that wonderful central tower, stands like a proud monarch on a beautiful hill, among lovely trees, and looks as calmly down upon the city and the clear waters of the Wear as if war had never raged here; and fearlessly forth into the future she seems to gaze, while her deep-toned bells ring of joy to come. Our friends crossed the river by a massive stone bridge, and followed the winding path on the hill-side, between the Cathedral and the Wear, their ruling thought, astonishment at the massive grandeur of its architecture. From this path the scene is one of great beauty; in the fore-ground the time-honoured city; beyond, the rich and varied landscape, the winding stream, and everywhere exquisite foliage; it is one of the loveliest prospects imaginable.

There the mind loses itself in a dream of past doings; the noise of battle, and the music of poetry seem to reverberate through the trees and mingle with the ripplings of the sunny river. How majestic and solemn and still the Cathedral looks down from that wonderful tower! She seems to take the world for what it is, and her grand conceptions of the eternal and the true are not to be disturbed by fluctuating shadows, or winds and storms. It is not

surprising that enthusiastic minds have loved to seclude themselves in such abbeys and cathedrals, to weave to themselves a fanciful Elysium ; it has its pleasant side—this monastic life—this poetic seclusion.

From this path they turned to wonder at the stately richness of the two great west towers—between them the Galilee Chapel, built by the splendid and ambitious bishop, Hugh Pudsey, who mounted the throne of the Palatine-Bishopric of Durham in 1153 ; above it the great western window ; the magnificent north front which faces the Palace-green and the old Castle ; its east towers ; its various arches, niches, pinnacles, and always, rising in inexpressible majesty and sublimity, the marvellous central tower, 214 feet in height, built at the intersection of the nave and transept.

“ No other English Cathedral,” said Elise, “ has so impressed my mind with a sense of majesty, sublimity strength. The others may, as Gloucester or Winchester possess more elegance and beauty, none this bold massiveness. What a noble idea this cathedral gives one of the stately dignity and grandeur of the Norman mind ! ”

“ I always like,” said Aunt Jessie, “ to study well the whole exterior of one of these cathedrals, as a sort of preparation for the full enjoyment of the interior beauties. How rich and elaborate are those tiers of round and pointed archwork of the great towers. Notice those rounded windows of the whole body of the cathedral, till we come to the east end, and the varied ornamentations

of the four towers of the east transept: there is enough on the exterior alone for a day's study."

"There is a cow," cried Artist Annie, "on one of those eastern towers! Whatever can be the meaning of such a decoration? and two old women!"

"Do you not know the legend of the Durham cow, *ma belle artiste*?" asked Fred.

"No, what is it?"

"Then you have not read the life or Legend of St. Cuthbert? I lament deeply such a benighted state of mind! I cannot take time to relate the whole legend of that illustrious saint and woman-hater, but must refer you to his history. Suffice it to say, the good monks, driven by the Danes from Lindisfarne, took St. Cuthbert's body with them, which they found very restless and difficult to please. They wandered long, the stone coffin always floating when they came to water, resting at times, until driven forth again, till finally leaving Ripon, whither they had fled after their rest of one hundred and thirteen years in Chester-le-Street, they learned, through a vision, that the holy saint would take up his final resting-place in Dunholme—Durham. In great perplexity and anxiety the good monks pursued their way, for they did not know where Dunholme lay. Finally two women met and they heard one inquire after her cow. The other replied she had just seen her in Dunholme. The good friars plucked up their failing faith, followed the old woman, and found Durham. Strange that St. Cuthbert, the hater of all

woman-kind, should owe his sublime last resting-place, so long a shrine, to an old woman—and a cow!"

"Before we enter the cathedral," said Mr. Hopeton, "let us see the old church-yard; how green is the turf amid which these old graves are scattered! Here the greatest families of the north-land found oft a grave. To me the most interesting one is that of Robert Dodsley, the author. Do you remember, Fred, the time when you read with me his *Economy of Human Life*? Dodsley was a true poet, and a good and noble man. Poor, he became great, through his own force of character and strength of will."

"It seems to me," said Elise, "there is no real failure, with a firm resolution; the will must conquer if the aim be a noble one. Do you not think so?"

From the entrance into the nave, the view of the stern, simple, unadorned majesty of the strong pillars, vast round arches, zigzag mouldings, strikes the eye. All is vastness, massiveness, strength, with little decoration, and almost no monuments! Ask the Reformation, and that sister of Calvin, who once had power here, what has become of all those marvellous memorials of saints and haughty prelates! In the south aisle was once the chantry of the great Nevilles, which contained an altar of pure alabaster, all now gone, but one still sees the battered tomb of Neville, victor of Neville's Cross; also, of his son and daughter-in-law, the daughter of Hotspur; these recollections almost take one's breath away. The transept was once filled with chapels and shrines,—the chancel contained

figures of the Virgin and saints, of all of which not a trace remains.

The eastern transept, or chapel of the nine altars, a beautiful specimen of the early English, was the former shrine of St. Cuthbert, but its costly gifts and surroundings are vanished. You enter it by two or three steps from one of the choir aisles. It is directly behind the altar-screen; between it and the altar, you see the stone slab said to cover St. Cuthbert's bones. This chapel is of exquisite proportions, one of the most lovely parts of the cathedral; true, its gorgeous shrine, its wondrous nine altars are no longer to be seen, but how beautiful those lofty, light shafts and arches, sculptured with foliage and flowers; its magnificent windows; and how interesting those quaint figures of Oswald, St. Michael and the Serpent; St. George with the Dragon; St. Christopher, carrying the infant Christ; and St. Cuthbert himself, with his crosier in one hand, King Oswald's head in the other! You stand on enchanted ground! Who of the Great have *not* come here to worship, from the Norman Conqueror down—of kings, queens, princesses? The jewels glitter no longer; the lamps are forever extinguished; St. Cuthbert's banner—the *Oriflamme* of England—victor at Flodden, at Neville's Cross, and where beside?—no longer overshadows the costly shrine. But you have something better, have you not? You seem to stand in a realm of shadows. The thoughts that throng upon the mind are almost overwhelming. But, to the tomb of Bede! It is in the Galilee chapel—a paradise of beauty. You enter it

and find yourself transplanted back into the chivalric days of Cœur de Lion, in a soft twilight, full of purple, gold, vermillion lights—it is hushed, charmed, holy. You must see the Galilee to understand it—to comprehend its influence on the mind. What a vision rises up now before the eye while I write, of the figure of the lion-hearted king, the brave Crusader ; of its builder, Hugh Pudsey ; of clustered shafts and pillars, round arches, Norman zig-zags, and that simple tomb of Bede, once a gorgeous shrine ! It is a holy spot, just the place for losing yourself in reveries and dreams.

The choir is stately—beautiful—its rich stall-work, light and graceful altar-screen of Gothic stone-work, and bishop's throne, bathed in the rich shadow of those gorgeous stained windows. The windows of the north and south transept are very beautiful—but how to convey the faintest notion of this sublime temple as a whole ?

It is remarkable we should owe this finest cathedral of the Norman type in England to a Scottish monarch ! Malcolm of Scotland founded it in 1093, associated with Bishop Carilepho and the prior Turgot.

Durham castle, built by the Conqueror, stands near the cathedral, to which you go over a beautiful green lawn—the palace-green. The readers of history will delight to recall the scenes that have transpired in its massive walls. Long the abode of the bishops-palatine, of sovereigns, of great men, of beautiful dames, what has the gray old place not witnessed of splendour—of tragedy ? The carved black oak stair-case, the faded tapestry worked by the

nuns, old Norman door-ways, and queer, dark corners, all are curious enough as relics of life in the days of chivalry—of knights and troubadours. The old keep has been fitted up into students' rooms, the baronial-hall of Hugh Pudsey is now the dining-hall of the college, and the old armour and portraits have a martial air, and contrast oddly enough with modern arrangements. Now the castle looks down quietly enough upon the battle field of Neville's Cross, and seems to meditate upon its sufferings, its by-gone state and splendour, and the college cook dresses good dinners in its baronial kitchens, that certainly taste no worse for being eaten amid such hoary associations.

Leaving the castle, our friends wandered at leisure among the relics of the Abbey, old gateways, doors, windows lovely with the sculpture of olden times, the chapter-house, Abbot's kitchen, and the cloisters, where is a valuable library which interested Fred intensely; in the cloisters the remains of a stone fountain in the centre, college boys were at their games among the deep shadows. Noble temple! Well might St. Cuthbert rest in peace, with such a lordly shrine!

Reluctantly they took leave of this new friend—but how to describe that delicious ramble along the Wear, to the picturesque ruins of Finchalle Abbey? They stand in a romantic valley a little more than a mile from Durham, in a silence, beauty, richness, none understood better than the good monks!

"Who built Finchalle Abbey?" enquired Artist Annie,

seating herself on a bank of wild flowers to sketch the ruins.

"St. Godric," said Elise; "the spot was miraculously pointed out to him as to the monks of Durham. There is a tradition that this Abbey was connected with Lumley Castle by a subterranean passage."

"About as probable, I should say," said Artist Annie, "as that Heidelberg Schloss was in that way connected with the Kloster of the Holy Mountain!"

They have taken their last look at Durham Cathedral and the fair hills and vales of the Wear, only to exchange them for the beautiful Tees, dividing Durham from Yorkshire. They had to wait at Stockton-on-Tees some time for their next train, in a station without a refreshment-room. It is a bright pleasant place, at one time the residence of the bishops of Durham.

One cannot fail of finding something to one's taste in Yorkshire—a pocket edition of England. The wildest, sublimest of moors; the most picturesque, idyllic vales, ruins by the wholesale; the most delightful of watering-places; perhaps the prince of English cathedrals; or if the noise, smoke, bustle of a manufacturing district be preferred, all one has to do is to go to the West Riding, where his taste may be gratified *au fond*.

The rich crimson and gold lights of an evening sun enrich the beautiful Cleveland Hills, in whose romantic vales the hoary head of antiquity nods to you from every point, as our friends whirl along.

For miles they have in view the obelisk on Easby Hill

in honour of the great navigator, Captain Cook, who was born at Marton, and the highest of these hills, the sugar-loaf shaped Roseberry Topping, which lies at the north-west angle of the great eastern moors, and contains iron-stone, jet and coal. I may say the discovery of iron-stone in Cleveland has proved a great impetus to improvement and progress; before that discovery there was no railway, and the people here had little intercourse with the world beyond.

In the pretty pastoral valley of the Esk, nearly every village they pass boasted its castle in the old days, now nearly all destroyed.

The one at Kildale, in a charming valley, was built by the Percies, who inherited Kildale manor from the De Brus; here two of them, crusaders, died.

Danby Castle still exists, though much ruined, portions of it even being degraded into stables; its best preserved part is used as the farm-house.

Our friends visited it later, and as its history is extremely interesting, I must say a word about it.

The castle stands on a sloping hill commanding a wide view over the valley, and still bears on its outer walls the arms of the Neville and De Ros families,—three martlets and a cross flore.

The Latimer arms are also to be seen on the key-stone of a one-arch bridge over the Esk near by, built by Miss De Thweng; there are three bridges in Danby dale, built by three De Thweng sisters, co-heiresses of Danby manor. This manor, together with *fifty others*, was given

by William the Conqueror to Robert De Brus, a Norman, as a reward for his successful suppression of the rebellion in the north. The fifth in descent from this Robert was the founder of the royal Bruce family of Scotland.

The manor descended by marriage to the De Thwengs, and again to the Nevilles.

John Neville, third Lord Latimer, married Katharine Parr; here they lived many years; here Lady Latimer's two daughters were born, one the ancestress of the Duke of Leeds, the other of the Viscount Downe.

Henry VIII. visited Lady Latimer here as royal wooer, was surprised on his way by a sudden storm, and obliged to seek refuge in a farm-house some two miles distant, since called Stormy Hall.

It was pleasant to imagine the pomp and pageantry of this royal visit, and the love-making of the old wife-hunter and wife-killer!

This remarkable woman was four times married; her first husband was a Mr. Burghe; her fourth, Admiral Seymour, brother of the Protector, Lord Somerset.

The dungeon is still perfect—now used for a cellar. Above it, to which one mounts by an outer stone staircase, still in good preservation, is a large room wainscoted with oak, containing the canopy of the king's throne! adjoining is a smaller wainscoted room with a fire-place, and a closet in the wall. In this room contains a curious old chest, iron clamped, with five padlocks. This chest contains documents relating to the sale of Danby to the five freeholders, by Sir Henry Danvers. The representa-

tives of these purchasers have the keys of the chest, which can only be opened *by the five*.

WHITBY—WHITBY ABBEY—SCARBOROUGH.

The old town of Whitby was known in Saxon days by a dreadful name—*Streoneshalh*! I beg you will take care of the pronunciation.

Whitby has played an important rôle in mediæval times, and now with her neighbour, Scarborough, devotes much of her energy to the dispensing of health and pleasure.

"Do you remember Elise," asked Fred, "our first view of the bold cliffs of Whitby and Scarborough from the sea, when on our way over the German Ocean to Holland? The latter town especially, presents a beautiful appearance with its crescent-shaped harbour—three hundred feet above on its lofty cliffs, the ruins of Scarborough Castle, before the invention of gunpowder, absolutely impregnable; stern and gloomy she sits on her rocky throne, listening to the ceaseless requiem of the sea. What war could not do, time has accomplished, and amid its ruins we seek in vain for the splendour of the days of Edward I."

"Fox, the founder of the Quakers, was imprisoned in Scarborough Castle," said Artist Annie.

The entrance is through a gateway between two towers, and seems to have been machicolated. Machicolations were small projections supported by brackets, hav-

ing a small opening beneath for shooting arrows, or letting fall various missiles upon the besiegers. The draw-bridge is gone, the moat dry, the royal suite of apartments *non est*; the Norman donjon, and the embattled wall, flanked by turrets, which enclosed this once lordly castle, are all fast hastening to decay. These two watering places, though so near, are very dissimilar. As the "crow flies," they are only fifteen miles apart; by sea, twenty-one; by train, three times the distance. Whitby is—so they say there—aristocratic, Scarborough modern, brilliant, *pour tout le monde*. There are two distinct Whitbys you must know. The old town at the foot of the cliffs, with the narrowest, dirtiest streets in the world, is separated from the new town by the Esk, the only mode of communication between them being a single draw-bridge over the river. The new town lies above on the west cliff, with a charming promenade, wide streets, and bright, happy-looking houses, a broad view over the sea, the old town at its feet, and the ruins of the celebrated Benedictine Abbey and St. Mary's Church above on the east cliff. There is a study and a sketching-ground for the student of nature and artist, which cannot fail to satisfy the most imaginative mind—the most fastidious taste. One mounts to St. Mary's church from the old town, by an external stone staircase of 154 steps—if our friends made no mistake in their counting! with an iron balustrade on each side.

"I only wish," said Elise, "that church-going Edinburgh could see the 2,000 worshippers descending this staircase

after service ! What must it be when it rains ! Surely one could not doubt in such a case, the heart was in the work."

"At least the *feet* would be in the work !" cried Fred ; "it certainly is a sight edifying to angels and to men in dry weather !"

The ruins lie still higher on the rocky cliff, fully exposed to every wind and storm. The south façade was blown down some years ago, but even shorn of its nave, south transept, and cross tower, it still forms a grand object in every view of the town. In the days of its monastic greatness, when sovereigns and princes feasted in its refectory, it must have presented a magnificent spectacle.

This abbey was founded in 658 by the famous St. Hilda, of royal blood, and the friend of St. Cuthbert. She visited St. Cuthbert at Lindisfarne, or Holy Isle Abbey, now the wildest and most interesting of ruins, in order to consult him on her monastic affairs. Here she educated Elfrida, daughter of the Christian king of Northumbria, who succeeded her in the monastery.

The fossil *Ammonitæ* abound in the alum rock of this district, and are offered in every other window, along with jet, for sale ; they are often polished and made into various trinkets. The popular name is *snake-stones*. These mollusc shells are coiled in volutes, like a snake, always without the head. The tradition is that through St. Hilda's prayers they were turned into stone. In "Marmion," Scott tells us,—

“ And how, of thousand snakes, each one
Was changed into a coil of stone
When holy Hilda prayed ? ”

“ Come, Fred, while we rest, read the convent canto of ‘ Marmion ; ’ and we can people these ruins with the ‘ holy maids ’ of the ‘ cloistered pile,’ and ‘ the abbess and the novice Clare.’ ”

The Danes destroyed the Saxon monastery, but it was rebuilt after the conquest, with permission of the first Percy, Earl of Northumberland, by Reinfrid, and was richly endowed by the Percy family. The choir, the oldest portion of the Abbey, is of the early English type. Over the altar are nine lancet-shaped windows, three above three, similar to Lanercost Priory. Many of the nail-head and zig-zag mouldings yet remain. The north transept is still very beautiful ; but the delicate, often exquisite, carvings of the entire ruins are fast decaying, through the strong winds and the sea air.

In this monastery. St. Wilfrid, the founder of Hexham and Ripon Abbeys, two kings, and many of the highest rank in Church and State, held the famous synod to fix the time for the celebration of Easter.

Perhaps the most interesting association of this hoary and fascinating ruin is, *it is the birth-place of our English poesie*. Here the inspired servant-monk, Cædmon, must needs take it into his head to dream a pleasant dream, and put it into rhyme. This comes to the good St. Hilda's ears, and she promotes the dreamer and encourages his fancies.

"It is pleasant to linger here," said Mr. Hopeton, "and imagine the varied scenes of this interesting spot, but I suspect our enthusiasm is just a little damped at the thought of that inevitable staircase."

At the entrance to the harbour is a fine stone pier, where the wind blows as if driven on by the furies. Here the view of the old town is very picturesque, with the ruins of the Abbey situated almost perpendicularly above it; how quaint and queer the old houses look with their high gables!

The tide is out at this moment, and the mud-banks look anything but attractive. Here and there we see shipping, and a vessel or two tossing on the white-capped billows outside.

The little-quaint-looking-out-of-the-way-old-fashioned town, is, you must be reminded, a ship-building place, and in Captain Cook's time was a whale-fishing harbour, *mais on a changé tout cela.*

CHAPTER XIV.

A WEEK TO BE REMEMBERED.

WILL you join our party, *ma chère amie*, in their visit to York Minster? They will make some *détours* on their way, but you will enjoy it all, *je vous l'assure*. These wild moor-hills, how grand they look, *n'est-ce-pas?*

At Pickering they wait over for a train to Helmsley, and improve the time by a ramble through the old town. There was once a very strong castle here, now nearly a shapeless mass of ruins, save three towers—one of which was called Rosamond's Tower. The old church contains some memorials to the De Brus family, in white marble, one very beautiful; one is a crusader. It is a very long-round-about-railway-journey to reach Helmsley, but no matter, you will be repaid for any fatigue or trouble.

"Kirby-Moorside!" cried Elise, as the train halted, to take on board a pair of lovers and an old woman with a basket of eggs; "this village is interesting for many reasons. I must tell you first of all, it is very old, and Kirby-Moorside manor has been held by the Stutevilles, Mowbrays, Wakes, Nevilles—all history-famed names. Joan de Stuteville, heiress of her family in the reign of Edward I., who brought the estate to the Mowbrays, *invented the side-saddle!*"

"All honour to her memory!" said Fred.

"The gay, unprincipled George Villiers, favourite of Charles II., died here in great misery; do you recollect Pope's lines on that event, Fred?—he has certainly drawn a vivid picture, but I fancy it is somewhat highly coloured. The illustrious Nevilles had a seat here, also, but their chief seat was Raby Castle in Durham."

"The black Hamilton hills look sombre enough for Pluto's dominions," said Artist Annie; "how still and grand these solitudes sweep into hills and dales, their flocks of sheep feeding among the purple heather!"

"Helmsley at last!" said Aunt Jessie; "well, I am indeed thankful."

"We shall rest here all night," said Mr. Hopeton, "for we have two drives to make, and to-morrow we will go to Castle Howard. First we will drive, and then see Duncombe Park."

Helmsley is of great antiquity. After the conquest it was the property of Sir Walter de l'Espic, who built Rivaux Abbey, in 1181, out of grief for his son, who was killed.

It came later to the De Ros family, and was afterwards given by James I. to the Villiers.

In Duncombe Park one sees the ruins of the old castle built by the De Ros family, which was taken in the civil wars, by Fairfax.

These ruins, still imposing and very picturesque, are on a sloping hill, and lend grace and a romantic charm to a landscape of rare loveliness. The castle had a double moat—long since dried up—filled by the Rye.

How quiet and peaceful now, under the shadows of those majestic trees—it was difficult to imagine the noise and confusion of war in such a spot.

Along the brow of the hill, on the north side of the park, a noble terrace, nearly half a mile in length, has been constructed, at its extremities a Tuscan and Ionic temple. This terrace overlooks the romantic abbey ruins, the Rye winding through the rich dale among the soft shadows, amid the greenest meadows. Unhappily the Lord of Duncombe Park lay ill, and the house could not be inspected.

“From this terrace,” said Aunt Jessie, “we have a good *coup d’œil* of our coming drive.”

“Yes,” said Mr. Hopeton, “and if we are not to spend two nights at Helmsley, Artist Annie must tear herself away.”

Rivaulx Abbey, for Cistercians, is almost unparalleled in elegance and beauty. It resembles Whitby Abbey, but is built from *north to south*, hence the choir is at the *south* instead of the east end. This is, I fancy, the only exception to the rule in England; the reason of its being so built is not known.

The choir and its aisles, the transepts, and part of the tower remain; the nave is gone. Traces of the cloisters are still to be seen on the west side. How lonely, yet how lovely!

The famous Byland Abbey, built by Roger de Mowbray, in 1177, possessed the most popular shrine in England. Foreigners, kings and queens, came hither; Henry

VIII., barefoot from the Village of Basham in the second year of his reign ! Erasmus, too, was among the pilgrims, and, I suppose, drank likewise from the Wishing Well ! The Norman-arched gateway still remains. The form of the lancet windows yet remaining in the ruins is exquisite, and gives some idea of the stately beauty of this ancient Priory. It lies about four miles from Rivaulx Abbey. The monks designed at first building the cloisters near each other, but the neighbouring convent-bells proved distracting to their devotions, and, like Lot and Abraham, they found it best to separate.

New Malton is the station for Castle Howard, where you change the beautiful Rye for the Derwent.

To describe the charms and wonders of Castle Howard would demand volumes—and then one must see them for himself. One looks in amazement and admiration upon this noble building, with its imposing tower, the work, like Blenheim, of the broad-minded Vanburgh. He had grand materials to work with, and has produced a sublime work, calm and stately in dignity, wrapped in a world of wondrous lights and shadows, its beauty enhanced by its surrounding lawns and kingly trees. Its front façade extends two hundred yards ! And the interiors ! How delightful still in fancy to linger among its choice works of art ! As at Chatsworth, one painting alone leaves a *living memory*, at Castle Howard, it is the *Three Maries with the dead Christ*, by the great master Carracci. It must have been something like the pure joy of heaven, the artist felt in painting it ! The marvellous expression

of the faces, the grace of attitudes and draperies, the awful sublimity of grief. It is all inexpressible ! There is Divinity stamped on it—it is worthy of its subject. No money could buy this painting. The Spanish Court offered for it as many *Louis d'or* as it would take to cover it. All the great masters are represented in Castle Howard, and mind and memory are lost in a felicitous dream in recalling this wondrous collection. The articles of virtu are almost countless—one is priceless, a gift from Nelson—a cylindrical altar—here is the *Inscription* :—

“ Pass not this ancient altar with disdain,
’Twas once in Delphi’s sacred temple rear’d,
From this the Pythian poured her mystic strain,
While Greece its fate in anxious silence heard.

“ What chief, what hero of the Achaian race
Might not to this have clung with holy awe ?
Have clung in pious reverence round its base,
And from the voice inspired received the law ?

“ A British chief, as famed in arms as those,
Has borne this relic o’er the Italian waves,
In war, still friend to science, this bestows,
And *Nelson* gives it to the land he saves.”

Even after the sublime Cologne Cathedral, York Minster strikes the mind with delight and wonder at its massive imposing richness, its magnificent central lantern tower, its great east and west towers, its flying buttresses, the rich carving of the west façade ; all its details one strives to comprehend as one slowly walks around it, and revels in the wonderful fancies and bold aspirations ex-

pressed in this Idyl of carved stone, gorgeous stained glass, arches and columns.

It is unquestionably the noblest type of the Gothic in Great Britain.

Perhaps it may be advisable to describe, for the benefit of my young friends, the general plan of these cathedrals: if one would travel *intelligently*, instead of rushing about in headlong haste, without any settled object or aim, he should prepare himself by a familiarity with history, architecture, and the standard literature of the land in which he journeys, or he loses one of the most fertile resources of attaining knowledge and finding pleasure.

These cathedrals, are usually cruciform; the main body of the edifice is the nave, with aisles extending on its east and west sides, at the east end of the nave is the transept, crossing it at right angles, and called the north and south transept, each of which is generally lighted by a large and rich stained window. Next to the east of the transept comes the choir, partially separated from the nave by a screen, often of rich and elaborate workmanship. The choir has its north and south aisles, a continuation of the aisles of the nave crossed, it is clear, by the transept. At the east end of the choir is the chancel, with the great altar, behind which is a space sometimes called the east transept—as in Durham Cathedral, which has also a west transept—the exquisite Gallilee Chapel.—In the early days this space was a chapel; in this east

transept is the great window, the pride and crowning glory of all the others.

Gothic architecture has its three periods and types; the first, the Early English, then the Decorated, and lastly the Perpendicular Gothic.

In York Minster you have all these, and hence it is a capital study to the student of this poetic type of architecture.

The transepts are Early English,—pointed arches, long, narrow, lancet-shaped windows, *without mullions*.

The nave and west front are Decorated—pointed arches, large windows *with mullions*, tracery in flowing lines, forming circles, arches and so on, the lines never running perpendicularly; its ornamentations numerous and delicately carved.

The Choir, Lady Chapel, behind the great altar, the central tower and west towers are Perpendicular Gothic, the mullions, ornamental panelling, in short all lines run perpendicularly. The choir is the perfection of the Perpendicular.

The Chapter House, that gem of sculpture, of which I will speak later, is most beautiful Decorated.

In the crypt, it is true, we see the Norman rounded arch, and a small portion of the original Saxon Church, built in 627, by the Saxon King, and afterwards restored by that indefatigable church and abbey builder, St. Wilfred, in 674.

To describe this grand romance, one must write a large volume. The feeling amid its majestic avenues, softened

by the rich lights of its windows, is one of awe, which no language could fitly express. All its details are exquisite, to the smaller arches of triforium and clerestory; and at the entrance to the choir, crowned by that glorious window behind the great altar, which produces a double window by reflections in the plate glass dividing the choir from the Lady Chapel, one might imagine himself on the threshold of the "Seats of the Blessed."

The stone screen which divides the choir from the nave, and above which the great organ expresses best what the trembling soul here feels, is an exquisite piece of sculpture. The nave side is decorated with stone statues in niches, life size, of fifteen kings, the most ancient, the Conqueror, the latest, Henry VI. Above these are shrines filled with the angelic choir, tabernacle work and demi-angels.

The transept windows are beautiful, especially that of the north transept, made from a design in tapestry by five nuns, hence called the "Five Sisters!" The great orient window is seventy-five feet high, thirty-two wide, and contains two hundred subjects from Bible-history. Each pane of glass is a yard square!

Under these gorgeous lights, in the Lady Chapel, Hotspur is buried, and the headless Lord Scrope; and in the aisles are numerous memorials, only one a royal one, to William de Hatfield, son of Edward III. and Queen Philippa.

In the old Saxon Church, the head of its royal founder, King Edwin, was buried, his body in Whitby Abbey,—also Sweyne the Dane, and Tostig, brother of Harold.

But let us enter the Chapter House, which, after La Sainte Chapelle à Paris, is the richest imaginable in all its details; it is octagonal, the finest of its kind in England.

The carvings of its quaint canopied oak stalls—the seats of the canons, are exceedingly delicate; the columns of the stalls are of Petworth marble. A gallery extends quite around the chapel, also richly carved. The groined ceiling is of oak, that of the vestibule a wondrous and cunning stone work. The niches, now unhappily empty, once contained, so it is said, figures of solid silver, which the devout Defender of the Faith, Henry VIII., so much admired, they were given to him on the same principle that Wolsey gave him Hampton Court!

Associations of regal pomp and power linger here, but nothing can strengthen or ennoble the sublime thought embodied in this majestic temple of the Most High.

"It is all most solemn, imposing, grand," said Elise, "but these arches and stone avenues need the mighty tones of the great organ, to awake, as it were, the slumbering fancies interwoven with these complicated carvings,—elaborate curves and lines, those mysteries of architecture innumerable."

"Your wish shall be gratified," said Mr. Hopeton, "we will spend Sunday here, and you and Fred shall listen to the organ and the far-famed chimes."

"When was the present Minster built?" inquired Artist Annie.

"In 1215, by the Archbishop Walter de Grey," said Mr. Hopeton. "He built the south transept. In 1260,

John le Romayne built the north transept. His son, Archbishop Romayne, built the nave, or rather began it. De Melton built the noble west front. Thoresby built the sublime choir, laying the first stone in 1361. The date and builder of the beautiful Chapter House are not known."

"In earlier times," said Aunt Jessie, "there were upwards of forty chantries and about thirty altars, not even the site of which can now be traced."

"And so, in like manner, may all error disappear from our earth!" cried Fred; "the shrines and altars are vanished, as the Romans are come and gone forever, the Norman and the Dane, kings and empires are fallen, but the majesty of mind and thought we trace in these lofty arches and towers, and read in them the soaring hopes of the soul, struggling to rise and shake herself from the dust and delusions of earth."

From the cathedral they wander through the picturesque ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, in the grounds of which is the palace of the Stuarts, where the unfortunate Earl of Strafford once lived; his arms are still to be seen. Walk around the ancient ramparts, which form a pleasant promenade, whence one looks down upon the city, with her old churches, the Ouse winding through the richly wooded plain, and the decisive battle grounds—Stamford Bridge, Towton Dale, and Marston Moor — where Cromwell with his Ironsides put Prince Rupert to flight, and York surrendered to Fairfax.

"The Emperor Severus died at York," said Elise, "in the

presence of his two sons, Caracalla and Geta; also the Emperor Constantius."

"The shadow of the Imperial purple," said Fred, "assumed by Constantine the Great, in this his native city, still rests upon it; I should not be in the least surprised to meet Augustus, Nero, Virgil, Sallust, or any other Roman, in these old streets, where everything bears the stamp of high antiquity."

"You remember," said Artist Annie, "that Constantine the Great, when he assumed the purple, adopted the *tufa*, or golden globe, symbolic of power, which was first used on that occasion, and after his conversion he placed the cross upon it."

"Probably the first Christmas was celebrated here," said Aunt Jessie, "and here Henry II. convened the first Parliament in 1160—*c'est-à-dire Parler le ment*."

"Hark!" cried Elise, as they still lingered on the walls; "the Vesper chimes are beginning! Oh! How sweet! Come, let us finish our loiterings here, and go back to the cathedral."

"How often we walked in the Cathedral Close in Carlisle, to listen to the chimes," said Fred, "but they were nothing to this."

"The York chime consists of twelve bells," said Mr. Hopeton, "and is one of the finest in the world; the large clock bell, the Great Peter, is the largest in the United Kingdom, save the great bell of the new Houses of Parliament, in London."

I shall not attempt to convey an idea of the impressions

made upon the minds of our friends, as they mingled with the throng of worshippers in this divine cathedral, and listened to the organ's wailing of sorrow and notes of joy and triumph, as they swept through the arches and aisles, like the spirits of Hope and Despair. Next to Canterbury in ecclesiastical dignity, York looks a queen in her calm and meditative dignity, and the streets seem haunted with the phantoms of mighty deeds and their actors in the wondrous history of the past; but this sublime temple seems to link her to the invisible—the eternal.

“Open your gates, ye everlasting piles !
 Types of the spiritual Church which God hath reared ;
 Not loth we quit the newly-hallowed sward
 And humble altar, 'mid your sumptuous aisles
 To kneel—or thread your intricate defiles—
 Or down the nave to pace in motion slow ;
 Watching, with upward eye, the tall tower grow
 And mount, at every step, with living wiles
 Instinct—to rouse the heart and lead the will
 By a bright ladder to the world above.
 Open your gates ye monuments of love Divine !”

CHAPTER XV.

FOUNTAINS ABBEY—BOLTON PRIORY.

“ Lie silent in your graves, ye dead !
Lie quiet in your church-yard bed !
Ye living, tend your holy cares ;
Ye multitudes, pursue your prayers ;
And blame not me if my heart and sight
Are occupied with one delight.”

IT was one of the brightest, loveliest mornings, as our friends went to Ripon, the station for Fountains Abbey, reluctantly taking a last look at York Minster. Ripon is very pretty, bright and happy, and looks as if she were perfectly satisfied with her hill-side seat, and if she does not wear the ancient air of Durham or York, she can boast, too, of her Saxon ancestors, her St. Wilfred, whose abbey-church or cathedral, as one calls it now, is so much “ restored” as to seem quite rejuvenated.

Our friends crossed the fine stone bridge over the Yore, drove up the sloping hill to the town ; thence nearly two miles to Studley Park. Having entered the park, the carriage-drive follows the river Swale, flowing to the left, among beautiful, ancestral trees, and rich green sward. Sometimes, at the end of a romantic, shadowy, woody glade, they saw the red deer lying down or standing in groups, looking wonderfully pretty under the old trees.

Once they passed a group of sixteen dappled deer, under a clump of princely oaks. In one part of the park the woodmen were busy cutting down some very old, knotty trees, such as one remembers to have seen in some famous painting ; it was a delicious woodland scene.

Just before reaching Fountains Abbey grounds, which are private, there is, at your left, a beautiful lake formed by the Swale, with grey and white swans. A mimic cascade is formed by the descent of the stream over a succession of massive, rocky steps, at each end a little pavilion, while above in the background, on a hill, a tower is seen among the trees. The gates were opened, in answer to their summons, by a kind-faced, cheerful, obliging girl, who seemed delighted that it lay in her power to open the gates to so much pure enjoyment. From these entrance gates, a hill to the right is for some distance gorgeous with rhododendrons ; at the left are magnificent cedars of Lebanon and other trees, that wonderful lawn, and the river. The noise of the tumbling water-fall they had just passed, seemed inexpressibly romantic in this sylvan solitude, fit for the assembling of the Olympic gods and goddesses. The water, woods, and moss-like lawns, are a *chef d'œuvre* of combined art and nature—but Nature rules, aided only by her handmaid Art. The river flows through the entire grounds past the ruins, forming on its way, tiny waterfalls, *allées d'eau*, with bits of green in fantastic shapes between, graced with statues, the water bearing here and there the gray and white swans, but no black ones. They crossed a little bridge to the left, some

way from the entrance, and went through a romantic wood-path to the "Surprise," a small grotto on the summit of a hill, where at the end of a long avenue the wondrous Abbey suddenly bursts into view,—

"Now ruin, beauty, ancient stillness."

These majestic, massive ruins cover two acres of ground, and in the days of her splendour the Abbey covered twelve. It was built by the munificent Walter de Grey, founder also of York Minster, in 1215. The architecture is Gothic, and so massive and strong that the tower at the end of the north transept still remains, though the great central tower has long since fallen, and the walls of the Abbey Church still stand entire, but unroofed; the nave, transepts, aisles, and choir all grass-grown. In the tower is a magnificent window in the Perpendicular Gothic, its mullions yet perfect. The Chapter-house still in part remains, and a noble broad flight of stone steps, which leads directly from the nave to the library and Scriptorium above it. Here are the stone floors and walls, with the graceful window-arches—the mullions gone,—but roofless and solitary. The refectory has a reading-gallery on one side, where the Bible was read aloud while the monks were at table. The cloisters were three hundred feet long, the dormitory over them: their ruins are most picturesque. This monastery was for Cistercians, an order founded by St. Bernard, of Fontaines, in Burgundy. They were stern and rigid in their discipline, and most assuredly in their palmy days not only the fat

capons, game, and the rich wines of the south abounded, but also suffering and cruelty in her mysterious dungeons and lonely cells. But amid so much beauty, and the witching influences of poetic enthusiasts, one is apt to forget the *true side* in these ruins, fair Fountains,—

“ Yet still thy turrets drink the light
Of summer evening's softest ray,
And ivy garlands, green and bright,
Still mantle thy decay ;
And calm and beauteous, as of old,
Thy wandering river glides in gold.”

As one lingers in these desolate but beautiful ruins the river's mystic rippling is the only sound that falls upon the air, unless some benevolent bird improvises a song, or some wood-nymph sighs amid the foliage. One's musings usually take a wide range, for myriads of fancies and recollections, connected with one's reading from childhood, come stealing unexpectedly back from their long retirement, and one is transplanted suddenly from this scene, “ where Ruin queenly dwells,” to the bright fire-side of monkish days and lore, and listens in fancy to tales of deeds of daring, or romance, of superstition and sorrow, ay, and to the lamentations of woe and despair, till, finally, as in a dream, present surroundings are forgotten.

“ How true it is,” said Fred, “ what the poet Calderon says :—

“ Ya ! der Mensch, das seh' ich nun,
Träumt Sein ganzes Sein und Thun,

Bis zuletzt die Traum' entschweben.
 Was ist Leben ? Trug der Sinne,
 Was ist Leben ? Hohler Schaum,
 Ein Verblüh'n schon beim Beginne,
 Ein Phantom, ein Schatten kaum ;
 Wenig kann das Glück uns geben,
Denn ein Traum ist unser Leben,
Und die Träume selbst sind Traum.' "

In the evening our party went to Ilkley, a charming place, nestled cozily among the moor-hills, and very much patronized in summer. It is a drive of six miles from Ilkley "To Bolton's mouldering pile," through a Claude-Turner landscape. The Wharfe is the sprightliest, merriest, most frolicsome of rivers, its wavelets skipping and dancing, and tossing the sunbeams, catching up lightly the notes of the moor-breezes, singing of the shadowy By-gone, and the beauties of the scene, to the tune of L'Allegro.

Their road lay part of the way, on the slopes of the Beamsly Beacon, overlooking the lovely valley bordered by the uplands of Bolton Moor.

From the grassy terraces and the hill above the Priory, the landscape spread out at your feet would serve well for an Eden ; the ruins stand close by the river that flows crystal clear over her pebbly bed, the steep shale banks on the other side, forming a rich background. The choir and north transept remain, and present a picture of singular beauty. The carvings of Bolton were finer and much more delicate than those of Fountains Abbey. In the choir a double zigzag ornamentation, emblematic of the Holy Trinity, is in some places still quite perfect ; scarcely

any remains of the monastic buildings are to be seen. This priory was for Augustinians, who were much milder in their discipline than the Cistercians. The choir and north transept are unroofed, grass-grown, but the nave has been restored, and contains in its south aisle exquisite stained windows made in Munich. In the remaining chantry of the north aisle is :

“ A vault where the bodies are buried upright.
There, face by face, and hand by hand,
The Claphams and Mauleverers stand ; ”

and in the churchyard, the broken-hearted Francis Norton, the last male of his race, was buried, and here Emily Norton and her milk-white doe came oft, or :

“ Ranged through cloister, court, and aisle,”

when the silver moonbeams rested on the holy place. The legend of the “ White Doe of Rylston Hall ” is this: In the great rising in the North in Elizabeth’s reign, the last Norton, with his *eight sons!* joined Percy and Neville, taking with him to the battlefield a standard worked by his only daughter, Emily, with the holy cross and the five wounds of our Saviour. The father makes his son Francis vow to guard this sacred standard, should he fall, and place it on “ St. Mary’s holy shrine ” in Bolton Priory. Francis takes leave of his sister, whom he finds alone in the grounds at Rylston, tells her to hope for nothing, for the Nortons are doomed to perish, and, pointing to a beautiful white doe, says, she, too, will forget those who nourished her; but the fair creature returns to

Emily when ruin falls, and she wanders desolate, and never again leaves her. The *father and seven sons*! are executed at York, and as they are led forth to death, Francis who has not been made prisoner, rushes into the crowd, seizes the standard of the Nortons from the hand of a soldier, and flees; he is afterwards pursued, slain, and the banner taken. One of the Norton tenantry finds him, and has him buried in the Priory graveyard, and Emily, who has heard that Francis lives, comes with her doe in search of him, just in time to hear his funeral dirge. Such is the touching history, mingled with legend and romance, which Wordsworth has woven into his beautiful poem.

"Never," said Artist Annie, "shall I forget the mystic beauty of wood and moor, so still and lonely, no living creature to be seen save the red deer, no sound to be heard save the rippling of the Wharfe, on this delicious ramble from the Priory to the Strid."

"Nor I either," said Elise; "I think I prefer this to Fountains Abbey; true the grounds are not so superb, but somehow, this simplicity impresses the heart more deeply."

"Speaking of that rising in the North," said Fred, "perhaps you will remember that when the insurrection broke out in the reign of Henry VIII., the youthful Lady Clifford with her three little children, and some other ladies, were staying at Bolton Abbey. The Earl was at Skipton Castle, then very strong, and his young wife and

little children ten miles away among the glens and hills !
What to do ?

“The rebels threaten death to the Countess, but the brave Christopher Aske proves equal to the threatening danger. He, in the dead of the night, in company with the vicar of Skipton, a groom, and a boy, stole through the camp of the besiegers, crossed the moors, and rescued the Countess and her children and friends.”

“It does one good to hear of such noble men,” said Aunt Jessie, “when the pages of history are so stained with selfishness and cruelty.”

But they are arrived at the Strid, where the river has entirely changed her character, and is become a Fury, as she forces her hurried and angry course through a passage in the rocks, so narrow that a person can spring across.

There the “Boy of Egremont” was killed ; he makes the spring, but the dog which he leads holds back, and they both fall into the boiling flood.

“Young Romilly through Barden woods
Is ranging high and low,
And holds a greyhound in the leash,
To let slip upon buck or doe.

“The pair have reached that fearful chasm,
How tempting to bestride !
For lordly Wharfe is there pent in
With rocks on either side.

“The striding-place is called the Strid,
A name which it took of yore ;
A thousand years hath it borne that name,
And shall a thousand more.

M

“He sprang in glee—for what cared he
That the river was strong, and the rocks were steep ?—
But the greyhound in the leash hung back,
And checked him in his leap.”

And what of the unhappy Lady Aäleza ?—

“She weeps not for the wedding-day,
Which was to be to-morrow ;
Her hope was a *further looking hope*,
And her's is a *mother's sorrow*.

“He was a tree that stood alone,
And proudly did its branches wave ;
And the root of this delightful tree
Was in her husband's grave !

“Long, long in darkness did she sit,
And her first words were, ‘Let there be
In Bolton, on the field of Wharfe,
A stately Priory.’”

And thus through the mystery of one broken heart,
have joy and blessing been given to thousands.

“Farewell ! ye sweet and holy spot, where so many
pleasant memories cluster,” exclaimed Artist Annie, as
she finished a sketch of the north transept, with a tree in
the ruins ; “ye will ever be a bright memory, and oft in
fancy, Elise, you and I will wander through these mould-
ering aisles, where the white Doe wandered, while

“Now doth a delicate shadow fall,
From some lofty arch or wall,
As she passeth underneath ;
Now some gloomy nook partakes
Of the glory that she makes.”

From the heights above the "Cow and Calf" at Ben Rhydding, they had a wondrous view of these vast moorlands and the three highest moor-hills of West Yorkshire, enriched by a crimson sun-setting, which closed in one of the most enjoyable of days.

ken heart,

so many
Annie, as
n a tree in
and oft in
hese moul-
while

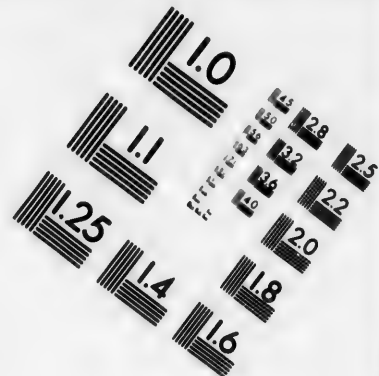
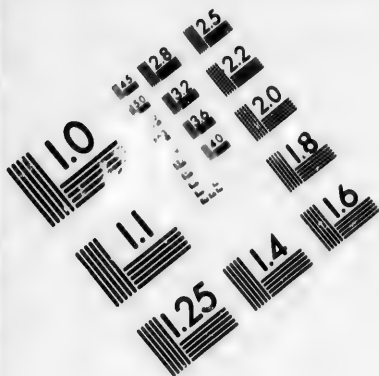
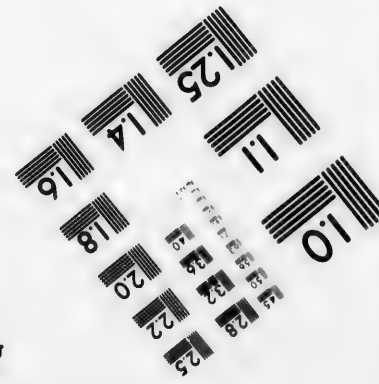
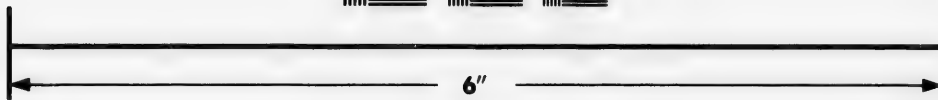
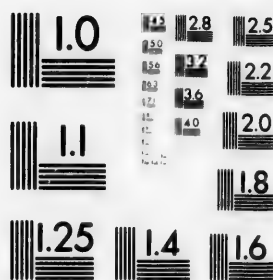


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503



CHAPTER XVI.

SKIPTON CASTLE—HAWORTH.

“**F**LISE, let us go with Mr. and Mrs. Woodhouse to Skipton,” said Artist Annie, as they prepared for their last breakfast in Ilkley; “they are going to arrange about their house there; it is only six miles out of our way, and will just take the morning. Fred says he will walk across the moors to Haworth, and Mr. Hopeton and Aunt Jessie are going over with the morning train; we can all meet in Haworth this evening.”

“Why do you wish to go so very much?”

“Oh! we shall see the castle there, built, you know, just after the Norman Conquest, by the De Romelis, and long the property of the celebrated Clifford family. I beg you to remember fair Rosamond was born there, and the *great* Countess, Anne Clifford, who repaired it; Mrs. Woodhouse says there are some very old tapestries there.”

“Which are no doubt hideous enough! You seem to have been posting yourself up about Skipton: do you think the castle will afford such very rich sketching material?”

“We shall know better on our arrival! At any rate, it has, like old Barden Tower, a tapestry woven out of history and poesie, and then we shall have the pretty Aire winding among the moor-hills.”

So to Skipton they went, waiting for their friends there a couple of hours, which Artist Annie employed in making "moor sketches," Elise in filling in her *denkbuch*.

"I could not help thinking," said Elise, "of those sudden transitions in Dante's 'Inferno,' as, from the stately, calm, holy stillness, and sweet air of Fountains Abbey, and Bolton Priory, we plunged into the smoke-bath of busy Otley, Keighley, Leeds, with crowds of tired, hungry-looking people, rushing to and fro in frantic haste; how true it is one part of the world has no more conception of the way in which the other half lives, than we have of the inhabitants of Neptune—if that distant *slow* planet is inhabited—do you think it is? It seems to me a great waste of space to be there *empty*."

Artist Annie laid down her pencil.

"Do you know, Elise, I fancy it *may* be the *Hades* Josephus tells us about with such an air of wisdom; he says *Hades is a place not perfectly finished*, and we are not sure Neptune is 'finished,'—the moon isn't."

"And what do you make of Venus then, that must be as hot as Neptune is cold?"

"Oh! I would banish all faithless lovers there, and give them sunshine, bread and hot water."

"*Quelle cruauté, ma mie!* Be careful, or you will be suspected of having *mal au cœur*."

Artist Annie broke into a merry, ringing laugh, and took up her pencil again, and so ended their tour among the planets! They walked up the all-the-way-up-hill street of Haworth, to the gray church and parsonage, now forever

famous through that group of gifted girls, so early cut down with their marvellous talents and their great unhappiness; theirs was an innate melancholy that nothing could cure.

"Why is it," asked Fred, "that Genius is so frequently the nursling of sorrow—in fact almost without exception? We know Lord Byron, with his mighty mind, his wild, poetic imagination, was intensely wretched; and the pure and gentle Mrs. Hemans—and where can we find a more mournful case than young Chatterton? The 'boy' Chatterton? But why multiply examples?"

"It seems to me," said Elise, "that the keen sufferings of Genius arise from the acuteness of her sensibilities; her quick ear hears the one long, unceasing groan of the human heart—of the universe. 'The whole creation groaneth,' saith the inspired pen—but Paul saw the *root-cause* more clearly than any ordinary eye can do. A Shakespeare feels the finest pulsations of the soul; a Beethoven the mysterious tones of the forest, when to other ears, and other minds, it all means simply—nothing. Ah! who shall fathom the mystery of sorrow?"

A halo rests over that quiet parsonage, looking out so sad, so earnestly upon the gray stones of the churchyard; it is so solemn and so still. The Brontë pew has been removed to make room; it was put there for the Brontës, and in it Thackeray, Emmerson, Harriet Martineau, Mrs. Gaskell have worshipped! In the chancel all the family sleeps, except poor Ann, who died at Scarborough. Above the vault is a white marble tablet, bearing their names and

dates—that is all. The world needs nothing more. The pew-opener, once a pupil in Charlotte's Sunday-school class, speaks very affectionately of her, and showed them the church register of her marriage; first is Mr. Nichol's autograph, then Charlotte's, and then follows:—

“ In the presence of
Ellen Nussey,
Margaret Wooler.”

Later, the curate of the church, who lived in the family with whom our friends stayed, took them to see Mrs. Greenwood, widow of the postmaster, who used to sell the Brontés their paper, and wonder “whatever they did wi' it a'!” She told them that at the time “Shirley” was being published, the proof-sheets were addressed to Mr. Shirley! and one day Mrs. Greenwood said to Charlotte, “You have a stranger staying at the parsonage! Charlotte only laughed.” She had a mono-chromatic sketch, by Charlotte, of Kirkstall Abbey, and other relics, a collar worn by her, a pebble picked up by her on the Scarborough beach, in a little bag she had crotched, which the good, kind heart said “no money could buy.”

The Haworth moors are wild and desolate beyond all others, it seemed, and the winds are sharp and cutting.

The curate accompanied them in a walk to the Bronté waterfall—as it is now called—a mile or more out on the solitary moor; a great boulder shaded by a single small tree, was Charlotte's seat, and there she used to sit and write for hours. A little beyond is

the scene of Emily's "Tenant of Wildfell Hall," and from there it is twelve miles across the moors before one finds another house; nothing 'wilder or grander could be imagined in the way of moorland scenery.

While they lingered by the waterfall, a gentleman arrived, who, like Fred, had walked all the way from Ilkley across the moor, and who had also walked from Bolton Priory to Skipton Castle. He said he never enjoyed anything so much in his life, and Fred and he set to "comparing notes," while Artist Annie sketched the lonely rock with its stunted tree.

The little old-fashioned square-towered church of Haworth has become a shrine, affording rich material for thought, and in its protecting shadows, close by the garden wall, they found poor old Tabby's grave—the faithful, true heart!

"Do you remember," asked Elise, "that touching incident related by Mrs. Gaskell in her life of Charlotte?—an incident which does honour alike to Charlotte and Tabby. The old woman could no longer see to take the eyes out of the potatoes, nevertheless would permit no one else to touch them. So Charlotte stole into the kitchen and did it when Tabby was not there."

"Fancy, too," said Artist Annie, "poor Emily coming out to the gate to water that tired-looking dog, which turned out to be mad, and bit her; and she rushed into Tabby's kitchen, seized a hot smoothing-iron, and *burnt out* the place that had been bitten!"

"I like best," said Fred, "to think of the Brontés in

that sitting-room of an evening composing plays, poor Branwell's, perhaps, the best of all, and then comparing and criticising each other. I cannot recall just now another such a family-group."

On their way to Leeds, they passed close to the still beautiful ruins of Kirkstall Abbey.


"Fancy the consternation of the good old Cistercians," cried Fred, "could they only see the desecration of their monastery! Surrounded by manufactories, buried in smoke, till it is become smoke colour. The Aire ripples past to the almost unceasing accompaniment of the unpoetic railway whistle or the rattle of machinery, instead of the matin and vesper song."

CHAPTER XVII.

CHATSWORTH—HADDON HALL.

"How sweet it is when Mother Fancy rocks
The wayward brain, to saunter through a wood !
An old place, full of many a lovely brood,
Tall trees, green arbours, and ground-flowers in flocks,
And wild-roses tiptoe upon hawthorn stocks.

Verily, I think
Such place to me is sometimes like a dream."

UR friends drove from Bakewell to Chatsworth along the delicious banks of the Derwent, surrounded by the magnificent wooded heights and rocky uplands of the romantic peak country, and through the park with its troops of beautiful deer, and its oaks and beeches, rivals even of Windsor. In front of the entrance to the house is one of the finest weeping-ash trees that ever grew.

"How often," said Artist Annie, "has poor Mary Stuart, forlorn and deserted, a captive and broken-hearted, walked among these quiet beauties, so well suited to soothe the depressed, burdened spirit. I do not fancy, though, she had much heart to enjoy even this sylvan retreat ; but it was very different, probably not so charming then."

"Perhaps it was nicer then," said Fred. "I find too

much art, too little nature here, though one cannot deny it is very lovely."

Chatsworth revels in modern luxuriance and splendour, a perfect contrast to Haddon Hall, a type of the past, and as such one of the noblest in the land. It would be quite impossible to speak of the numerous objects of taste and beauty that adorn this charming country seat.

As one lingers among its classic adornments, it seems like the dominions of some fairy queen, its mistress only from home. The great hall and staircase and state apartments are of regal magnificence, enriched with frescoes from Verrio's pencil, two of which are particularly interesting—Aurora chasing away night, and the Judgment of Paris; the floors are of inlaid oak, highly polished. In the music room are the chairs used at the coronation of George III and Queen Charlotte, and William IV and Queen Adelaide. George II died in the state bed, which was worked by the celebrated Countess of Shrewsbury.

Everywhere is a profusion of rare cabinets, paintings, carvings in marble and wood, Gobelin tapestries, in the drawing-room, a malachite clock. The wood-carvings by Gibbons, are magical; groups of dead game, fruit, flowers; in a glass case is a marvellous imitation of lace, so like, one is at first deceived till he comes quite near. The doors of the dining-room are of jasper and African marble; the two chimney pieces highly sculptured; Vandyck and other family portraits adorn the walls of this sumptuous room. The ceiling of the great library is white, with burnished gold in *bas relief*, with circular frescoes; the effect

is unique and striking. In the picture galleries are hundreds of drawings and paintings ; one I see still before me as I write—Monks at Prayer—and they *seem* to pray ! They are kneeling in a chapel, the light from an Elizabethan window behind them, sheds a soft light, like a glory, upon their upturned faces.

" Oh ! " exclaimed Artist Annie, " that makes me think of St. Cuthbert, and St. Augustine, and a thousand holy memories of the good, whose memory now is like sacred incense. If I could possess that one picture, or copy it, you are welcome to all the others."

" But," said Fred, " this equestrian portrait of Queen Mary Stuart, is very fine."

" Yes, I see, but it cannot affect the mind like the prayer scene, which elevates one above, to something higher than mere earthly beauty."

The chapel is from ceiling to floor a gem—a little too gorgeous for a place of prayer, perhaps. There are several paintings ; but one of Thomas placing his finger on the Saviour's side, and a painting on glass of the first miracle, are the most beautiful. The altar-piece is one mass of the most exquisite carving.

" Let us go to the sculpture gallery," said Mr. Hope-ton ; " for my part I have had enough of all this splendour—the owner seems to be weary of it, too, or he would surely spend more than a few weeks of his year here ; I suspect he prefers the simplicity of Bolton Priory."

In the sculpture gallery, Fred and Artist Annie were so carried away by their enthusiasm, that Aunt Jessie

begged them not to take leave of their senses! And no wonder. It is a princely hall, over a hundred feet in length; in the centre of the gallery is a gigantic granite vase, near it another of Egyptian marble, at the upper end the great malachite vase, presented by Nicholas of Russia, whose portrait, with the Empress, is in the hall. It is filled with the rarest, most costly sculptures. Among the most beautiful are, Canova's Endymion with his dog watching—and the dog *is watching*—the Princess Borghese recumbent—a divine form—Ganymede and the Eagle, Hebe, two beautiful busts of Marie Antoinette, *Dauphine*, and, *Dans le Temple!* one the perfection of beauty, joy, hope, the other, of a broken heart. These busts were in *La Grande Exposition, Paris*, in 1867.

There is a sitting figure of the great Napoleon's mother—and of—but why attempt to describe this superb collection? You who have seen it, can enter into my *embarras, n'est-ce-pas?*

The orangery, a carriage drive extending through the middle of it, is filled with rare exotics, and contains a group of Venus and Cupid at play, and Thorwalsden's Night and Morning. There are great palms in the conservatory, and in the grounds, fountains, *jets-d'eau*, rock-scenery, an immense rocking stone, that moves at the lightest touch, and I know not what beside. Artist Annie and Fred got caught under the weeping-willow fountain, and caused a good deal of merriment by not being able at first to see where the water came from!

"Are we too tired for a stroll to Bakewell Church?"

enquired Aunt Jessie, after their return from Chatsworth, and a good dinner, such as one knows how to serve in an English hotel ; " it is a charming evening, and the church is not far."

" Bakewell Church is said to have been built before the Conquest," remarked Mr. Hopeton, as they came in sight of it ; " one need hardly doubt it, to see how old and grey it looks."

" Bakewell manor belonged to the Conqueror's natural son, William Peveril," said Fred.

The church contains queer old monuments to the Manvers and Vernons of Haddon ; in the chancel is a white marble—now yellow—altar-tomb to one of the Vernons, bearing the date, 1477. The Vernon Chapel is enriched by a stained window—not of Munich skill—as memorial of one of the Dukes of Rutland. In the porch are curious old carved stones ; it seemed strange to walk among the old stones of the grave-yard, knowing, probably, Saxons had been buried there before they had heard of the Norman's fame, or felt his might.

But how to describe all those ramblings in Matlock dale, shut in by steep, bare rocks, often three hundred feet high, the Derwent flowing through ? How to tell you of the wild mysterious caves ? of the romantic Dove dale ? of the ruins of the Peveril's Castle, on its high rock at Castleton ? of a hundred chats and rambles ? How they read again Scott's " Peveril of the Peak," and pondered over past, present, and to come in old Haddon Hall ?

" You may be sure Dorothea Vernon was a jolly girl,"

said Fred; "I only wish the old days could return for five minutes; fancy the ball-room lighted up, we see the guests, and hear the music, and then we have the meeting of the lovers, and witness their flight!

" 'It is night, with never a star,
And the hall with revelry throbs and gleams;
There grates a hinge—the door is ajar—
And a shaft of light in the darkness streams.

" 'A faint sweet face, a glimmering gem,
And then two figures start into light;
A flash, and darkness has swallowed them—
So sudden is Dorothy Vernon's flight.' "

"You are enthusiastic," said Artist Annie, "but instead of your brilliant scene, we have

" 'The green old turrets, all ivy thatch,
Above the cedars that girdle them, rise,
The pleasant glow of the sunshine catch,
And outline sharp on the bluest skies.

" 'All is silent within and around;
The ghostly house and the ghostly trees
Sleep in the heat, with never a sound
Of human voices or freshening breeze.' "

They were walking up and down the terrace, bordered by old sycamores, called "Dorothea Vernon's Walk," where the lovers met, while the unsuspecting guests were dancing, and escaped by a broad flight of stone steps leading to the flower garden, now containing one or two old apple-trees! The park is not preserved, except some

trees about the house ; the gardens were laid out in terraces, one above the other ; all that remains, nearly, is a tree growing in the form of a peacock with feathers outspread, which is still cultivated. The gray, venerable towers and embattled parapets, seated on an eminence of limestone rock, overlooking the Wye, form an imposing view. From Peveril's tower the scene is one of sweet rural quiet and peace.

The rooms are mostly empty ; a portion of the old arras still hangs upon the walls, some pictures, with no merit save antiquity, sculptured armorial bearings, a few objects illustrative of feudal manners, as quaint pewter plates, an antique wine-cooler, in the dining-room an iron hoop fastened to the wainscoting ; what do you imagine was its use ? Any one who failed to drink his allowance of ale or wine, had his hand fastened in it, while cold water was poured down his sleeve ! In the chaplain's room stands the family cradle, a clumsy enough affair by our modern refinements ! The bed in the state bed-chamber is of green silk velvet and white satin, very much soiled by that busy old fellow Time. The last to sleep in this ghostly equipage was his gracious Majesty George IV.

"For my part," said Artist Annie, as they wandered through the great kitchens with immense fire-places, hung with chains and hooks, "I could wish with Fred that feudal days would return for half an hour ; visions of boar's head and venison, barons of beef and plum puddings, are rather tantalizing, after poking about all this time in bare, ghostly rooms !"

"I thought," said Fred, laughing, "you never condescended to such material ideas, in the midst of so many 'associations!' You have any amount of sketching to do yet, you know!"

Here Elise and Aunt Jessie came to the rescue by surprising our hungry friends with a well-filled luncheon-basket. They sat down on the steps leading to Dorothea's Walk, and if they did not discuss the entire history of every body ever connected with Haddon Hall, they emptied the basket, with a vote of thanks to Elise for her kind thoughtfulness, and their drive, in the quiet evening, to their hotel, closed in one of their happiest days. I only wish, *cara mia*, my description were one-half so agreeable. For to-day, adieu!

CHAPTER XVIII.

REUNION—CATHEDRALS—COLLEGES.

“To sit on rocks, to muse o’er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest’s shady scene,
Where things that own not man’s dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne’er or rarely been ;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold ;
Alone o’er steeps and foaming falls to lean ;
This is not solitude ; ’tis but to hold
Converse with Nature’s charms, and view her store unroll’d.”

“**L**’UNIVERS est une espèce de livre, dont on n’a
lu que la première page quand on n’a vu que
son pays.”

“Do you know this, Elise ?” asked Artist Annie, as she turned over the leaves of her sketch book.

“Oh ! that is so like ! It brings back fresh to mind that lovely summer’s morning, when we sailed by those ruins, so surrounded and filled by the mysterious spirits of good St. Cuthbert and his friends and successors, who once chanted their holy *Te Deums* in those now solitary walls. How beautifully you have sketched that wild ash tree, and the clinging ivy and the sea ! then, as we passed, soothing the thought with her soft, silvery ripplings, her green waves gently kissing the

lonely isles of that Farne group ever henceforth sacred by its connection with ecclesiastical history. Dear old Lindisfarne Abbey ! 'Tis a holy spot !"

"And see, *ma mie*, here is one of my last sketches, Barden Tower, with moor and heather ; now I am going to try that great oak on yonder knoll—what a glorious tree !" and Artist Annie seated herself on the grass, and set to work, Elise meanwhile busying herself with her "notes," Fred with a pocket edition of "Childe Harold."

Our young friends have left the picturesque and fascinating Peak country, and now find themselves in the noble two-miles-in-length park of Burleigh House, a mile or so from Stamford.

They have admired, to their hearts' content, the beautiful avenue of oak trees leading to the house, the shimmering piece of water, spanned by a three-arch bridge, the princely entrance hall of this truly patrician abode, with its marble pillars, statuary and paintings, which has been trodden by the Virgin Queen, and our own noble Victoria, the great staircase and its frescoes, the extensive libraries, the numerous pictures by great masters, and portraits of the family and other celebrities of various reigns ; the rare, costly enamels, rich carvings, and the state bed, still kept as the virgin Tudor Queen slept in it so long ago ! With this relic before their eyes, it is no difficult task to take a run back to the Tudor times, and discuss the merits, talents, and failings of the great Lord Cecil, founder of the fortunes of his house ;

they agree that, if Schiller was right in laying much of the blame of Mary Stuart's execution upon his shoulders, that act was a gigantic moral wrong, whatever his political grounds may have been—but *trêve* to all discussion to-day.

"It will be very pleasant to spend the promised week with our dear old friend and companion in study, *n'est-ce-pas ?*" said Artist Annie, as she went on sketching ; "I cannot imagine Flo as Mrs. Woodhouse, her husband a clergyman in old Peterborough Cathedral ; well, she was a noble girl and deserves it ! You know, dear, I consider her more highly honoured than if she had been created a Duchess of the realm ! When shall we go ?—To night ?"

"To-morrow, I think ? I wrote to that effect in Bake-well, so we will rest in Stamford to-night, I feel somewhat weary, and I know you do ; and beside, there is no need of our rushing about, you know I always believe in travelling leisurely when one can, and taking time to drink in the beauties of art and nature."

Thus it came about, that in the choir of the Peterborough cathedral, they listened the coming Sunday to the throbbings of the organ, telling the heart's woes—joys—hopes—fears—in that only universal language—music—and to an eloquent sermon from their young friend's husband on those mysterious words : "And there shall be no more sea." But how to convey to your mind, *cara mia*, something of the romance, the charm, the quiet delight of even the ramblings in the old cathedral close, listening to the holy vesper chimes, that always, somehow, bring

before the fancy Bunyan's "Delectable Mountains," and the soft shades of the land of Beulah ?

To describe the instructive conversation of the youthful clergyman, fresh, but strong in his master's service and the gleam of love and wifely pride in the dark eyes of friend Flo?—to Memory, 'tis like the perfume of roses. Oh ! what is there in this life so precious as communion with a friend ? With a pure and exalted mind ?

"Had not Peterborough once another name ?" asked Artist Annie, on their first ramble in and around the cathedral.

"Oh ! yes," said Mr. Woodhouse, "but not quite so dreadful an one, as the old name of Whitby ; it was anciently Medeshamstede ; the present name was given in honour of its patron saint."

"The cathedral is very ancient, is it not ?" enquired Elise.

"It is ; the first Christian edifice here was a Benedictine Abbey, built so early as 655. That monastery was destroyed by the Danes in 870, when eighty-four monks were murdered ; their abbot, who escaped, had them all buried in one grave, and erected a monument to them bearing effigies cut in the stone. This curious stone in the Lady's chapel is what is left of that monument ; it is supposed to be the most ancient Christian memorial in existence.

Some century and a half after its destruction by the Danish invaders, the abbey was restored, and when, in the time of Henry VIII, it was transformed into a cathe-

dral, it was one of the richest and most magnificent monasteries in the United Kingdom.

Later, Cromwell and his soldiers destroyed the ancient monuments, and defaced the beauty of the noble building as much as possible. It is to be deeply lamented, that, in a mistaken zeal for the Reformation,—for we read of a zeal according to knowledge—so much was destroyed, that ought to have been carefully preserved as waymarks—as mile-stones in the history of the Church. The old monks too, deserve much of our sympathy and gratitude. If they were mistaken, and if God did not design this isolation in religious houses, they meant well at first, and to these monks we owe the preservation of learning during the Dark Ages.

"The west front is unique and beautiful with those three magnificent arches," said Fred, "but like Strasbourg Cathedral, its wanting tower gives an unfinished look. The style is chiefly Norman, is it not? I must confess, I prefer the mystic Gothic, but there is something of the imposing—of the sublime, in the rounded arch, and the massiveness in general, of Norman architecture. Strength is its characteristic feature, combined with a suggestive impression of refinement."

"This portrait you see at the entrance to the nave," said Mrs. Woodhouse, "is that of the old man Scarlett, who was in the service of the Cathedral more than half a century. Is not the view most inspiring from here, up through those long aisles, under those kingly arches? There is a beautiful double piscina in both the north and

south aisle of the nave, and, are not those smaller arches of the triforium and clerestory beautiful? And those stained windows of the north and south transept—are they not gorgeous?"

"The choir presents a chaste and beautiful appearance," said Elise; "those six magnificent windows so richly stained, three above three, over the great altar, throw such a subdued, soft light over the carved stall-work, and those frescoes in the chancel, of our Saviour, surrounded by the emblems of His passion. What a fine effect the gorgeous window in the Lady's Chapel behind makes as seen through the opening in those six windows!—It is peculiar—magical!"

"Poor Katharine of Arragon sleeps, without anything to mark the spot, here in the north aisle of the choir," said Mrs. Woodhouse; "broken-hearted, misused Queen! Not one has honoured her memory sufficiently to mark the spot by the slightest memorial—yet she was a good wife and mother. See! there is simply a small square, flat, common piece of stone, with 'K. R.' nearly erased! Such is worldly glory! Let us seek only the Imperishable.

"Mary Stuart lay a quarter of a century in the south aisle of the choir, when her royal son, James VI., had the unfortunate queen removed to Westminster Abbey, and laid under a gorgeous tomb. The king's letter, asking for permission to remove his royal mother, hangs here, you see, over the former grave."

"The western gateway is very old," said Mr. Woodhouse; "and above to the left is the chapel of Thomas à

Becket. Further on to the right you see the grand old arched entrance to the palace; to the left, that to the deanery. It all looks most romantic, does it not?"

They wandered to the old churchyard, so solemn and hushed in the quiet evening shadows, where, under the dark, rich foliage, among the ancient tombstones, a grave was being dug. No one is permitted to be buried there now, as a rule, but this grave was for a very old lady, the clergyman said, whose husband had long ago been laid there to rest. It was an impressive scene, never to be forgotten. All the surroundings so old, so grand, and the sweet music of those vesper chimes filling the balmy air. Oh, to live amid such holy associations, the world shut out! One loves to think of heaven in such a spot,—in fact such thoughts spring spontaneously in such a place.

"Let us take a walk to-morrow," said Mr. Woodhouse. "to Milton Park. Our young friends will enjoy the ramble among hedges and meadows. There is a portrait of Mary of Scotland there, also one of her king-son as a boy. When Fotheringay Castle was destroyed by him, some of the stained glass was taken to Milton Park,—the sole relic of the Castle in existence, I fancy."

"I think," said Elise, "Paley was a native of Peterborough, though he lies in Carlisle Cathedral. His natural theology was not original, I fancy. It seems he borrowed the idea of the found watch from a Dutch writer; and I must say it looks just a little like plagiarism that he does not acknowledge the source of his idea."

"Now," said Mrs. Woodhouse, as they partook one

morning of the Parsonage breakfast, "I propose we form a party to Cambridge. My husband must go there to-day on some church matters. We will stay all night, and return to-morrow by Ely."

"*Geschlagen!*" cried Fred, "I can answer for all. I am pretty sure the girls will raise no objection. And could you take George along, Mrs. Woodhouse, to carry all the sketch and note-books?"

"Oh! Fred, you are incorrigible," said Elise with a laugh, in which everybody joined.

"The train leaves at 10," said Mr. Woodhouse, retreating to his study; "do not be late."

"As I was going to St. Ives I met seven wives," repeated Fred, as they whirled on to the fair city of the great University with only one rival in England—her sister Oxford.

"Who told you," asked Artist Annie, "that this is the classic St. Ives mentioned by that renowned poet you have just quoted?"

"Stretch of the imagination, my fair Artist;—you do not understand that? Can you give me any reason why this is *not* my poet's St. Ives?"

I have not the slightest idea of attempting to describe the pleasure of that visit among the seventeen colleges, the Senate Houses, the Fitzwilliam Museum, the churches, botanic gardens, and the various beautiful grounds of the colleges of Cambridge. It were a fruitless attempt.

Out of Oxford, where could one find such a street as

Trumpington street, with her array of colleges, which are nearly all in the West End?

The river Cam flows through the north and west of the town, spanned near St John's College by a noble bridge.

"Four of the pleasantest years of my life have been spent in Cambridge," said Mr. Woodhouse, as they drove through Trumpington street, where the genius of architecture holds an unceasing triumphal march; "I am going to take you first of all, so soon as we drive out to the botanic gardens, to my Alma Mater, St. John's."

The entrance is by a handsome turretted gateway; the college consists of three courts, in the first of which, the most ancient, is the chapel, containing a painting of St. John in the wilderness. The extensive and beautiful grounds of this college lie west of the river, and are connected with it by a perfect imitation of the Venice Bridge of Sighs. No college in Cambridge can show a nobler list of great men—Lady Jane Grey's famous tutor, Roger Ascham, the poet Prior, Bishop Stillingfleet, Bishop Beveridge, Thomas Stackhouse, the Bible-historian—and many more.

The Senate-house, near the "schools," where all the public business of the University is transacted, is a beautiful edifice, the exterior of the Corinthian, the interior of the Doric order. It contains statues of the first two Georges, and a figure of Glory by an artist of Florence.

The Fitzwilliam Museum, of Portland stone, stands at the south end of Trumpington Street, close by the grounds of the oldest college, St. Peter's, and is most imposing in

its dimensions; of the Corinthian order, its principal façade is decorated with a beautiful portico, while the richness of all its fronts is greatly increased by fluted pilasters, niches, and statuary. Its great sculpture gallery is seventy feet in length, the roof vaulted and supported by Corinthian pillars. On each side of this great hall is a marble flight of steps to the picture galleries, in the centre a broader flight descending to the libraries.

Christ's College, as well as St. John's, was built by Lady Margaret, Countess of Richmond and mother of Henry VII. The celebrated Erasmus was her professor of divinity here.

Trinity, the chief college of the University, is rich in decorations. The chapel, two hundred feet in length, begun by Queen Mary and finished by Elizabeth, contains West's altarpiece, St. Michael binding Satan. The library is a princely room, two hundred feet in length, rich in books and manuscripts, one in Milton's handwriting. The master's lodge has been since Elizabeth's time, the abode of the Sovereign when visiting Cambridge. This magnificent college abounds in sculptures, among them a white marble statue of Sir Isaac Newton, by that master sculptor, Roubilliac. Thorwaldsen's statue of Byron—refused by Westminster Abbey—also numerous portraits. Newton, Dryden, Byron—what a galaxy! were educated here.

In the splendid Caius College one finds three strikingly beautiful gates of Grecian architecture, and one of the most sensible epitaphs imaginable—that of Dr. Caius,

one of its founders, "*Fui Cuius—Vivit post funera virtus.*"

King's College Chapel is, in point of architecture, the crowning glory of Cambridge. It is of the perpendicular Gothic; the noble arched stone roof is unsupported by pillars, its twenty-four windows are of the richest stained glass, its floor is of black and white marble, its altarpiece a beautiful "Descent from the Cross."

Pembroke Hall had its origin, like our old friend Bolton Priory, in sorrow.

The Countess of Pembroke, broken-hearted at the loss of her husband, forsook the world, and devoted her fortune to this noble object.

The glories of this ancient seat of learning must be seen to be fully appreciated. Cambridge has accumulated her treasures since her first institution by King Siegbert in the seventh century, till now.

The splendid libraries, the statuary by such sculptors as Roubilliac, Nollekins, Thorwaldsen, Chantrey; the paintings, form delightful subjects for study and reflection; and the wildest fancies are born of a ramble in the secluded cloisters and beautiful grounds of Trinity College, and the mulberry tree, planted by the immortal Milton in Christ's College gardens, is viewed with a strange commotion of feeling.

In All Saints' Church is Chantrey's memorial to Henry Kirke White. This old church once belonged to the Abbey of St. Albans, later, to the nuns of St. Radegund.

One almost forgets in this splendid home of the Muses, that it has an ancient history—that the Dane and Norman have traversed the Cam, and brought woe and misery in the old days. As one stands on castle hill, and looks down on this imposing collection of colleges, recalls the brilliant names of her "Fellows"—her students, and her untold influence over the world of mind—the Conqueror and his ruined castle become but myths of the past.

An evening walk in the beautiful grounds of Queen's College—built by Margaret of Anjou—lying on both sides of the river, joined by a one-arch wooden bridge, a clear moon and myriads of stars, now and then a boat gliding by, a morning drive over the great bridge, and again through the only rival to Oxford High street—Trumpington street, and then farewell to Cambridge.

"There is Ely Cathedral!" cried Artist Annie.

Yes, there it stands on high land, looking out upon the old fens of the Isle of Ely, once covered with water from the Ouse.

"The most picturesque view one can have of the cathedral," said Mr. Woodhouse, is "from the banks of the river, where one looks upon the venerable pile seated on its green hill, nestled among the rich foliage, quiet cows drinking from the clear stream, and getting themselves photographed in its crystal depths."

There was a monastery here, built in 673, which was destroyed in 870 by the Danes, who could then sail up to the walls of the town. This monastery was rebuilt just

a century later, and was chartered by Canute and Edward the Confessor.

The cathedral was begun in 1081, is cruciform, and displays the different types of architecture down to its completion in 1534. The west front, like Peterborough cathedral, is unfinished, wanting the south wing of the façade.

The octagonal lantern rising from the intersections of the nave and transepts, is a fine specimen of the Early English; it once supported a tower that fell centuries ago! Its west end tower is lofty and massive, enriched with Norman turrets.

The interior produces a singular effect from such a variety of style, which, however, are made to harmonize, so that, as a whole, it is very beautiful. The nave and transepts are Norman, the ante-choir is Early English and Decorated, the choir Early English. The ancient chapels and old monuments are in striking contrast with the more modern portions, and greatly increase the beauty and interest. The choir was singing, and the great arches took up the organ notes and re-echoed them, and modulated and fantasied, as the trees of a vast forest shake and tremble and roar at the fury of the storm-wind that cometh out of the North.

"Oh!" said Mr. Woodhouse, as they went on their way, "such scenes do the soul and heart good; they strengthen us for further trial and toil; make us forget the temporal in the divine and enduring, and faith has her golden dreams of the Temple of St. John's inimitable vision."

Farewell, ye sweet friends, and your beautiful, useful life, in your parsonage home, fair as the woodbine and roses that bloom on its walls. Ye are to us as the memory of cool fountains and grateful shadows in a burning heat. Our studies together on earth are ended, but, shall they not re-commence in our future home? Adieu.

May all your years be spent in bliss,
Your *good plans* all succeed ;
Be but as happy as I wish,
And you'll be blest indeed.

CHAPTER XIX.

LEAMINGTON.

MA CHERE FANNIE,

Do you wonder where I shall date my next letter? In fact, I do not expect to date many more, if you fulfil your promise to meet us in Paris. I think we are likely to spend some time here; Artist Annie raves about the scenery and ruins, and seems to me in danger of turning into sketching-pencil! Fred has fallen in with some college friends, and they are out just now boating on the Leam. Papa and Aunt Jessie have settled down for a "*rest*."

Warwickshire forms a wonderful contrast to the "black country," through which we passed on our way from Leeds down here. We had a little scrap of fair Cheshire, which was so refreshing, and just on the borders of that county and Stafford, a near view of Mow Cop Hill, and on a hill, nearly *vis-à-vis*, a monument to Wedgewood, inventor of the famous ware that bears his name. Stafford and her castle, seated high on a rock outside the town, set us to discussing Cromwell and his wonderful resources, but the smoke of Wolverhampton, Dudley, Birmingham, made me for one, thankful to rest in the cool avenues of this pretty place. We have visited all the *tit-bits* of scenery and places of interest; in truth we have been to Warwick Castle several times.

Twice we walked back through the fields, past Guy's Cliff and the old mill. Guy's Cliff Park is very beautiful, especially the famous avenue in front of the house to the road; an opening is left in the wall, as if for two large gates, and one looks up through to the house, over one of the loveliest, softest, greenest lawns imaginable, intersected by paths, shaded by the noblest trees. Of course, *cara mia*, you know all that romantic history of Earl Guy, of Warwick Castle. Among the wild legends of the old English heroes, there is none more interesting than that of the illustrious Guy, a rival of King Arthur himself, and St. George. The story dates from the twelfth century, or earlier. The tradition runs that in 926 the Danish and Norwegian powers invaded England, and advanced to Winchester. Athelstan saw himself on the point of becoming crownless, and his only hope lay in finding a champion who might successfully challenge the champion Dane to single combat—a *David*, in fact, was wanted. Brave Saxons there were, but none dared to brave this Goliath Dane—Colbrand, by name, an African or Saracen, which uncertain. Athelstan, deeply distressed, sleeps and dreams. In the vision, he saw a "*Palmer poore*," who is declared to him to be the sought-for hero. The hour of combat arrives. If the Danish giant wins, England is lost! And Colbrand comes forth! At his tread the firm earth trembles, and with haughty disdain he advances to his expectant victim! But the "*Palmer poore*" is victor! The welkin rings with shouts of gladness! England is saved!

To the king alone, and only on promise of secrecy, will the victor make himself known. It is Guy, the illustrious Earl of Warwick! His humility is genuine; he retires to his lands, and at Guy's Cliff, digs a cave with his own hands, and lives the holy life of a hermit. And his fair wife, Felicia—truly well-named—buries him at his death, and weeps for the loss of a sublime and glorious saint.

The legend of Guy led even the mighty Henry V. to visit the cave of his retirement—the scene of his vigils and prayers, and that monarch was about to build a chantry there, but sickened and died, and was thus prevented.

Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, carved a rude statue of the hero in the solid rock, eight feet high, built a chapel on the Cliff, and founded the beautiful Beauchamp Chapel. It is a delightful retreat—fit rival to Warkworth Hermitage—soft meadows, shaded by clumps of trees, the Avon winding by.

This Earl was one of the combatants at Agincourt, made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, where he was entertained with great honour by the Saracens, *as a descendant of Sir Guy of Warwick!* and died in peace, leaving the name of Good behind him.

From the mill, once the property of the monks of Stoneleigh Abbey, one has a lovely view of a part of the house and the lawn, with the river winding through; here we sat down in the mild air, on the banks of the Avon, under an old tree, and discussed the contents of

our luncheon-basket, which I must tell you, *en passant*, is our inseparable companion in all our country rambles, as well as the associations of this neighbourhood of romance and legend. You see that hill on the other side of the road, with trees and a monument? That is Blacklow hill, where they beheaded the unlucky favourite. Piers Gaveston, in such a hurry.

From the noble stone bridge over the Avon, the view of Warwick and the noble old castle is very fine—everywhere the beautiful trees that so enrich an English landscape, the castle upon its rocky height, forty feet above the river, looking calmly down with a dignity becoming its age and history.

The approach to Warwick Castle through the park, the enclosing walls, moss-grown, those three stupendous towers, and the ivy-grown, embattled walls, is imposing and grand. The castle looks as though it had been set down there out of some old eastern legend. When it was built is matter of conjecture; Cæsar's Tower, the most ancient part, is one hundred and forty-seven feet high, Guy's Tower, one hundred and twenty feet in height, was built in 1394. Do you not hear the voice of the old "King-Maker" in its grand old halls? The principal suite of rooms extends over three hundred feet; the old armour, valuable paintings, family portraits, and the famous Warwick-Tivoli Vase in the conservatory, all possess a fascinating interest; but how enchanting to recall the scenes and people who have figured in the drama of life here! What kings and queens and fair maidens have swept

through these kingly halls! What loves and hatreds—what plottings and gay festivals have had their day here, and are vanished as if they had never been!

The “King-Maker” was the first Earl of Warwick, of the illustrious Nevilles. He married Anne, the heiress of the De Beauchamp family, which family had long possessed the Warwick lands and title.

In St. Mary’s Church, is the ancient and richly adorned Beauchamp Chapel, a perfect type of the Gothic, filled with curious old monuments to the Beauchamp family, among them one to the good Earl of Warwick; also, the rich memorial to Dudley, Earl of Leicester, favourite of Elizabeth. There too rests the “King-Maker!” All here bears the impress of age—the stone floor is worn by the footfalls of many generations, and one feels a deep sadness steal over him as he lingers among these crumbling old tombs.

But I must hasten to tell of our day amid the fascinating ruins of Kenilworth Castle. Oh! that was a red letter day, *je vous l’assure*. How we lingered in the princely banqueting hall, so lovely in its ruins, and peopled it once again with the gay company that feasted there when Elizabeth honoured the proud Leicester by becoming his guest. Scott’s description of the ruins are perfect; we had brought “Kenilworth” with us, we read, chatted, sketched, and lunched in a window-seat near the fire-place where most likely the virgin queen had warmed her royal toes! The Cæsar Tower, as old perhaps as the Saxon period, is likely to look down for centuries to come upon

the musing stranger; it has witnessed the splendour of royal banquets, and the terrors of war, and as it looks down with its cold stony gaze upon these picturesque ruins, it seems to warn us of the fickleness of all earthly things—rank, wealth, happiness, friendship, love—all alike uncertain.

We have made two excursions to Kenilworth, and I fancy shall go once more at least, before we leave. Once we drove, once we walked in the early morning, and returned in the evening train. Oh! how I wish you were here.

Thursday, a lovely day, we spent at Stratford-on-Avon. It is a fearfully quiet place. Life seems to have stopped—there is nothing to do—and the place does it. I am sure I would not endure a whole week there. I was much pleased with the church where Shakspeare worshipped, and where he and Mrs. Shakspeare are buried, with the bust-decorated mural tablet to the mighty dramatist's memory above his last resting-place. The approach to the church is through a pretty lime-tree avenue; it was inexpressibly still and solemn, the Avon floating through the soft meadows close by; we sat down on its banks awhile, watching two or three students boating. The house is kept sacred; no one is permitted to write a name or even touch the walls, which are covered with names, none of which I could read except Sir Walter Scott's, cut with a diamond on a window-pane. The tree planted by Shakspeare, *ma mie*, is a *myth*; it is in the land of shades. The garden is planted *only with plants men-*

tioned in the poet's works, and is very nicely kept. The woman in charge gave a bunch of rosemary, saying:—

“There's rosemary ; that's for remembrance.”

The exterior of the house reminded me of John Knox's house in Old Canongate.

Somehow, it seemed to me so *unreal* ; and yet by that quiet river how often has the great mind of the world's greatest poet, thought out his noble plots.

I always imagine Shakspeare as the poet who complained to Jupiter of having been forgotten in the god's distribution of the world, and Jupiter invited him to dwell with him as much as he could. I fancy him a meditative man, with majestic, awe-inspiring countenance and mien.

We spent a morning with——

Coventry and Lady Godiva. It is a very old place, with many streets so narrow, a lover might almost whisper his soft nothings to his *Minne* in the house *vis-d-vis*. We amused ourselves seeing ribbons made, and visited some of the churches, which are very pretty, with stained windows.

One has an *on dit* in England, “to send to Coventry,” simply synonymous with excluding from society.

But my letter is getting too wearisome. I cannot speak of our many pleasant rambles, or describe fully the beauties of this garden-like country, and only wish for the twentieth time, you were here to join us in our rambles and tête-à-têtes. Addio.

CHAPTER XX.

CATHEDRALS—RUINS.

“For I have learned
To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth ; but hearing often times
The still, sad music of humanity.”

AMONG the hop-gardens of Worcester, and the snowy-blossomed orchards of Hereford, catching sunny glimpses now of the Severn, then of the Wye, rejoicing in the romantic beauty of the Malvern Hills, and the magnificence of Gloucester Cathedral, loitering under the shadow of the Cotswold Hills among the pleasant grounds and trees of Cheltenham, where Lord Byron was once wont to mount his fiery Pegasus, our friends are at last arrived at Chepstow, on the Wye, in the beautiful County of Monmouth.

Worcester looks very pretty on its gentle hill overlooking the Severn, which is here crossed by a fine bridge ; the central tower of its imposing cathedral is the first object to strike the eye. The crypt and nave of this noble edifice are Norman, the choir is early English, with richly carved canopied stalls, much of the carving being a splendid flower-and-foliage work, wonderful in correctness and delicacy.

Those dear old cathedral and abbey makers ! how they

seem to have revelled in flowers ! One of the most exquisite flower carvings in Melrose is said to have been done by a monk, and how many of these stone flowers that enrich old architecture were carved by the good friars in their leisure, the world is not likely now to discover.

These pillars, crowned with wreaths of flowers, these foliated corbels, that look sometimes like baskets of flowers and buds suddenly turned to stone, or the faces of cherubs or demons peering out in love and sympathy, or in scorn and hatred ; the odd *tooth decoration* that took the place of the Norman zigzag, the flying buttress and delicate pointed arch, pinnacle and spire—these all are the beautiful fancies that adorn this first Gothic in England, a wondrous union and intermingling of strength, poetry, beauty. What a glorious study, what a realm of the richest imaginative poetry these dear old cathedrals open to the mind, provided the student-traveller—and every traveller ought to be, in the best sense of the word, a student—is prepared by a familiar knowledge of architecture and history to understand them, otherwise they will be to him exactly what intercourse with a Russian might be, ignorant of his language !

The cathedral contains a monument to Magna Charta John, and Prince Arthur, brother of Henry VIII. Stillingfleet, too, lies buried here.

Hereford looks none the less picturesque from the bridge that spans the Wye. The cathedral was rebuilt in the reign of Rufus, is cruciform, with a square tower

—here one sees Wickliffe's Bible, a priceless treasure !

The approach to Gloucester is most striking and beautiful, lying as it does amid rich orchards, gardens, meadows, parks, hamlets, on the east a range of hills, the towers of its churches ; prominent above all, the noble Severn, crossed by several bridges, winding through the vale. What memories throng the mind as one looks upon the old city, a perfect mine of history ! What is the saddest, holiest memory ? The fires of martyrdom have burned here, in the shadow of the Cathedral itself ! Bishop Hooper was burned near the old Minster gate ! It seems impossible now to be true !

Here the first Sunday School was opened by the noble-minded Raikes ; and that true son of thunder, George Whitfield, was born here. The Cathedral was one of his favourite studies, perhaps, and no doubt many of his grand thoughts have been dreamed in its noble aisles during his boyhood. Who shall estimate all that goes to make up a great mind ?

Here Edward the Confessor lived, and the Norman sovereigns held their court ; the weak Edward II. was buried in the old Abbey, and the coronation of Henry III. took place in it, and *perhaps* that unhappy Elgiva, queen of Edwy, died in Gloucester.

The Cathedral, one of the noblest in England, was once a Benedictine Abbey, built in the eleventh century, and transformed into a cathedral at the Reformation. It is cruciform, a mixture of Norman and Gothic,

“ Why do we have so many styles of architecture in our cathedrals ? ”

Because these cathedrals were *centuries in building*, and witnessed the rise and fall of different types of architecture as well as of dynasties ; and, to my mind, they gain by these striking contrasts. To the initiated these varied forms are as legible as the pages of a book, and the comparison of their beauties is one of the greatest pleasures.

The nave is Norman, solid and massive. There is something indescribably solemn and majestic in those gigantic columns, and these shadows seem as reposeful as eternity. How this calm and stillness soothes the weary spirit, scorched and wearied with life's conflicts ! There is a union here of simplicity and majesty, richness and plainness, most striking and impressive. The capitals of the huge pillars are ornamented with flower-foliage carvings, not very elaborate, but varied.

The choir is an almost unrivalled specimen of the florid Gothic, in the wondrous tracery which covers its walls, pillars, stalls ; and the great orient window has but one rival in point of size, that of York Minster. There is a monument in bog-oak to a crusader, as you know, from the legs being crossed. The figure is clad in Norman *chain-mail* armour, the head adorned with pearls and fleur-de-lis—it should have been a crown,—the hand grasps the sword. Poor prince ! once so brave, so noble, crushed, broken-hearted, through an unnatural brother ! It is a mournful mausoleum, for it is Robert Curthose, the

Conqueror's first-born son, the twenty-eight-years'-prisoner of Cardiff Castle.

The great central tower is a triumph of majesty and harmony, and has turned many a thought upward to the Divine and Enduring, doubtless encouraged and strengthened many a wavering spirit. The idea of strength and power embodied in these visible, noble forms, must always work a corresponding feeling of power in the soul—why? because it was the power in another soul that brought them into existence.

The cloisters are the most perfect now to be found, with ceilings of fanlike-tracery; they were once enclosed with glass, and were lived in, instead of being, as was usually the case, employed merely as the place for walking or meditation. What a peaceful retreat they must have been in the monkish days! how many a manuscript has been illuminated, copied and read in their refreshing coolness—the cells of the monks open from these cloisters, proving that they must have been used as a general study.

"I admire the taste of the monks," said Elise; "if I were a clergyman, I would have my library in the church; what place so solemn and still to prepare for pulpit work, or coming in contact with other minds in the way a minister must?"

I may say, *en passant*, that these three cathedrals have a musical society for the cultivation of oratorio music.

From their apartments on Mountpleasant, high above Chepstow, our friends have a lovely prospect over well-wooded meadows, parks, the Wye and the Severn beyond.

“What are those lines beginning—

“‘The Avon to the Severn runs,’”

asked Artist Annie, as they-viewed for the first time this rich landscape

And Fred repeated,—

“The Avon to the Severn runs,
The Severn to the sea :
And Wickliffe’s dust shall spread abroad,
Wide as the waters be.”

“What suggested the lines?”

“You know, perhaps, Wickliffe’s body was exhumed, burned, and the ashes thrown into the Swift, a small tributary of the Avon.”

The ivy-grown ruins of Chepstow Castle are beautifully seated on the rocks, more than two hundred feet above the river, and are wonderfully romantic, trees growing in the various courts and even on the towers and battlements. The oldest portions were built in the eleventh century by Fitzosborne, Earl of Hereford, afterward the castle of the famous De Clare and Pembroke families, and has been very strong. Its gloomy, massive front is flanked by two towers; the walls of Henry Martin’s Tower are still perfect, but unroofed, the floors all gone. In this tower the regicide was a prisoner twenty years; his memorial stone one sees in the parish church, once the chapel of a convent of Benedictine or Black Monks.

The desolate four courts which it contained; the ruined chapel, still retaining a little of its old carving, the

at time this windows of which look down nearly three hundred feet ; the sally-port, the battlements, the garden, with very slight traces of its former glories to be seen; the dried-up moat on the land side, where cows were grazing under cool trees, gave Artist Annie plenty of work, and our entire party occasion for several visits.

The chief attraction in the way of ruins is the lovely ruins of the once rich and magnificent Tintern Abbey, on the Wye, about five miles north of Chepstow. This Abbey was built in 1132, by Walter De Clare, a relative of the Conqueror, for Cistercian or White Monks. Its builder seems to have had the same motive as the founder of Lanercost Priory—it was to be an expiation of a sinful life! All along the Tintern road one has the perpendicular rock-banks, often three hundred feet in height—it is a fitting introduction to these kingly ruins, seated in a valley among the round-topped hills. From the triforium and clerestory one has a view of the entire ruins, which, with that *lawn-pavement*, green as an emerald, contrasting wonderfully with the grey walls, and those rich masses of ivy, clinging lovingly and reverently to this sacred relic of a by-gone time,—the four remaining sharp-pointed gables, and the noble windows, all forms a picture that must ever remain sharp and fresh in the memory.

The monastic domestic buildings are mostly gone ; the refectory and its stone pulpit still remain, and a small portion of the hospice. The beautiful mullions of the north transept window are quite perfect, owing to the fact that the domestic portions lay on that side ; the great

west window is nearly perfect, and of marvellous grace and beauty, but the east and south windows are more ruined.

Nearly all the clustered columns of the nave are standing; many of the carvings are still sharp and clear, especially those of the door leading to the cloisters, which is a gem of carving.

The silence of death reigns with a magical spell—one listens in vain for the vesper-song or the holy chant—never more shall the organ notes weep and wail down those glorious aisles—the footfalls of monk and friar have died away “along the corridors of time.” ’Tis a hopeless ruin, and you turn away with a saddened heart.

I seem yet, as I write, to see those wondrous ruins, those majestic windows, and painted gables, sharply and clearly defined against a back-ground of clear blue sky, the rich greens of the dark ivy, and brighter grass-grown pavements of nave and choir. Tintern!—Fountains Abbey, Bolton Priory, Melrose Abbey, only can compare with it in beauty and richness—and the east and west great windows of Tintern are twice the size of those of Melrose.

On their way to the Abbey ruins our friends walked over the Wyndcliffe, nearly a thousand feet above the Wye, whence the magnificent panorama is equal to a Swiss landscape. One has a view of nine counties, and southward, away across the British Channel, of the country about Ilfracombe, while the extensive parks and steep-banked Wye in the fore-ground, form a charming picture.

After resting awhile in the stone grotto with seats, on the edge of the precipice, defended by a balustrade, they descended by several hundred stone steps ! a weary way, but, despite the fatigue, fascinating—to the Tintern road on the other side of the cliff, where the carriage meets you. Half way down is the Lion's Cave, a mysterious, deep opening in the rocks ; one enters at one side, and comes out at a different opening. At the foot of this stone staircase is the prettiest, greenest of cottages, made *entirely of moss*, through which one must pass to the road—this is all private grounds belonging to the Duke of Beaufort.

There was, too, a pleasant walk, partly through fields and a large wood, to the Devil's Pulpit, a steep, *top-heavy*, single rock overhanging the river, whence one sees on the other side of the stream, Tintern Abbey, a wondrous object among the solitary hills. There are in the vicinity of Chepstow, numerous walks of great beauty, but to Fred' one enjoyment was wanting ;—there is no boating ! The river is unsafe here ; the tides are the highest in Europe, rising fifty, and even seventy feet ! and it must be admitted the river looks black—or rather yellow—though by Abbey Tintern it grows clear.

One of the most charming rambles is along the high banks of the river, through the richly wooded Piercefield park for some three miles. One must not forget either, the ruins of Caldicote Castle, a massive, quadrangular, ivy-clad ruin, once very strong ; even now, there is only one approach to it, the ditch still surrounding it, and

filled with water—but the moat is dried up, and all is so much ruined, only the outer walls, like a huge empty shell, remain, and those broken open on one side. After their “researches” in the ruins, and admiring the very pretty neighbouring church, our friends had a “substantial,” 6 o’clock tea at the “Tippling Philosopher!” A heavy thunder-storm came on while they were in this classic retreat, but its object evidently was a benevolent one—to lay the dust, which is something dreadful here, so that they enjoyed a cool and *dustless* return to Chepstow.

Another morning was spent in a delightful ramble through beautiful meadows, climbing at least thirty hedges! to St. Pierre park, containing an artificial lake, fine oaks and beeches, and troops of deer.

The St. Pierre estate has been in the Lewis family since—I forget how long—they did *not* “come in with the Conqueror,” but are Saxon; the house is a quadrangle, built around a green court; the pretty, very little chapel, is being repaired, and contains memorials to the Lewises.

They returned by Matherne church, whose heavy, square tower betrays the Norman hand—it was built about 630, and although it has been restored, some of the old masonry is conspicuous among the more modern work, and bears a tint that time alone can give. In Matherne church-yard, on a moss-grown stone, Elise found the following characteristic epitaph:—

“John Lee is dead, that good old man,
We ne’er shall see him more;
He used to wear an old drab coat,
All buttoned down before.”

"Oh Elise! it is pouring rain!" cried Artist Annie in dismay, going to the window the first thing in the morning; "no going to Monmouth to-day, and I had so set my heart on seeing the home of the famous Geoffrey of Monmouth, and the ruins of its old fortress, and Raglan Castle too, and we should have gone to Cardiff by Abergavenny and the sugar-loaf mountain; *c'est triste, n'est-ce pas?* Well, perhaps we ought to rest one day. I am tired, and so are you, and we have not had a free day for over a week."

"Sour grapes, *ma chère*," said Elise; "we can spend the day very pleasantly though; Fred has some new books, and we both have unfinished work, to which we will add at least a line. You remember our old motto? *Non dies sine linea.*"

"I have been amusing myself the last half-hour," said Fred, as they all sat down to breakfast, "watching the rain-drops that seem to dance at the marriages of winds and clouds; only look out of the window, and you will see something of what I describe."

"A gay society of ducks entertains each other by the pond made by the rain. A handsome green-crested drake, vain as Adonis, waddles by 'supported' by two amiable ducks, to enjoy their breakfast spread out on a damp green knoll yonder. Two ducks of a meditative turn of mind, and a lofty indifference to such creature comforts, remain unmoved by these gastronomic attractions, until a distant quack of triumph proclaims the discovery of some rare tit-bit, at which the reflective husband rouses himself, plumes his wings, makes a short self-important

speech to his wife, and waddles away in great haste, frightening a modest little brown bird breakfasting alone, while the philosophic duckess, after one or two coquettish turnings of her head, plunges it again under her wing and retires into herself.

“Next a magnificent dog,—a retriever, of melancholy mien,—appears on the scene, shaking himself from the heavy rain. Two lofty elms salute each other, as courteously as the Pope and the Kaiser, and beyond the thick, grey mist.”

“Let us congratulate ourselves we are not shut in with an almanac,” said Elise, as she made the tea; “besides, such rain as this never lasts long; to-morrow will be fresh and cool,” and so it proved.

The refreshed earth and the pure air had a wondrous perfume, as it might be in the Gardens of the Hesperides, as they whizzed along by the shimmering Severn, over the Rhymney into Wales, and by the Bristol Channel into Cardiff, at the mouth of the Taff, now the chief seaport, in the old days the stronghold, of South Wales. The Castle is the attracting force for the traveller; though, unhappily, the Marquis of Bute is restoring it in a style not at all in harmony with its ancient architecture. It was built by a Norman baron in the eleventh century. The huge, round Norman keep, unroofed, stands on a knoll at the upper side of the large court, with stone steps leading to the top. There is a pleasant walk around the ramparts, which are very extensive and strong, shaded by old trees, the Taff flowing directly beneath.

In the Curtis Tower one sees the dungeon in which the unhappy Robert, Duke of Normandy, heir to the Conqueror's throne of England, was shut in eight-and-twenty years by his younger brother, Henry Beauclerc, who first destroyed his eyes.

No less than eight beautiful peacocks rejoiced in the cool shade of the park.

CHAPTER XXI.

A MONTH IN WALES—CHESTER.

(*From Elise's "Denkbuch."*)

"**S**HALL we go to Tenby or Aberystwith?" enquired Fred, as we loitered on the ramparts of Cardiff Castle, "for our sea-side rest, before our return to bonnie Scotland?"

"Tenby is very nice," said Aunt Jessie; "I once spent a fortnight there; it stands high on rocky banks above the beach, to which one descends by steps, and there are many pleasant excursions to be made in its immediate vicinity—plenty of ruins."

Artist Annie thought it might prove a good sketching-field, but voted finally for Aberystwith, as being more bracing, and there we went by the coast route through Caermarthen, where we waited an hour for our next train, which we spent, partly in drinking tea and eating sandwiches, partly in looking about us."

The town is in the vale of the Salmon-rich-Towy, which winds through green and shaded fields hereabout, where Steele once rambled and wrote, and the poet Dyer. But more than this: we are in the birth-place of the renowned seer, poet, and magician of Wales, Merlin, whose sayings and doings are so interwoven with the wild legends of Welsh traditions.

This enchanter of early romances flourished in the fifth century, the contemporary of Vortigern, King Arthur, and the knights of the Round Table. It is only three miles to Martin's Grove, where tradition has buried him, and where the fiends are still at their Sisypheus labour, forging the brazen walls for Caermarthen! We had not time to follow Spenser's advice :

“ And if thou ever happen that same way
To travel, go to see that dreadful place.”

Aberystwith is charming. “ Oh ! how delightful ! ” we all exclaimed, as, driving from the station, we turned suddenly into the Marine Parade, the shining sea directly before us. It is near the union of the two small rivers, Rheidol and Ystwith, at the mouth of the latter—as its name implies—*Aber*. We took apartments on the Parade, a charming promenade along the beach, bordered on the opposite side with bright, cheerful houses and hotels, at one end Constitution Hill—and you will say so when you have climbed it to the top ! if you have any breath left ! It is a mass of slate, some three hundred feet in height ; from the beach, the precipitous slate rocks and the huge masses that come to view at low tide, look very picturesque. When the tide was out, we had rare, if somewhat *slippery* sport, clambering over these rocks, among the sea-weed, hunting limpits and periwinkles. If you do not succeed in your first attempt to detach the limpit from the rock, for it clings very tenaciously to it, it is next to impossible afterward. Aunt Jessie says : “ *Sin clings to the soul as*

the limpit to the rock !" a most lively figure. I never was so struck with the strength and *clingingness* of sin before. Snugly ensconced in some hollow in a rock, among seaweed and shells, just water enough to keep him alive, sometimes we came across a lobster—an uncanny beast ; if he should give you a *pinch*, he would take a piece out of your hand. The children made the rocks ring again with shouts of glee—now and then a good tumble and wet feet, only making a *sauce piquante* for their fun. At the summit of the hill, we had a very pretty picture of the surrounding country, the town, and the iron pier at the other end of the Parade, where the band plays twice a day, and how the sea shimmered and glittered, row-boats far and near in every direction.

As for dear Artist Annie and Fred, I am sure they were in Dante's highest circle.

A little beyond the pier, on high rock banks close to the sea, stand the few remains of the ancient town walls, and the ruins of the castle built more than eight hundred years ago by De Strongbow, afterward re-fortified by Edward I. The surrounding moat is still perfectly distinct, overgrown with grass and wild-flowers. There are the remains of some towers, here and there a room, or part of one, or a long-forsaken, desolate fire-place.

We have had several pebble-hunts, and have found some very pretty agates and onyxes. The jasper, cornelian, amethyst, and other stones are found here, and the lapidary's business thrives and grows, but many a

stone sold as Aberystwith is sent across the German Ocean from the Continent.

Our drive to the Devil's Bridge, about sixteen miles, was very pleasant. Through every village we passed, troops of children followed the carriage, singing and offering flowers. They were always barefoot, sometimes, mostly bareheaded, and unfamiliar with soap and water. I recollect one little girl in particular, dirty but beautiful, dark as night, eyes flashing fire as she sang. I longed to talk to her, but I do not fancy she knew English. We had a near view of Plinlimmon, the fruitful source of several fine rivers and much fine scenery. Now and then a wheel whizzing furiously in some valley, betrayed the proximity of a mine.

The Devil's Bridge consists of one arch over the chasm through which the river flows, immediately under it another, black with centuries, supposed to have been constructed by the monks of the now ruined convent of Strata Florida, so far back as the reign of William Rufus, but that is not certain. The great and little Punch Bowls, close by the bridge, are two rocky basins where the water, ice-cold and crystal clear, roars and foams like a boiling cauldron. The deep, almost black, shadows of the dense foliage, and the dark rocks and the blackened bridges, with the bewildering roar of the water, would all suit Proserpine full well, and make a fitting pleasure-ground for Hades. The descent into the wild glen is by "Jacob's Ladder," a long, steep—*very steep*—narrow flight of stone steps. In this shadowy *grund* the Mynach flows

over the blackened rocks, grouped here and there in wild, fantastic shapes, forming four waterfalls and several mimic cascades, and the sound of the rushing, roaring stream produces a wild, weird effect perfectly indescribable. Here is food for the artist, the dreamer; here might the poet dream away his days, and weave his golden fancies of Arcadian and Elysian fields. At every step you find a new surprise: a romantic bit of steps in the stone, a group of rocks, moss, and tiny flowerets; a glittering cascade, falling like diamonds and pearls intermingling. What would it be by moonlight. I do not think of any English adjective sufficient to express all one feels and thinks in this romantic glen. A Frenchman would say "*Magnifique!*" a German, "*Grossartig! Riesenhaft!*"

We dined at the pleasant hotel on the steep banks overlooking the glen, and then drove to the Parson's Bridge, some three miles distant, to recover from any sinister effects of the morning.

It consists of two narrow planks over the Mynach, deep down in the narrowest of glens, at the foot of bleak looking hills; here the simple mountain people cross to climb to the church on the hill above.

The quaint costume and odd-looking high hats of the Welsh women, seem perfectly in harmony with their wild, unmusical language, which, *beiläufig*, is, if not pleasant to the ear, rich and very poetical.

We spent another day most delightfully in a drive to the ruined Strata Florida Convent, about fifteen miles

distant, regaled by the singing and flowers of the peasant children.

"We shall have a lovely day for our journey to Dolgelly—and pray pronounce it correctly, I hope you are advanced enough in your Welsh for that," said Fred, as we had all assembled for our hot breakfast of the delicious Towy salmon in Aberystwith; "it is too early to climb the Cader, but we shall have a fine view of him, second only to Snowdon in height and grandeur."

The scenes around Dolgelly are bewitching in their romance and wild beauty; we made mountain rambles, and a visit to the waterfall, and after two days in this loveliest of places we went to Barmouth for a day, *en route* for the North. Barmouth is very pretty, with extensive sands, an advantage over Aberystwith, where there are none.

The scenery grows more beautiful as one approaches North Wales. We passed close by the imposing ruins of Harlech Castle, seated high on the rocks, where the "Queen of Tears" once took refuge. At last Snowdon bursts upon the view in his huge proportions; nearly all the way, to the left, glimmers the sea.

Caernarvon Castle has played a prominent figure in the busy brain of every history-loving student, as well as in the past, but no imagination could fairly picture its imposing situation and marvellous powers as a stronghold. In front of the principal entrance-tower is a statue of Edward I. holding a half unsheathed sword in his hand, which he seems to be drawing from its scabbard. This

massive gateway is defended by four portcullises. The birth-place of the pusillanimous Edward II., what a pity it could not have reflected a little of its strength upon that monarch's character! In the Eagle Tower they show you his cradle and his birth-room; the first is very probably genuine, the latter can scarcely be. From its imperial battlements one looks away from the rocky heights of its position upon the beautiful Menai Straits, and over the old town that has witnessed so many royal pageant-tries from the mighty Edward I. down.

We had planned a *détour* to Llanberis, but there came on a *pouring rain*, unlike what we generally have here, a drizzle, and we were obliged to give that up.

The journey from Caernarvon to Chester is most delightful—the majesty of mountain scenery, the sea in view to the mouth of the Dee most of the way, ruins, country-seats; what would you have more! But we have something more. We stopped at Bangor, that we might have time to wonder at those proofs of human genius, the stupendous Britannia and Conway tubular bridges, the latter over the estuary formed by the mouth of the Conway River. One views these majestic works with astonishment. The Conway bridge consists of *one span*, four hundred feet long, and eighteen feet only from the water-level, with a gigantic abutment of masonry at each end.

The Britannia bridge is 1513 feet in length, one hundred above the water, with three enormous abutments of solid masonry, one, the Britannia Tower, 210 feet high in the

centre of the bridge, having its foundations on a rock in the middle of the Menai Strait. Crossing these, I felt, something as at Niagara and Montreal bridges, a sensation of awe in the presence of this *something* in man, we none of us comprehend. The scenery which these magnificent works grace, is inexpressibly lovely: Anglesea, with its monument to the great Stephenson, who has also a memorial stained window in Westminster Abbey, in which one recognises his great bridges; its pretty watering-place, Beaumarais, linked to olden times by its ruined castle; the strait and its steep banks.

We went across the island to Holyhead, and had a view of the gigantic Breakwater, which forms the harbour for the island. From the precipitous rocks of the headland, what a sublime scene would the ocean present in a storm! Aunt Jessie says she would prefer seeing said storm *here*, than in mid-ocean!

Three mail steamers, in connection with the London express, leave Holyhead for Kingstown daily; the distance is sixty miles, performed in four and a half hours! the fastest in the world. The steamer we saw set sail, looked a lovely object, as she shot through the waves like a duck, without the least visible effort; one had crossed our path, just in front of us, as we were on the ocean.

The morning was bright, the country lovely, as we left Beaumarais to continue our route. Now comes Penmaenmawr with its mountains, then the ruins of the magnificent Conway Castle, high on a rock, with eight massive embattled towers; this, too, was built by Edward I.,—what

a conception he had of strength! *What a man does must be like him!* Edward II., or Henry VI., never could have conceived such an idea, much less have possessed the power of putting the thought into language, for a castle, or church, or planned gardens, like those of Zenobia of Palmyra, *par example*, are a sort of language—the substance of thought which is *non-material*.


This little *détour* into metaphysics, I must blame this beautiful relic of the past, Conway Castle, for, and meanwhile, our train has been dashing on at a fearful rate. Soon after leaving Rhyl, begins the mouth, or estuary, of the Dee, on which the old-fashioned Flint, once a favourite sea-side place, is situated. It was high tide, so that the river looked like the sea, but Uncle said, at ebb it is but a broad belt of dreary sand. Flint Castle, on a low freestone rock, of course in ruins—for where did not Cromwell's arm reach?—was once a prison of Richard II. At last, *nous voilà*, in the famous old red-walled, red-housed Chester. Its walls are still complete, forming a pleasant promenade around the city. From the phoenix tower on the walls, Charles I. witnessed the defeat of his army on Rowton heath. We procured some "apple wine" on the walls, and rested, for it was very warm; the country, the winding Dee, green meadows and parks, a regiment drilling in one great field, and the quaint old city made a varied picture not soon to be forgotten. At the angle of the walls, close by the old bridge, are the famous Dee Mills, as old as the Norman conquest.

“There was a jolly miller once lived on the river Dee,
He worked and sang from morn till night, none was so blithe as he,
And still the burden of his song for ever used to be,
I care for nobody, no, not I, and nobody cares for me !”

This old mill ground better corn than theology. A portion of the old castle, built of red stone, of the Norman days, still remains, but surrounded by new barracks, armoury and courts of justice—I sometimes think they might be called *injustice*. Very likely I’m wrong—’tis only a passing thought. The cathedral, once the nucleus of a priory, has been “*restored*,” and looks glaringly new ; the cloisters look old enough, and were delightfully damp. In the afternoon it began to rain, but that did not prevent our walk in the arcades, which constitute a characteristic feature in the old houses. These arcades extend through whole streets, affording shelter from winds and rain ; they somewhat resemble a double verandah, the lower story on a level with the street, while from the upper story, one descends into the street by steps. Oh, the delight of loitering in these arcades ! The paradise of old shops, with their wondrous store of jewellery, old china, pictures, and all sorts of imaginable articles of *virtù*. There is a richness, a mellowness, an air of high antiquity about them, that reminds me most of the delicious, unrivalled shops of the fair old Saxon city, Dresden.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN SUSSEX.

“ HERE! that's finished!” cried Elise, going to the balcony overlooking the sea.

“What's finished?” asked Artist Annie, looking up from the nose of “My Uncle Toby,” to which she was giving a few “finishing touches.”

“My letter to Fannie.”

“Will you read it to me before you go out?”

“Gewiss, sehr gern:—

“BRIGHTHELMSTON! BRISTELMESTUNE!

Midsummer.

Ma chère Fannie,—

“You will not find that distinguished address on your Sussex map, for the little fishing village of Norman and later times, has, with its old character, laid aside its old name. We have been *Bright'un's* now for three months; are getting ourselves well salted down, and penetrated through and through with every sea breeze and wind that blows, so that we have the brightest hopes of returning to Idylwood as green as a blade of May-grass. I hope you will not be misled by the idea of *greenness*, to associate it in any way with ‘Verdant Green,’ which is a shade of green, peculiar to eminent seats of learning. None of the extraordinary things of which one reads have

happened to us during our stay in this Queen of the South.

"No oyster has been washed up at our feet, containing a priceless pearl, nor jewel casket, with a secret spring opening to a bundle of yellow-with-time-love-letters. No fair maiden with her long golden hair falling over bust and arm of alabaster whiteness, with a ring on her engagement finger, and a portrait of a handsome face and curly head next her heart, has been floated up by the great grand billows on the sands beside us. The upper half of a tin coffee-pot *was* thrown up to Fred one morning, which was, if not a very poetic, a very suggestive object. None of these romantic things, I say, have happened to us, but something far better; we have found health and hilarity. and to hear Artist Annie's merry heartsome laugh, is enough to cure even a patient suffering from *liver*!

"I love sometimes to steal away alone into that fascinating realm of silence, of solitude, climb the hills of fancy, and bathe the mind and spirit in the sweet, subtle poetry of land, mountain, and sea, with my two friends Wordsworth and Tennyson. You, *cara mia*, who know me so well, can enter fully into my enthusiasm, nor charge me with vanity nor pedantry. Do you remember all our delicious rambles, our nice tête-à-têtes *en François*, and our daily French correspondence at dear Nuthurst? I rejoice to think the time is very near when we shall meet once again—indeed I am not sure this will not be my last letter. We have made several visits to London; the first time we remained some weeks, and were most delight-

fully occupied with drives, rides in Rotten Row, and visits, seeing the various objects of interest, and studying the works of Art. Our dear Artist Annie copied some of the paintings in the National Gallery, and at South Kensington, one of which she is just now touching up while I write. Fred took great interest in the British Museum, and we spent several afternoons there. He says he requires six months to master its details, and I suspect he is right. It is indeed a marvellous, a mammoth collection. The remains brought from Babylon, Nineveh and Egypt, are to me of greatest interest, and those relics of classic Greece and Rome. One feels as if transplanted to those heroic ages of which Homer and the other old poets wrote.

"The day is as lovely as the Pavilion is ugly! How any architect could have been induced to build anything so hideous I cannot conceive, but the grounds are beautiful, and at the time of the 'flower show' it was really charming. The royal stables have been converted into a library and museum. The marine terrace at Brighton extends some three miles, the eastern half strengthened by a massive sea-wall of stone masonry. I have seen nothing to equal it in England, save the Marina at St. Leonard's. During the morning, until bathing is over, the beach presents a most animated spectacle. Oh! the scores of little wooden spades, busy building sand-castles, as enduring as our dreams! and digging moats to be filled from the sea with as many little pails! Here many a lesson is learnt of the difficulty of success in life, for though it

looks so easy, nothing is more difficult than filling the pail without wetting the feet !

"Here is an inventive little girl digging a hole in the sand a little way in from the rising tide, as deep as her pail ! It fills, and she fills her pail. Ah ! my little maiden, may all your plans and plots be as innocent and as successful ! Bathing is much more enjoyed here than in the Queen of the North—Scarborough—where there is little of it, and where a lady would never dream of going 'in her hair' till it was dry. There, they are so stiff and frigid ; the highest French boots and kids, silks and velvets, are *de rigueur*, as also a very composed, low tone in conversation—a merry laugh, or sitting down on the beach, were frightfully *infra dig.* ! In fact, you have the perfection of Snobbishness. Here one does enter heart and soul into the bathing, though Fashion finds herself by no means neglected, and the objects some ladies make of themselves ! As for the hats, it does not signify in the least *which* way you put them on. There is no front or back ! Put them on crown down or up—or on one side like a dragoon—or hanging back on your shoulders. The more *outré*, the more *à-la-mode* !

"From three to six is the fashionable hour for riding, driving, walking, flirting, and talking little nothings, and the Marine Parade is Oxford Street, Pall Mall, or Piccadilly moved down from London. Brighton is overgrown and overbuilt, and has, to a great extent, forgotten her rôle of watering-place. The 'Season' is really from

November to January, when balls and flirtations are at high water. The lovers of nature are refreshed and gone home, and Fashion holds high Carnival.

"We often go on the western pier, if we want a quiet place to read—that is, in the morning—it is protected at the end by arcades glazed in the side next the sea, and there one can sit sheltered from the fierce wind, if it is stormy. The band begins to play at noon, it plays also in the afternoon and evening, when quiet is no longer to be found. *Then*, if you like, you can go on the chain pier, where nobody goes—it is unfashionable, but very pleasant.

"On the cheap excursion days, when the 'trippers,' as one calls the excursionists in Scarborough, pour down from London and elsewhere, those crowds of the unwashed take possession of beach and piers, and convert the beach into what the hotel people call the "beach hotel." As at Scarborough, the Grand Hotel and the Bedford—and others—have a *table d'hôte* which is tolerably well patronized, and prices are not *too* low! Here we have the famous South Downs, and the delicious South Down lamb and mutton, which must satisfy the palate of the greatest gastronome. On these grassy, sweeping hills, the winds blow without let or hindrance, fresh—or rather salt—and pure. No wonder sheep is good! From Brighton as our central point, we have made numerous *petits tours*, and have seen the chief points of interest in Sussex, the 'Holy Land of gothic abbeys and castles,' as Walpole calls it. What a variety of scenery we have enjoyed; the heights and graceful slopes of the Downs, the

vast Weald, pretty, rural vales, watered by winding streams—though the great want of Sussex is water, hence the number of windmills—its seaboard of lofty chalk cliffs, or banks level with the sea—all dotted with parks, castles, halls, ruins of castles and sacred abbeys and chapels, mouldering fast away, but with an undying history, and those dear-old-darling-gray churches, with their massive square Norman towers! How I love them, and take them to my very heart! I never make a new friend of one of them without a *thrill of joy!*

“We are going now for a walk; we are alone just now; Fred is *à cheval* with Harry and Charlie Wentworth; Papa and Aunt Jessie we left in Hastings for a couple of days with Prof. and Mrs. Huntley. You remember sweet little May Huntley, by whose grave *our* cypress and roses grow? I think I see her yet, with her little basket, as she looked that morning, when, after reading the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress,’ she said she ‘was going on a pilgrimage like Christiana and her little boys!’ But our walk is waiting. *Au revoir!*”

“Evening! We have just witnessed one of the finest sunsets I ever saw. There were broad stripes and floating clouds of vermillion, purple and gold, and their varied shadows falling on the great silver-like sea, made the waves rippling up on the shore, like liquid rubies, amethysts and opals, mingling their waves with those of emeralds and aqua marines! The effect was magical. One often speaks of the desirableness of an universal language; we have one already—the language of nature and of music.

They appeal to every heart, and are felt by all who have a soul, for they address themselves, not to the intellectual powers, but to the feelings, hence a scientific knowledge of their ruling laws is not necessary to bring the heart under their sway. Half the happy-looking people we saw this evening, could not have told *what it was* that made them so happy, but they *felt* in sympathy, and did not trouble themselves with philosophical speculations. I do not mean to say the scientific mind does not enjoy more than the one unlettered in science, but there is a *difference* in the pleasure this knowledge affords. Our sunset was such a contrast to yesterday, when thick clouds spread over the heavens, and night closed in with a fearful thunderstorm. The heat was intense, every moment the heavens were one vast sea of fire and flame, and with this sheet lightning, the forked lightnings shot their terrible arrows through the darkness. It was an awful scene! For more than an hour I sat and watched the storm. How the hollow thunder rolled away over the sea! Ah! what a mighty power rules all these appalling forces of nature, so that they cannot overstep their bounds! Omnipotence! Infinity! What do they mean?

"Fred has just come in from his ride; he says we should see the invalid maiden they met during their ride; she was so wasted and pale, there seemed nothing left in her body except her soul, and that seemed to be all in her eyes! She was very beautiful, but, Charlie told him, dying of consumption.

"We had a very pleasant week in St. Leonards and Has-

tings—all one now—but it is too relaxing to stay there now, no one goes before September or October. Although so near Brighton, the air is quite different.

“The neighbourhood is charming; such rich foliage and beautiful hedges. From Hastings to Battle Abbey it is luxuriant. As we entered the ruins, under the massive, gray Norman gateway, we seemed to hear the Conqueror’s cry: ‘*Marchons! marchons! Dieu aide!*’ and the answering battle-cry of the Saxons, ‘Holy Cross!’ Back, nearly a thousand years, fancy leads us! No holier spot exists in any history than this, where Harold the Brave and Unhappy, the Gustavus Adolphus of England, in whom the spirit of the Greek and Roman heroes seemed to breathe, fell, defending his country and his throne, and the Saxon *Oriflamme* was taken. The Saxon sleeps now in a *lost grave* in Waltham Holy Cross Abbey, and his Norman conqueror in a *robbed* one in St. Stephen’s Church at Caën—their greatness and glory vanished, but the results of their deeds as enduring as time! An oak grows now where the golden royal standard stood, and where Harold fell was the high altar—now a shapeless mass of ruins. It was built by the Conqueror as a magnificent chantry, where prayers should be offered for the souls of those who fell in the battle, and to commemorate his splendid victory.

“Battle Abbey was *mitred*, that is, that its abbot had a right to a seat in Parliament, was for Benedictines, built on the same plan as the ancient Marmoutier of Tours, and dedicated to St. Martin of Tours, and its first two

abbots and its first monks were from that monastery. The abbey was commenced in 1067, and it and Marmoutier were consecrated nearly at the same time—Battle in 1095, in the presence of William Rufus, when his royal father's sword was offered on the high altar; Marmoutier in 1096. Up to the dissolution of the monastic establishments there were twenty-nine abbots, one of whom witnessed Magna Charta; at that time Henry VIII. bestowed this abbey, with its lands, upon Sir Anthony Browne, who proceeded to demolish it.

“The estate now belongs to the Duke of Cleveland. The great court is a rich lawn, with the terrace of the Guests' House, or hospice, on the south side. As you stand on this beautiful terrace, you have to the west two picturesque, octagonal battlemented towers, whose time-darkened grey contrasts richly with the varied greens. As you pass under the noble Norman arch of the grand old gateway, battlemented, flanked with turrets, with an east and west wing, each finished with two turrets, you have, at your right, in the gatehouse, the prisons—some of the rings are still there, no windows, the ground for a floor—they must have been horrible. The cloisters are a square, now a beautiful rose garden, near which is a cool delicious lime-tree walk. Around the cloisters the abbey church and other monastic buildings stood, the whole covering an area of a mile. The church stood north of the cloisters, the refectory on the south, parallel with the minster—an invariable monastic rule; the dormitory east, built from north to south. In the west alley

of the cloisters the novices sat, in the north the prior and monks. There were carols, screened recesses for the composers, writers, and illuminators. If the abbot passed, all rose and saluted him. From the cloisters they went in procession to refectory, church, hall, or chapter. After dinner they all went down the slype to the 'Calvary,' thence directly to the dormitory for the hour's midday siesta. The ruins of the dormitory, roofless, with only three sides, grass-grown, ivy clad, are singularly picturesque. Underneath are three vaulted chambers, with Purbeck marble shafts, in an almost perfect state of preservation.

"Here the monks *lived* hours each day. The north chamber is the day-room, which is entered from a slype; here *no conversation* was permitted. In the middle chamber—the parlour—entered from the same slype, conversation was allowed at certain times. South is the calefactory, the only room with a fire, where the monks relaxed their discipline, warmed themselves, lighted the censers, dried the parchments, chatted and enjoyed themselves. It contains a large fire-place, four windows, one a lancet, and one with a quatrefoil—they all had seats, and likely there were circular seats around the pillars.

is, too, an aumbry, which probably contained writing materials, for, depend upon it, the monks used this cheerful, warm chamber for a scriptorium whenever they could. It seemed very odd, in these damp, cold, silent partly subterranean chambers, to imagine these busy monkish days. The Abbot's solar is the drawing-room of

the modern mansion, it has marble shafts, and the vaulted ceiling, which seems very low for our modern notions, is decorated with gilt stars, cut out by the present duchess herself. The Abbot's hall and solar one does not enter, but the blinds are drawn up and one is permitted to see what were the ancient Norman portions. In one part of the ruins we saw the remains of a stone coffin or two. The massive outer precinct walls, with buttresses, still extend along the north side of the abbey; opposite, on the other side of the highway, is the Norman and Gothic battlemented parish church of St. Mary, founded by Ralph, Abbot of Battle, in 1107; it was the property of the convent. In the chancel, surrounded by a grille, is the gorgeous altar-tomb of Alabaster, in renaissance style, to Sir Anthony Browne and his wife; their recumbent effigies decorate the top, a hart at his feet, a dog at hers—he built this mausoleum during his life-time. On the chancel floor is a black marble slab to John Wythines, D.D., date, 1615., Part of the Latin epitaph may be translated thus:—

“As long a time as I desired, I lived on earth below,
Nor longer time nor less required, since Jesus willed it so.

“We wandered about the quiet little village of Battle, with its quaint old houses, and simple-minded people, lunched at a quaint old inn, and returned with sunset to Hastings. A richer historical tour I never made.

“We climbed the West, or Castle Cliff, at Hastings, for the view of the castle ruins, and the city and country.

Old Hastings lies wedged in between the East and West Cliffs, safe from every breeze, and is fearfully hot in summer. When or by whom Hastings Castle was built is not known—certainly before the Norman invasion, possibly by the Romans. Its moat, on all sides save the south, where the cliff, one hundred and fifty-six feet high, was an impregnable defence, was sixty feet deep, one hundred wide ! An arch and the remains of a square and a round tower, are mostly all that now remains of this grim old place, where in 1090 the lords temporal and spiritual assembled to pay homage to the proud Norman conqueror.

“ After we left the castle we walked to Fairlight Glen, a delicious bit of Nature’s painting. From the spot where the old mill stood, our view reached even to France, and from Beachy Head to South Foreland, covering ruins, churches, windmills, and martello towers ! How can I tell you of the wondrous foliage, and the darling little wild flowers ? There is a charming little poem on this glen, which I send you, in which reference is made to the dripping well, which, alas ! like *la roche qui pleut, dans la Forêt de Fontainebleau*, in the hottest, dryest weather refuses to drip !

SONG OF FAIRLIGHT GLEN.

“ I loved the lone place in my childish days,
 For the primrose blossomed there,
 And the violets grew among the harebells blue,
 And the spring birds warbled clear :
 And the green boughs swung in the breeze, and sung

Like the music of a dream :
But the charm of all was the waterfall,
And the dripping of the stream.

Drip ! drip ! drip !
The water still falls on the mossy lip
Of the old gray stones in the stream.

“ I loved the lone place in my youthful days,
When I wandered there alone ;
When far from the strife of the tide of life,
I mused on the silent stone ;
And the noontide ray of the summer day
Through the trembling leaves would gleam ;
But the best of all was the waterfall,
And the music of the stream !
Drip ! drip ! drip !
The water still falls on the mossy lip
Of the old grey stones in the stream.

“ It is sweet to rove through the wild wood grove
When the heart is dull and sad !
It is sweet to feel the melody steal
O'er the heart and make it glad !
And every sound in the glen around
Is sweet as a gentle dream ;
But the best of all is the waterfall,
And the dripping of the stream.
Drip ! drip ! drip !
The water still falls on the mossy lip
Of the old gray stones in the stream.

“ Of course we went on to the Lovers' Seat, which is in a ledge of the rock, hewn out of the face of the cliff almost at the top. Two lovers, whose love was disap-

proved of by the lady's family, Miss Boys and Lieutenant Lamb, were wont to meet here; their stolen interviews ended in an elopement, and their marriage in London. He was afterwards drowned in Southampton Water. We made a very zig-zag walk to the waterfall of Old Roar, two or three miles from Hastings, through fields and meadows, alongside hedges, through woods. 'Roar!' indeed! They ought to hear Niagara! Bathing is entered into in St. Leonards with great spirit; there are sands, in one part of which are the remains of a submarine forest, to be seen at ebb.

"I made a little pilgrimage to old All Saints Church, with a very sweet chime of bells;—Why? George Mogridge—'Old Humphrey'—lies in its grave-yard; I copied the following lines from his stone:—

"Cheerful he passed his days below,
Though thorny paths his feet had trod;
For he had found in every woe
The mingled mercies of his God;
And they sustained him in his fears,
In youth, in manhood, and in years.

"Titus Oates was clergyman here, and his father was once rector of this parish.

"We had a delightful drive over the breezy Downs to the Devil's Dyke, about six miles from Brighton. It is a remarkable chasm, an oval entrenchment, nearly a mile in circumference, its green, sloping sides so regular, as to resemble a work of art. From this Dyke Hill one has an imposing view of the South Downs, the sea, the Isle of

which is in
of the cliff
was disap-

Wight, Brighton, Worthing, Shoreham—the view extends over several counties. I give you an amusing poem, which embodies the tradition of the formation of this phenomenon :—

“ Five hundred years ago or more, or if you please in days of yore,
That wicked wight yeleft Old Nick, renowned for many a wanton
trick,
With envy, from the Downs beheld the studded churches of the
Weald ;
Here, Poynings cruciform, and there, Hurst, Albourne, Bolney,
Newtimber,
Cuckfield and more, with towering crest ; *Quæ nunc præscribere
longum est ;*
Oft heard the undulating chime proclaim around ’twas service
time.
‘ Can I, with common patience see these churches, and not one for
me ?
Shall I be cheated of my due, by such a sanctimonious crew ? ’
He muttered twenty things beside, and swore *that* night the foam-
ing tide,
Led through a vast and wondrous trench, should give the pious
souls a drench.
Adown the West the Steeds of Day hasted merrily away,
And night in solemn pomp came on, her lamp a star—a cloud
her throne,
The lightsome moon she was not there, but deck’d the other
hemisphere.
Now with a fit capacious spade, so large, it was on purpose made,
Old Nick began, with much ado, to cut the lofty Downs in two ;
At every lift his spade threw out a thousand waggon-loads no
doubt !
Oh ! had he laboured till the morrow, this envious work had
wrought much sorrow.

"The Weald, with verdant beauty graced, o'erwhelmed, a sad and
 watery waste !
 But so it chanced, a good old dame, whose deed has long outlived
 her name,
 Waked by the cramp at midnight hour, or just escaped the night-
 mare's power,
 Rose from her humble bed, when lo ! she heard Nick's terrible
 ado !
 And by the starlight faintly spied this wicked wight, and dyke so
 wide !
 She knew him by his mighty size, his tail, his horns, his saucer
 eyes ;
 And while with wonderment amazed, at workman and at work
 she gazed,
 Swift cross her mind a thought there flew that she by stratagem,
 might do
 A deed which luckily should save her country from a watery grave ;
 By his own weapons fairly beating the father of all lies and
 cheating !
 Fort'n from her casement in a minute, a sieve, with flaming candle
 in it,
 She held to view :—and simple Nick, who ne'er suspecting such a
 trick,
 (All rogues are fools) when first his sight a full orb'd luminary
 bright
 Beheld—he fled—his work undone—scared at the sight of a new
 sun,
 And muttering curses that the day shall drive him from his work
 away !
 Night after night, this knowing dame watched—but again Nick
 never came,
 Who now dares call the action evil, *To hold a candle to the Devil ?*
 " At the foot of this hill stands the cruciform church of

Poynings, where a long line of Fitz-Rainalds, Barons de Poynings sleep. They lived and ruled from the Norman Conquest down to 1446, when Eleanor, the last de Poynings, brought the estate to the Percies. There is a curious brass to the Damette de Bissel; who *she* was, or what her relation to the baronial family, is a mystery;—perhaps she was the *fiancée* of one of the young Barons, found dead in her bower the morning before her wedding-day!

“On our way to Eastbourne, a favourite sea-side resort close by Beachy Head, which I may tell you, *en passant*, is very pretty, its marine parade laid out in three terraces, one above the other, with samphire growing on the rocks, we passed for a second time through Lewes, which lies on a hill sloping abruptly upward from the river Ouse, amid the Downs, and possesses, by right of its great antiquity and historical interest, a great attraction. This town is so old, that its history reaches away back into the regions of fable. As you enter it from Brighton, you have at your right the ruins of the great Priory of St. Pancras, portions of round towers, arches covered with ivy—one tower so completely ivy-grown, you cannot see the grey stones at all! This famous Priory was for Cluniac monks, a branch of the Benedictines, was one of the mitred abbeys, of enormous possessions and mighty influence. St. Pancras was founded by the Princess Gundrada, daughter of the Conqueror, and her illustrious husband, William de Warenne, upon whom the Norman William had bestowed the Rape of Lewes, together with vast

estates in Yorkshire, Norfolk and Surrey. It is interesting to know, the remains of Gundrada and William were found in 1845, when the excavations were being made for the railway, in two small leaden coffins, bearing their names on the lids!—now preserved in Southover church. They probably died before the Priory church was completed, and were afterwards exhumed, and their bones interred in the holy abbey they had built. How strangely one's thoughts go back up the centuries, at sight of these remarkable relics!

“The whole Priory, including its ‘Calvary,’ garden, stews for fish, &c., covered an area of forty acres, and here the De Warrenes, Clares, De Veres, Fitz-Alans, Nevilles, and other great families, once found sepulture! Now, the green-springing-grass and ivy cover the few broken ruins—all that remains of their greatness! Truly ‘all is vanity!’ If you look away to your left above the town, on the crest of the hill, you will see the Keep of the old Castle, built by the Norman princess and her husband, and where they lived!—a majestic object, beautified with the evergreen ivy.

“Remains of the pre-historic ages have been found here—Roman coins, urns, rings. King John made three hurried visits to the town, and in 1264, the ‘Battle of the English Constitution,’ the ever-memorable battle of Lewes was fought, between the confederate barons under Simon de Montfort, and Henry III. and Prince Edward. Edward I., the mighty king, visited Lewes frequently. But the gray, quaint old place, has a sadder and far different

memory ; during the Marian persecutions, *sixteen martyrs, five females!* were burnt in the square opposite the Star Inn ! These holocausts mark the spot with fire-blood-tears. Tom Paine, the atheist, wrote his 'Age of Reason' here, and somebody has preserved the table on which he wrote it ! I would *burn* it ! I did not take the trouble to see it. This old barony went by marriage, at the death of the last male De Warrenne, through his sister Alice, to the Fitz-Alans, Earls of Arundel.

"Pevensey—The Honour of the Eagle—is the station for Hurstmonceux Castle, and there we spent an hour or two amid its hoary ruins. This is the famous Anderida of the Romans, British coins, and even coins of some of the Bactrian kings, who reigned 200 B.C., long before the historic period in Britain, have been dug out beneath the walls of the old Roman Pevensey Castle. Here the Conqueror landed a few days before the decisive battle of Hastings, and after his victory, he bestowed the Rapes of Pevensey—a sixth of the County of Sussex—upon his half-brother, Robert, Earl of Mortaigne, and other manors—in all eight hundred ; fifty-four in Sussex alone ! He restored the Roman Castle, and built in its *enciente* the medieval fortress. At the battle of Trenchebrai, the unhappy Duke Robert, of Normandy—true heir of the Norman line—and the Earl Mortaigne, were both made prisoners, both deprived of sight and liberty ! Henry Beauclerc, after his accession, gave Pevensey to Gilbert de Aquila, grandson of one of the Norman invaders, who fell at Hastings. This first Aquila lord, gave it

the designation 'Honour of the Eagle.' King Henry's hour of sorrow came too. His only son and throne-heir, went down in the 'Blanche Nef!' In those troublous times the history of old Pevensey is a sort of condensed English history.

"If Hallam be right in his supposition, the first letter by a lady in the English language, was written by Lady Pelham in 1399, in Pevensey Castle, when the Yorkists attacked the fortress, and she gallantly defended it, and wrote, during the siege, a *letter* to her husband, stating her difficulties and dangers. Queen Joan of Navarre, wife of Henry IV., was imprisoned here nine years on a charge of sorcery, with the intention to kill the reigning monarch, whose step-mother she was. Lonely and deserted, the old castle stands on the great Weald, its ivy floating in the winds.

"The walls of the Roman Anderida enclose eight and a half acres, now a pasture field where some cows were grazing.

"The medieval castle encloses one and a half acres. The Roman walls are more than twenty feet high, and of great thickness. The sea, in Roman and Norman days, came almost up to the walls. Roman and Norman towers, arches, and gateways moulder away in peaceful proximity, all hostilities forgotten, and traces of the moat still remain, grown with grass and wild flowers. What a relic of an old, grand history!

"After the successive rule of the Mortaignes, the De Aquilas, the Warennnes, the FitzHerberts, it went to the

Crown, and finally was settled on the renowned John of Gaunt, and the office of Constable was given to the Pelhams.

“What a grand people these old Romans were! what strength and durability in their works! They have left not only castles in Sussex to prove their majesty as a race, but we have remains of tessellated pavements, hypocausts, urns, coins, and their great roads are the bases of present highways, especially Stane Street, which ran from Chichester to London.

“But I have already detained you too long, *ma mie*, in old Anderida. Over the great Weald—the Pevensey level or marsh, like the Roman Campagna—a vast desert-like plain, with scarcely a tree, lay our five miles drive to Hurstmonceaux Castle, the finest brick ruin in England. At long intervals you see a slight elevation of land, with a house and a few trees; these elevations were once islands!

“When the Normans landed at Pevensey, the sea must have rolled over this vast plain, now covered with immense herds of cattle! So many brilliant names that shine in the literary world are connected in some way with Hurstmonceaux, and there is so much associated with its history, I am quite at a loss what to relate and what to omit. First of all, I advise you to read the history of the castle from its origin; also the ‘*Memorials of a Quiet Life*,’ in three volumes—the third being chiefly drawings and paintings executed by the Hares. The castle stands in a deep, damp hollow,

where the deadly malaria abounded in the dense, cold mists, floating upward from the great dykes of the marsh, lonely and solitary, with no prospect but of the ancient church on the adjacent hill, built at the same time. The park is vanished, save a few old Spanish chestnuts. All the stately avenues are *non est*, but wondrous masses of ivy cover the mouldering walls. How deceitful the ivy is! So beautiful to the eye, yet her friendship is ruinous! In her eager wish to *grow*, she thrusts her obtrusive, prying roots into the most sacred recesses, and rends asunder the strongest ties of centuries.

"Hurstmonceaux is a name of both Saxon and Norman etymology; *Hurst* signifies a wood, and *Monceaux* or *Monceaux*, is the name of a place in France, in the diocese of Bayeux. At the time of the Conquest no mention is made of a house in connection with Hurst Manor, which the Conqueror gave to his relative, Robert, Earl of Eu. The De Herst family, it would seem, built a manor house about 1200. The manor came into the possession of Waleran de Monceaux, whose grandson Waleran fought under Simon de Montfort at old Lewes. The estate went in 1320, with the heiress, Maud de Monceaux, to the De Fienes, whose estate adjoined, their house, Old Court, being seated at the foot of Wartling Hill. The De Fienes held the manor until 1708. Sir Roger de Fynes built the castle in the reign of Henry VI., it is of red brick, all made on the place.

"In 1458 his son, Sir Richard, became Baron Dacre of

the South, on the death of his father-in-law. The history of the Dacres has furnished material for Mrs. Gore's drama, 'The Dacre of the South.'

"The Dacres sold the manor to George Naylor, of Lincoln's Inn, brother-in-law of the Duke of Newcastle he having married Lady Grace Pelham, the Duke's sister. Grace Naylor, his only child, of great beauty and sweetness of character, was left an orphan, and died early in the 'bower,' the window of which is now one of the most picturesque portions of the ruins. Many romantic traditions are related concerning her history. At Grace Naylor's death, her cousin, Dr. Hare, chaplain to the army under the great Marlborough, came into possession. He became Bishop of St. Asaph, and then of Chichester. This prelate and his son courted two sisters. The father forbade his son to marry the object of *his* choice, and Francis Hare went abroad, but on the death of the Bishop, he returned and married his love—Carlotta Alston—his stepmother's sister, but they did not live at the castle. Francis Hare Naylor married the gifted Georgiana Shipley, cousin of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, and daughter of Bishop Shipley. She was versed in the living languages, also in Greek and Latin, and her brilliant, artistic genius was cultivated by the famous Joshua Reynolds. She went abroad to Italy, and devoted several years to painting. She was the mother of four sons, Francis, Augustus, Julius and Marcus, who all figure in the 'Memorials.' When you have read

that book you will enter fully into the spirit of the place—its holy associations.

"Augustus Hare, her second son, married Maria Lycester, who began the "Memorials" during her long widowhood, but, unable to finish them, they were published after her death by her adopted son, Augustus, son of Francis Hare;—he has himself also written very delightful books—'Walks in Rome,' and 'Walks in Spain.' Maria was descended from the Norman de Loft family, who boasted a descent from Gunnora, Duchess of Normandy, and grandmother of the Conqueror. Her family intermarried with the Stamfords, the Stanleys, and ranked with the highest in the land. Maria spent much of her early life at *Hodnet*, only two miles from her home, in the society of *Reginald Heber*, the sainted Bishop of India. She was engaged to young Stow, who went out to India as Heber's chaplain, and died before a year had expired, and after the expiration of many years, she married his college mate and friend, young Hare, and they settled at Alton-Barnes, in Wiltshire; but five short years ended their married life! consumption declared itself, and they took him to Rome, his native city, where he died in mid-winter. Near the old church on the hill, just by the ancient yew-tree, sleep his brothers, Julius and Marcus—he far distant in a grave in Rome—and Maria, his wife, on the terraced edge of the churchyard which looks out on the great Sussex Campagna.

It is a sacred, holy spot. A white cross marks it ; it is only inscribed :

“ ‘ MARIA HARE,
Nov. 22, 1798 ; Nov. 13, 1870.
UNTIL THE DAYBREAK.’

“ In the church is a tablet to Georgiana Shipley, and the justly celebrated Dacre monument, to the memory of Thomas, Lord Dacre, and hisson, whose recumbent effigies rest on the top. It is of Petworth gray shell marble ; the canopies and niches are in Caën-stone, and display much delicate tracery.

“ In the north wall of the chancel is a trefoiled aumbry, but there is no piscina—nor trace of one. In the north aisle there is a shallow recess, close by a squint, or hagioscope, looking into the chancel. The stained east window is a memorial to Julius Hare, twenty-five years rector of the parish, and twenty-two archdeacon of Lewes.

“ The great gateway is the most impressive and imposing part of the castle ruins. It is divided into three stories, in the highest of which is the cognizance of the Fynes, the alant, or wolf-dog, holding in his paws a banner charged with three lions rampant. Broken walls and windows, remains of fire-places and ovens, grass-grown courts, of which there were four, and almost vanished stairways, is what is now left of a once princely home ! Horace Walpole might grumble and criticise now, and Addison might find still better material for his “ Haunted House,” than he had when he wrote it.

"To Arundel! I enjoyed most of all the grand old park with its troops of red, brown and white deer, that looked so beautiful on the soft grass, under the deep shadows of the old trees. The gateway is new, and the outer walls extending along the high-road. One only enters the old Keep, from the ancient battlements of which one has a broad view over the park and the sweet vale of the Arun. This grand old historical place was one of the numerous possessions of the Saxon Earl Godwin. At the conquest William the Conqueror bestowed the Rape of Arundel upon Roger de Montgomerie. Henry Beauchere afterward seized it, and dowered his second wife, Adeliza of Loraine, therewith. Left a widow, she married De Albine, who had been her king-husband's butler! and there were five De Albini earls. The fifth left only four sisters, and the title and lands went with his second sister Isabel, to the Fitz-Alan family, where they remained through seven earls. After a chancery suit, on the death of the seventh Fitz-Alan, joint possession was granted to the De Mowbrays and Maltravers. In 1579, the last Fitz-Alan died a minor, and Mary Fitz-Alan brought Arundel to the Howards, her son Philip being the first Howard, Earl of Arundel. His father, the Duke of Norfolk, you remember, had been executed for high treason. Nothing whatever is known of the origin of the castle. If you ask history,

" 'Oblivion laughs and says

" 'The prey is mine!'"

"Bevis Tower was the abode of the fabulous Giant-

Warder of the Arundels, who drank two hogsheads of beer weekly ! whose steed Hironnelle is supposed to have given the town its arms.

“ William Rufus occupied the Old Keep, and Henry Beauclerc besieged it. Queen Adeliza received the Empress Maud here, and Stephen demanded her surrender before its old walls. Edward I. was guest in this kingly old fortress. There is a history of Arundel Castle and the four great families who have ruled here, by Dallaway, which I advise my young friends to read. I was very sorry we could not see the old monuments of the Fitz-Alans, one of whom married the sister of Elizabeth Woodville, wife of Edward IV. The present Duke of Norfolk has closed the choir and chancel of the church. The town is on a hill, a charming situation,—the apex crowned with the Roman Catholic Church which the Duke is building from his own purse at an expense of about 50,000 pounds ! The old three-arched bridge over the Arun was probably constructed by Queen Adeliza ! They build things here to *last* !

“ We went from Arundel to Petworth, the English cradle of the illustrious Percies—the home too of the Muses. The house is ugly, but contains the richest works that Art can show, paintings, sculpture, wood-carvings by Gibbons, etc., but the park is delicious, and in it still grows, in health and strength, the oak planted to commemorate the marriage of the tenth Earl of Northumberland with a Cecil ! After the Norman Conquest, Roger, Earl of Arundel, bestowed Petworth upon his vassal De Belesme ;

upon its forfeiture by his son, Robert the Cruel, Henry Beauclerc gave it to Queen Adeliza. The Queen, after her second marriage, gave the estate to her brother Josceline. Josceline assumed the name of Percy, upon his marriage with Agnes, daughter of William de Percy, great grandson of the Norman friend of the Conqueror, and now follows one of the lordliest lines in English history. A Percy was taken prisoner at Lewes—a Percy fought at Dunbar, at Neville's Cross, at Bannockburn! The eighth Lord Petworth—from the husband of Agnes, was created Earl of Northumberland by Richard II., and *his* son was the brilliant and brave, the Hotspur, not of Petworth, nor of Alnwick, but of English and Scottish history, during the turbulent period of Henry IV. and later. Hotspur never attained to the Earldom, his son was second Earl,—the hero of Chevy Chase, the Fallen at St. Alban's Fight. A Percy fell at Towton, another fought at the Battle of the Spurs. Henry Algernon, sixth Earl, loved Anna Boleyn! How ever did he come to escape with his head? One Percy was assassinated—two were executed. One committed suicide in the Tower—the ninth Earl was imprisoned fifteen years! The Percies ended finally in a daughter, Lady Elizabeth, who was *three times married* before she was sixteen! Her third husband was Charles Seymour, the "Proud Duke of Somerset." Subsequently failing the direct line, these rich estates and high titles went to the Wyndhams.

"At every return to Brighton we plunged our heads,

with renewed vigour, into the cool, life-giving billows, and dreamed the hours away on the beach. One's head becomes giddy at the thought, that, where the English Channel now tumbles and tosses its waves, vast forests and fertile valleys existed in those remote ages when England was part of the Continent, and the sabre-toothed tiger, cave lion, and hyena prowled, and the mammoth, rhinoceros, horse, ox, goat, and reindeer fed on the grassy plains !

“The Brighton cliffs are the Post-Pliocene formation, the deposit so highly interesting to us, as having been the birth-world of our race. The Post-Pliocene epoch was the period of the drift, of glacial seas, of glaciers, and icebergs ! It is a *recent* deposit, yet ages upon ages have passed in its formation.

“Brighton has little history, and was little known until George IV. came down here and built the Pavilion. But Charles II., after many narrow escapes, reached Brighton, slept at the little George Inn, now the King's Head, in West Street, and crossed from here, in Tattersal's coal-barge, to Fécamp, in France ! Tattersal is buried in the graveyard of the old parish church of St. Nicholas. I must tell you this is a hot-bed of Ritualism—High Churchism. But there are some truly evangelistic pastors. We went once to Trinity Church, where the famous Robertson, the friend of the working man, laboured—they have put in a stained memorial window to his honour. If you have not already, read Robertson's lec-

tures on poetry, and his criticisms on Wordsworth. But now, dearest friend, it is time to close. Surely you will no longer complain of *lean* letters, nor beg for *fat* ones!

“À jamais votre amie affectionnée,

“MIA.

“P.S.—I have not told you of the wonders of the Brighton Aquarium, where, to the accompaniment of a good band, one may study for hours the creatures of old Ocean, from the sea-lion and Gulf-of-St.-Lawrence white porpoise, down to the oyster, sponge, jelly-fish, &c. Just think of *live jelly*! I am sure I shall feel nervous henceforth in the presence of jelly, after having seen it moving about in such an extraordinary fashion! To look at it in the sea from the beach or on ship-board it does not seem so real as here, directly under one's nose!

“Of course, *ma mie*, we went *a rinking*! It was most amusing to watch people rolling about on little wheels, on an asphalt pavement, under a hot sun, making believe it was ice! and they were skating! And the toilettes! The tied-back dresses, and those monstrosities called hats! I amused myself imagining the society of Queen Anne's reign on the rink instead, or Elizabeth's, I could scarcely decide which was *worst*! I give you a quaint Latin epitaph, once existing in the old Horsham Church, which I came across in reading yesterday. It is very good—it

will recall our old Greek and Latin lessons, *n'est-ce pas ?* —

“ ‘ Quod fuit esse, quod est, quod non fuit esse, quod esse,
Esse quod est, non esse quod est non est, erit esse,
Vita malis plena est, pia mors pretiosa est,
Post mortem mors est, *post mortem vita beata est.* ’

“ ADDIO.”

ns, n'est-ce

esse,

e,

ADDIO."

CHAPTER XXIII.

TWO MONTHS IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

(From Artist Annie's Evergreen Book.)

"Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That vallies, groves, and hills, and fields,
Woods or steepy mountains yield.

"And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

"And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

"A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

"A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs ;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.

“ The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each May-morning ;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.”

AND is it in this fair island, sweet milkmaid, that you sing your pastoral song ? You *do* “ move ” me much with your promised joys, but how shall we do when it rains ?—which is *very often* the case amid these Downs and rocks, streams and curving bays. You seem to sing of a life free from all care and sorrow—but which, in truth, *ma petite*, is very much like a harmless-looking bramble-bush, laden with luscious, ripe fruit—only *wait* till you have thrust in your bold hand to grasp the treasures dangling so temptingly before your eyes ! *Tout ce qui brille, n'est pas or !*—or, perchance, you have a plan, like the fairies, of gliding between the drops !

Delightful for situation, the pride of the whole land of Wight, is Ryde, on the sides of the north-east ! An attractive picture she presents, as one looks across over the sparkling Spithead from Southsea or Portsmouth—and we had a whole hour to gaze on its hilly, foliage-rich slopes, waiting for the steamer that meets the train. Portsmouth is dreadfully dirty, but do not be too hasty in drawing conclusions, oh stranger ! for so soon as you see her best-in-England haven, her shipping, and men-of-war, you will perceive she is no place to be winked at. At the end of the Ryde pier, where one lands, stands the attractive Pier hotel, a snare and a trap for the unwary travellers,

where he usually succeeds in throwing out ballast to no small amount!

We ate our breakfast the morning after our arrival, with a peculiar sense of security, three gigantic war-ships staring at us from the Solent. I said Ryde was pleasant,—I repeat the assertion—but what with their “sea-walls,” and tramways, they have spoilt her for a bathing-place; there is no beach on which to ramble and rest and think, and follow the ebbing tide out, or retreat before the advance of its cohorts, and the bathers go to the end of a pier hidden behind a fortification of board walls! and it is almost as much pleasure to watch others, as to plunge into the waves yourself.

That was one of our morning pastimes in Brighton, and how animating it was to see hundreds of people frisking about in the billows, swimming, floating, diving, as merry as white St. Lawrence porpoises! or to see a whole school of thirty or forty boys plunge in head-first! Nothing like this salt water for the brain. And at these times, while I used sometimes to sketch, dear Aunt Jessie would talk so delightfully. One morning, when she and I were quite alone, Elise and Fred “*away in the sea*,” she said to me:—

“What lessons of life we may draw, dear, from the scene now before us. You remark how much more these persons who can swim enjoy the bathing; the timid ones stand fearfully, only ankle-deep in the water, throwing a few drops with the hand over the head; what do they know of the luxury of plunging into a great sweeping billow, the whole person hidden and cooled and refreshed

by the fearless plunge? And so it is with the Christian; he should learn to *swim*, with Faith for his companion, fearlessly out into the unknown ocean of God's providence and love, and he would soon lose poor Peter's terror and doubt, and instead of the stream only reaching 'to the ankles,' he would find himself in Ezekiel's 'holy waters,' those prophetic 'waters to swim in, a river that could not be passed over.'

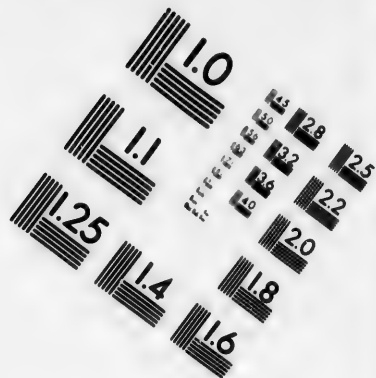
"Then, too, the bather should provide himself with a dress beforehand, for those bathing-dresses the machine-people give him, very much resemble the robes of self-righteousness. Only God can supply this dress—he who would swim in the divine ocean, must 'put on Christ,' but the old man objects to this dress, and so there is a constant hand-to-hand combat between the Good and Evil."

These little talks were as pleasant as is their memory; they oft return to my fancy laden with the smell of the sea-weed—forgotten they can never be.

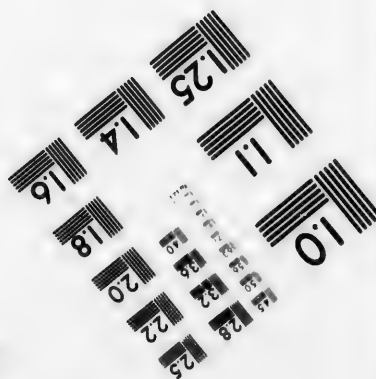
If we have not the beautiful sea here of Brighton, we have the shipping, sometimes Spithead reflecting in its shimmering waters a hundred masts—and at such times, one enjoys a wondrous picture, and the English heart exults in proud triumph, as the eye gazes upon ships from all nations—all waters.

One morning we watched a magnificent vessel putting into Portsmouth; there had been a thunder-storm here, and the clouds had swept over to Hampshire, making a dark back-ground for the great ship, that seemed a mass

of burnished silver, gliding like a white shadow over the silvery, still waters, our sky blue, the sun shining full upon water and ship—the mingling of light and shadow was sublime, and the ship our fancy conjured up into a palace of Oberon and Titania. There are many enchanting rambles about Ryde, perhaps the one to Quarr Abbey the most so of all. First, one goes through the Spencer Road, a beautiful avenue, with hedges and country-seats, one with this motto in gold letters over the arched entrance “*qui si sana.*” At the end of this lovely drive, one crosses the high-road, and enters by a wicket into a delicious wood-path, winding up hill and down, hedged on either side, here and there a seat under the fine, spreading trees, now and then glimpses of the sea through the thick foliage. No wonder they call this the “Lovers’ Walk !” It would do for the Song of Solomon ! At the end of it, at the top of a steep hill, you will find old Binstead church, whose spire you see through the trees long before reaching it. It has been rebuilt, but some of the queer old herring-bone masonry is still to be seen in the lower walls, over the entrance porch a carved stone that looks like the arms of some old Norman; over the gateway a very odd stone figure that no one can understand—I fancy it *may* have been a Norman expression of the scape-goat. In the interior is a small square opening about four feet from the ground, looking from the nave into the chancel. Centuries have knelt in prayer in the holy, quiet little church, and the mind wanders off into many a shadowy vista, converging at the point where tradition



6"



**23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503**

18 20 22 25
28 32 36 40

10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

and history embrace each other. A few steps, and we strike into a wilder path through the wood, and soon after entering the road again, we reach the top of a slight hill, and look down into the green valley of Quarr Abbey, and upon the few remaining trees of Eleanor's grove, where fanciful tradition says repose the remains of the Queen of Henry II., shielded in a coffin of finest gold!

Small are the ruins of this once rich monastery, built in 1132 by Baldwin de Redvers for Benedictines, afterwards, however, becoming Cistercian. History tells us of many magnates who found a last resting-place in this abbey. Lady Cicely, a daughter of Edward IV., was buried here, her tomb graced with a sumptuous mausoleum, of which all that now remains is—O! The walls of enclosure, with the sea-gate, remain almost entire; of the abbey itself, a Gothic door, and two or three arches.

Our first Sunday we attended morning service in Arreton Church, occupying a pew large enough for a middle aged dressing-closet, and so high, that when we were sitting only the tops of our heads could be seen! Such pews might hinder fashionable church toilettes.

To me, what memories cluster around this dear old church! When I was about thirty inches high, I read the "Dairyman's Daughter," and "Young Cottager," and listened to the tones of a voice now silent, discoursing so delightfully of persons and scenes, that have thus, from my earliest remembrance, woven themselves into my whole being. The old church did not seem new—it came

before me as something I had seen long ago, and known well. Such is the power of memory and association ! We went on Saturday, and while our dinner was being prepared, we spent a pleasant hour in the church and churchyard ; Fred played the organ, Elise copied the *Inscription* on the tombstone of the " Dairyman's Daughter," and I sketched the church. It stands on a hill, overlooking the quiet valley, with a background of Down hills of glistening chalk. The church is early English, the tower, perpendicular Gothic, supported by massy buttresses, owing, it would seem, to a defect in the foundations ; this gives the tower an odd, rather heavy look.

The Norman hand is stamped upon rounded arches and windows, one, a very tiny, round-arched window in the chancel, with faint traces of frescoes, and an aumbry is at the end of the altar.

The grave of the famous peasant girl, whose holy life has so long been held as a standard so worthy of imitation, is in the graveyard, at the east end of the church ; I have taken the inscription from Elise's *Denkbuch* :—

" To
The Memory of
ELIZABETH WALLBRIDGE,
'The Dairyman's Daughter,'
Who Died May 30th, 1801,
Aged 31 Years.
' She being dead, yet speaketh.' "

" Stranger ! if e'er, by chance or feeling led,
Upon this hallow'd turf thy footsteps tread,
Turn from the contemplation of this sod,
And think on her whose spirit rests with God.

“ Lowly her lot on earth, but He who bore
Tidings of grace, and blessings to the poor,
Gave her, His truth and faithfulness to prove,
The choicest treasures of His boundless love ;
Faith that dispell'd affliction's darkest gloom,
Hope, that could cheer the passage to the tomb,
Peace, that not Hell's dark legions could destroy,
And Love, that fill'd the soul with heavenly joy.
Death of its sting disarm'd, she knew no fear,
But tasted Heaven, e'en while she linger'd here ;
Oh ! happy Saint, may we like thee, be blest,
In life be faithful, and in death find rest.”

These beautiful lines were written by a lady of the island.

After our nice little dinner, we set off at five o'clock, to the Dairyman's Cottage, a mile and a half distant ; it is stone, whitewashed, with thatched roof ; a new staring red brick addition has been made to it, that seems singularly out of place. The “ *old dog* ” did not come to meet us ; the quaint little window of Elizabeth's room swung open, a white curtain fluttered in the evening wind ; no word was spoken ; each seemed lost in a revery too deep for words. I lost myself in thoughts on the mysterious, awful, when we remember its responsibility, influence of mind upon mind, and its *infinitude*. The sparkling mountain spring gives birth to a river which ramifies itself into many branches, refreshing many a meadow, and watering many a woodland ; but it is not always either a large stream, or a tiny brooklet ; it must empty itself—its destiny may be a great lake or the ocean—it *must expand*.

This is a very faint type of mental influence. Take any master-mind you will, as your source, and follow its course as far as you can—John Huss ; Luther ; the Wesleys' ; Whitfield. Can you in any one case fathom the ocean of results from their lives ? Or of that immortal shoemaker, Raikes ? Or of the three famous German shoemakers, the holy St. Crispin, the brave Hans Von Sagan, who, in 1370, turned the tide of the great battle of the German orders against the heathen Lithuanians, by bearing the Imperial standard into the midst of the enemy—or the wondrous bard, Hans Sachs, the Cœdman of Germany ? The subject is inexhaustible—the mind grows dizzy upon its magnitude ! Here, before this simple, thatched cottage, we have a case to the point—the Rev. Leigh Richmond.—He was *unconverted* at the time of his entrance into the ministry. He became a Christian through the perusal of the "Practical View of Christianity," by Wilberforce, which came accidentally to his notice through a piece of printed paper around a grocer's parcel ! He awoke to his tremendous responsibility as a pastor. Part of the result was, "The Dairyman's Daughter," "The Young Cottager," the "Negro Servant," who was in an officer's family of the neighbourhood.

He was at that time curate of Brading and Yaverland ; Elizabeth Wallbridge was not in his, but the Arreton parish—he visited her by request. What are, or will be the result of Wilberforce's Christianity ? There are oceans of queries for your mental boat ! A happy and fruitful voyage to you !

Directly opposite the cottage is a small stone Wesleyan chapel, two miles southward the spire of Godshill rises among beautiful green foliage, in the midst of perhaps the most romantic inland village of the island. Godshill is very old; after the Norman Conquest it was one of the churches of the Wight, with which William Fitz-Osborne endowed the Abbey of Lire in Normandy.

Sunday morning, rambling in the Arreton church-yard while the church-bell summoned to the service, the same that tolled for the funeral of the Dairyman's daughter, I came across, and copied this little scrap, which struck me as being very pretty:—

“ Weep not for me, Dear Mother,
All that is born must die ;
But comfort one another,
Until we meet on high.”

After church we walked over the Downs, five miles, to Brading, for the afternoon service. The invigorating breezes, and the royal panorama spread beneath us, made this walk a living delight. At our right we had New Church, with its graceful spire and pretty vale, Sandown Shanklin, and the Downs stretching behind and beyond Ventnor; at our left Ryde, before us the sea,—the Hampshire coast. We climbed the highest hill of the Asheys Down, crowned with a trilithon intended as a sea-mark its central stone on the side next the sea bearing,—“G. R. II. 1735,” surrounded with the royal crown. This point commands the widest prospect in the island, and the wind was enough to take our breath away! It was a

delicious scene that lay directly beneath us, as we came to the end of the Downs and looked down upon Brading with its church, the east Yar, the tidal lake of Brading Haven—for it was high tide—beyond, Bembridge Down, crowned by the monument to Lord Yarborough, St. Helens' village and church; while we stood gazing on the pastoral landscape, the soft chimes of Brading church fell upon the ear. To us, this, as well as Arreton, is holy ground,—sacred to our earliest years. The church is Transition Norman, gray as Time himself, its square tower ending in a spire; some of its windows are richly stained; the pretty Oglander Chapel, with tessellated pavement and stained glass, contains two fine table monuments, each adorned with a figure of the Oglander buried beneath. But we hasten out among the gray, lichen-grown-grave-stones, among which, here and there a new one seems sadly out of place. Elise and I tried to fancy "Little Jane" and her companions busy learning the beautiful scraps of poetry for which this grave-yard is eminent, till at last we find the illustrious grave:—

"Sacred
To the Memory of

'LITTLE JANE,'

Who Died 30th January, 1799,

In the 15th year

Of her age.

"Ye, who the power of God delight to trace,
And mark with joy each monument of grace,
Tread lightly o'er this grave, as ye explore
'The short and simple annals of the poor.'

“ A child reposes underneath this sod,
A child, to memory dear, and dear to God ;
Rejoice ! yet shed the sympathetic tear ;
Jane, ‘ The Young Cottager,’ lies buried here.”

The lines are from Richmond’s pen.

While Elise and I copy these and others, we hear the tones of the organ, for Fred has made friends with the organist, and is playing one of Bach’s grand triumphs, the notes swelling upon the air in shouts of victory, or dying softly away in hope and tenderness.

We have copied—

“ The rising morning can’t assure
That we shall end the day ;
For Death stands ready at the door
To take our lives away,”

and Elise remarks “ how strikingly appropriate !” when an old man, standing near, says, “ in this case, very ; for it is a head forester who is buried here—he was killed by the falling of a tree ! He was directing the woodmen, and the tree they were cutting down fell different from what they expected !”

Taking leave of the dear old church and churchyard, we went, after paying a visit to the tiny, thatched-roof cottage of “ Little Jane,” where a family sat before the open door around the tea table, through a long, beautifully shaded road past Nunwell, the house dating from Norman days, for the Oglanders “ came in ” with the Conqueror.

Lady Oglander is a widow and childless, and, at her

death, the estates go to some distant branch of the family, and the old name will be but history unless the heirs assume it.

Then we turned aside to our left, crossed some fields skirting Nunwell Park, to reach the top of the Downs, meanwhile the vesper chimes discoursing, in softest notes, of that eternal "Temple" of the Apocalypse; and the sun had set in golden glory, and the full moon had risen upon the earth when we descended into Arreton.

Early Monday morning we set off for our ramble over St. George's Down, where one catches many a delightful view; close under the steep hills, not long before reaching the romantic Shide, we passed the old Standen Manor-house where the amiable, beautiful, and gifted Lady Cicely lived with her second husband her last three years, and where she died. At Shide we struck into a path, part of the way shut in with old walls, moss and ivy-grown, and climbed, partly by some stone-steps, the Node Hill, and finally reached the beautiful, terrace-like grassy slopes of Mountjoy—and a joy it was to tread its rich, soft turf, fresh and green as an emerald, and behold the fair valley of the Medina; Carisbrooke, with its gray, square-towered church; Newport; further on, Parkhurst Forest, once a hunting-ground of the chase-loving Stuarts, now *deerless*! We had prepared ourselves by reading its history, for a visit to this famous strong-hold, Carisbrooke Castle. The old keep is Saxon, up to which you go by seventy-two stone steps, broken and worn with the tread of a thousand years! What a view from its ancient bat-

lements!—and what a wind! It was built where a Roman fortress stood before, and no doubt the Cæsars who came to Britain have climbed these furrowed steps! The Norman Fitz-Osborne, to whom William gave the Wight, repaired the then existing keep, and since, many additions have been made to the castle. Sovereigns and other great magnates, aye, and poets too, for Byron once raved of its beauty, have passed beneath its massy, machicolated, port-cullised gateway. At your right, as you enter the court-yard, you will see the ivy-grown ruins of the last chapel built in the castle; *it is young*, not a century and a half old yet; to your left the portions built in Elizabeth's reign, where Charles I. was prisoner. There is a Tudor window *each side* of a fire-place—one now closed up; one of these was the window through which the captive king so often and long gazed upon the country and Parkhurst. Of this part, floors, roof, stairways are all gone. Charles had been removed from that portion of the castle *before* you as you enter the court-yard, after his attempt to escape. In it we roamed through empty rooms, in one of which his unhappy daughter died.

Carisbrooke church was part of a Priory built by Fitz-Osborne, of which it only remains. The tower is Perpendicular; in the interior are some fine transition Norman arches south of the nave. There is a monument to Lady Jane Seymour's sister—*not* a masterpiece, and a long, quaint piece of poetry about a Mr. Keeling, ending with:—

“ Hope was his Anchor, Glorie his reward,
And thus with gales of grace, by happie venter,
Through straights of Death heaven's harbor he did enter.”

In the porch is a stone coffin found under the nave, and a skeleton was found with a *huge nail through the breast!* buried alive!

Not far from the church are the remains of a Roman house, the bath and several pavements—one of beautiful design, roses in the four corners, so treasured as to have been roofed in.

One more pilgrimage before we return to Ryde—to the Newport Church of St. Thomas, which contains magnificent stained windows, a clerestory about the nave, and a medallion in white marble to Prince Albert. In the north aisle, adjoining the chancel, is Marochetti's white marble figure of the young Princess Elizabeth, only daughter of Charles I. She was found dead in Carisbrooke Castle, lying with her head upon the great Bible—his own, her father had given her the day before his execution. The figure reclines in a niche, beneath a Norman arch, with a portcullis partly fallen—for was she not a captive—her head drooping on the open Bible. Through her clustering hair you read, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Poor royal maiden, scion of a hapless race! She was broken-hearted!

We went *à cheval* to Osborne and East and West Cowes. I believe the Cowes of Wight have no rivals except the Cow and Calf at Ben Rhydding, and the Calf of Man! Our road to Osborne lay past Quarr Abbey, through its park, over Wootton Bridge. For a couple of miles the road skirting the royal park is delightfully

wood-like, ivy and trailing plants on the sides of the road, and the dense foliage of the park, with thick undergrowth, like a wild wilderness—the ivy grows on almost every tree; on one side of the road all the ivy of that rich faded brown the artist so much loves—of course it is dead, and I suspect it has been done for the sake of the effect. The lodge-gates bear the royal monogram, and each lodge the British arms. We dismounted to see Whippingham Church, and Fred hunted up the verger, and here I must say, *en passant*, I fail to see the necessity of locking up the churches, as if everybody were a thief and a robber! I like the idea of going into a church to repose the mind and pray, as they do on the Continent, and in Roman Catholic churches everywhere.

The church is a touching memorial to Prince Albert, who planned it, and who was so early removed from his place. On the corner stone are the words: "This stone was laid by Queen Victoria and Albert, Prince Consort, on the 29th day of May, in the year of our Lord, 1860."

There is a private entrance for the Queen into the chancel, where Her Majesty sits when she attends service here, and where is the beautiful, mural medallion bust of Prince Albert in white marble, which an angel on each side crowns with *immortelles*. It was placed here "by his broken-hearted and devoted widow." At the intersection of the transepts with the nave, a massy, central tower ends in a beautiful spire. Some fig-trees grow in

front of the church—on the other side of the road are the Queen's alms-houses in bright red—at some distance to the east we had already passed the schools. East Cowes is as dirty as possible; it appeared to me without the slightest attraction that I could discover, but West Cowes, reached by a floating bridge, is extremely pleasant, and is much visited. Here many a sovereign has landed, and many a ship has been built. On our return we passed, near Osborne, *Slatwoods*, in which Fred was intensely interested. "Why?" It was the birth-place and home of the early years of the great educator, the beloved friend of the cultivated boy-world—Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. The view of Osborne villa from this side is confined chiefly to the two towers, and no one enters the grounds, of course. It is, like Balmoral, a *home*, and not a palace of state. But from the Solent one has a full view of the palace, its noble terraces, lawns and trees, beautiful pheasants, the private landing-stage, across the Solent, Southampton water. Norris Castle, a gray-stone-with-ivy-clad building, crowning a noble hall, adjoins Osborne to the west. Her Majesty and the Prince Consort offered the owner no end of money for it, but he, like the miller of Sans Souci, loves his birthright too well to sell it. No wonder. Who *could* sell such delicious lawns and old trees?

The morning after our ride to Osborne, while we were at breakfast, Fred said: "What are we going to do next? We have not seen much of the island yet."

"We have seen a very fair slice of it, for a week," said

Mr. Hopeton. "Let me see ; Artist Annie, your object is artistic ; Elise has a literary aim ;—and you, Fred ? "

"A good, jolly time—lots of fun ! "

"Of course, I knew it. Now, see here ; we are going to spend two months here. We shall sail around the island, drive through it, ride through it—and *climb* through it if you like. Do you like my programme ? "

What shall we begin with ? " asked practical Aunt Jessie, as she poured out a second cup of coffee for Fred ;
"one week gone ! only seven left ! "

"Sail round the island," replied Mr. Hopeton, "and the steamer sails at 11 o'clock, so we have no time to lose ;—mind, that sketching portfolio, and Denkbuch are not left behind ! "

It was a lovely morning, the sea still and beautiful, the opposite coast cut sharp and clear against the sky. We sailed down by Hurst Castle, impregnable—where King Charles was taken from Carisbrooke Castle ; it stands so low, as to seem, like some castle of Venice, to stand *in* the water ; the Dorset coast and the New Forest made an exceeding fair landscape. Alum Bay and the Needles form a magical scene—lofty cliff-banks over seven hundred feet in height, and the five isolated masses of chalk, of a dazzling whiteness, a light-house on that Needle furthest out in the sea. A striking, truly artistic contrast with the white boulders, is the samphire, which grows in lavish profusion, of which a pickle is made by the common people. Beside the samphire, is a marvellous phenomenon, the coloured cliffs. They are of almost

every colour and shade, lying in vertical strata, the reds, purples and greens, wonderfully clear and beautiful, all in stripes like ribbons! The effect of these, contrasted with the adjacent snowy cliffs, is fairy-like—unique.

The passage through the Race is imposing; these lordly cliffs seem like old Saxon sentinels, still guarding the land for which they fought in the old days, so nobly and so well. A delicious breeze came to greet us from the south, and as we turned toward Freshwater, the Arched Rock, white as sea-foam, rose majestic to our view. Standing there isolated in the blue billows, its white crest throwing back the brilliant sunlight, it looked a fit triumphal arch for Venus as she rises from her shell in the sea. It appears to have been formed, either by Venus having given Cupid his first lessons here—or—it *may* have been used as a target by Proserpine and the Mermaids till they wore the bull's-eye out! This is *supposable*, if we are going to admit Grecian and Roman mythology!

St. Boniface and St Catherine Downs, stretching for some miles on the south-east side of the island, with the Undercliff—the Landslip—with its enormous boulders tossed everywhere in sublime confusion, as if the Titans had used them at play, and the lofty chalk cliffs of the foreground, lifting a bold, defiant front to the insolent haughtiness of the waves;—all make a picture that stamps itself forever on the memory. But you must add to all that, Ventnor and Bonchurch, built from the beach, below the cliffs, *upward*, houses of every shape,

size and colour, perched in possible and impossible places, half-hidden amid a luxuriance of trees, ivy and trailing plants;—terrace above terrace, long flights of stone steps leading from one to another. 'Tis a wondrous scene—looks like a retreat of giants. Now we have that grand white headland, Dunnose, the fascinating Shanklin, two miles further, Sandown and its lovely bay, then the white Culver cliffs. We have been looking at a mimic Arcadia, and have wonderfully enriched our stores of sweet and fragrant recollections, and added several new paintings to our mental picture-gallery.

At dinner after our return, Mr. Hopeton said :—" Fred, I fancy I have done something that will give you a special enjoyment—to say nothing of the rest of the party.— I have hired those horses which we rode to Osborne, with the groom, for a month, and to-morrow we will begin our equestrian tour, which we will vary, *en passant*, with a climb or a walk, as we may find some tit-bit, that can only be seen in that way."

As I read over my Evergreenbook for that month, and recall its many bewitching scenes and happy incidents, I do not think in all my life, more real, quiet pleasure was ever put within the space of four short weeks. Grandeur scenes figure in my memory, but nothing pleasanter than those exhilarating canters over down hills, through hedge lanes, or by the sea, with the merry, glad laugh and the unrestrained intercourse of congenial minds.

On our way to Sandown, we had a near view of Bembridge Down—one huge hill—Yaverland church, which

belonged to Richmond's curacy—the curving Whitecliff bay, and the lofty swan-white Culver cliffs. We stayed some days at Sandown, and bathed every morning in the sea—the soft sands render bathing here a great luxury, and the rambles about the Culver cliffs were very pleasant. Then we rode on the sands by the sea, the two miles from Sandown to Shanklin, where the bathing, as well as at Ventnor, is delicious—beautiful sands and a lovely sea. While staying at Sandown, one of our rides was to the sweet, retired Newchurch, and its simple church, seated on the very edge of an abrupt bluff of red sandstone. Many of the houses about Shanklin, and in the undercliff, are tiny cottages, built of gray flint and stones shaped like petrified kidneys, and were then absolutely *overgrown* with white and red roses, the passion flower, honeysuckle and clematis. The groups of fig trees and the ripening figs were a tempting sight. Shanklin is a fine sketching ground. First there was Shanklin chine, a wild, narrow, gloomy glen, with a path on the rock on one side, the steep, almost black walls, clad in mosses, ferns, ivy, and creepers of varied greens; and the little rivulet, that has taken ages to cut its path thus far, forms a tiny water-fall, drip—dripping itself with a bewitching mystic sound into the deep shadows thirty feet beneath. The path begins at this mimic fall, and ends where the chine overlooks the sea, to which one can descend. Where the chine widens, is a single cottage, almost hidden by the trees, which I fancy was poor little “Barney’s,” in “Cleve Hall.” What a cool and

shady ride we had through the Bonchurch Valley, alongside the pond and its swans; the road is a lovely avenue, and at the end of it on the sides of the downs, one finds the narrow entrance to Luccombe chine, a fissure also caused by the endless action of a streamlet; from the sea, on the beach, it is a pretty sight, on one side bare rocks, on the other, mossy foliage. Just here the beautiful, picturesque "Landslip" begins.

Miss Sewell, who has written a small library, with a great deal of catechism and baptismal regeneration in many of her books, has given some fine descriptions of this delicious neighbourhood in her "Ursula," and "Cleve Hall."

Bonchurch is her "Encombe," and the tiny church built by the Normans, standing among its gray grave-stones, under the shadow of the St. Boniface Downs, is the scene of that finely-described interview between "Ronald" and "Bertha" in "Cleve Hall:"—"Bertha reached the summit of the hill, and then paused to rest, and for a few moments she remained gazing, apparently without interest, upon the lovely view set as in a picture-frame, in the rough Norman archway. But a shadow, the long shadow of a human figure, fell upon the graves, and she rose up suddenly, and stepped forth into the open air. Ronald Vivian was there to meet her."

This interview is the turning-point in the boy's life, and when he has left her, the Christian maiden "knelt in the old church porch, and a prayer rose up to heaven in the stillness of that summer evening."

I thought, as I sat and sketched this Lilliput church, where the monks of Lire came to celebrate the mass and preach, how true it was what Miss Sewell says: "It was very solemn to worship there: hopeful with the hope of Heaven in the brilliant summer mornings, when dew-drops, sparkling with living light, hung upon the grass, and sunshine, flickering and quivering, lay in broad masses of burnished silver upon the sea; and calming as with the repose of the last long sleep, in the still evenings, when the rush of the waves came like a requiem for the dead, moaning over the sandy beach; and awful, subduing, crushing to all human vanity and folly, when the harsh roar of the wintry elements thundered around the strong old wall, and told of that Almighty Power which shall one day 'break in pieces' the foundations of the earth, and summon the world to judgment."

It was built in 1070—only four years after the Conquest—and remains as the Normans left it, except the improvements of old Time! The entrance is under a perfect Norman arch into a little porch, a stone seat on either side. There is only nave and chancel, a Norman arch between.

On the north side of the nave the remains of the old frescoes can still be traced. Eight centuries ago they built it!—those busy monks, and simple must have been their people who came to the dear, quaint little church! There is, however, a *smaller* church—St. Lawrence, on the Niton side of Ventnor, which is just thirty feet by twelve, and six feet high! the tiniest church in England,

and the next smallest is Bemerton church, near Salisbury. In these soft shadows of trees and eight centuries, sleeps the genial, amiable, lovable John Sterling, the fellow-student of Archdeacon Hare at Oxford, afterward his curate six months at Hurstmonceaux, until he discovered the church was not his calling. Both Hare and Carlyle wrote his biography. One should read both. The biographer must be Goethe's "all-sided-man," to paint his fellow justly. Poor Sterling! he did his best to obey the mandate—"Fais ton fait," but he was unsettled, uncertain till near the end. Whatever Carlyle may say, I cannot but think Coleridge's scepticism did leave its mark! No ordinary character could have called forth two such authors, or have enjoyed two such friendships to the last. Near him is the grave of the Rev. William Adams, who wrote "The Distant Hills,"—"The Shadow of the Cross," "The Old Man's Home," "The King's Messengers." A cross—an iron cross—rests horizontally upon the grave.

The rides and climbs about Ventnor are of a fascinating charm. Between it and Bonchurch, in Bonchurch vale, is the "Wishing Well"—that is, the water is conducted in pipes *from* that famous "Well," which lies several hundred feet above, down by the road-side; the wisher must not look behind him after starting, until he arrives at it, and having obeyed the conditions, will receive whatever he wishes! I only hope I may get mine! But, if he wishes to go to the source, all I can say is, he will have a steep, tough, back-breaking climb! The flight of stone steps, leading *part way* up, and to the Pulpit

Rock, is almost perpendicular, consisting of over three hundred steps !

The romantic Undercliff, with its huge moss-grown fallen rocks, gives one at every turn a new point of beauty. It is seven miles in length, and on an average half a mile wide. Here we read "Ursula," which pictures well its wondrous charms—when once there, pencil in hand, it is not easy to get away ! But I must say I could not help feeling just a little oppressed by that massy, towering Downs-wall, so close, and so seemingly unattainable. I felt better on the summit, looking far away over land and ocean. The view from St. Catherine's Down is superb ! It is "St. Ann's Hill" in "Ursula," and the hidden-amid-thick-foliage country-seat, the Hermitage, "is Dene," where "Ursula" the heroine, fights many a moral battle, of course always winning the victory. There must have been an awful commotion when this landslip was formed. Ages on ages ago it was—so long ago, one grows as dizzy in trying to think back to the time, as in trying to grasp the distance from the earth only to Sirius, the nearest fixed star ! It was formed in this way :—the ferrugineous sand beaten out of the other strata by the sea, and the blue mud acted upon by landsprings, becoming a soft mud, their support is removed from the super-lying strata, which in consequence have fallen. There have been two slight cavings in within the present century. In the shadow of these eternal, awful cliffs, I recalled the majestic and sublime rock-masses of our Saguenay,

which are so much higher and more solemn and terrible in their sombre grimness.

The ocean is always great, mighty, sublime, in its hushed calmness—in its storm and fury; but from the summit of St. Catherine's Hill, looking down nearly nine hundred feet, once, upon the billows tossing themselves wildly and madly in the wind, once, with the sunlight dancing on its still, shimmering bosom, the great shadows gliding on, and forever changing—the scene was an irresistible type of Almightyness.

Of all the chines, Blackgang is the fullest of awfulness and savageness—no foliage to adorn its massy walls, the roar of the waves echoing and reverberating through its gloom and darkness; Pollok might have imagined that woful voice of everlasting doom to resound through its hollows and recesses:—

“Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not.”

Woe to the hopeless ship driven on the relentless rocks of this coast! They never felt pity in their ossified hearts. The waterfall is seventy feet perpendicular height, surmounted by ragged and broken cliffs four hundred feet high.

How pleasant were the days—those rides, climbs and rambles to many a delicious *inland* nook! our explorations and sketchings at Scratchell's Bay—the Fair—and that wondrous picture from Afton Down! I thought of Burns' line on a far different scene:—

“Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,”

and felt a pang of regret that the sweet poet had never been here. What an outburst of poetic enthusiasm we should have had to revel in, if he had breathed this inspiring air. It is good to look out on God's mysteries from such a hill as Afton. I feel oppressed in a deep valley. I never could live at the foot of an Alp!—never. I should have *Alpdrücken* every night! In the narrow vale, one's views and aims are apt to grow narrow and small. On the height one has broadness—freedom of thought, and looks down beneath the feet upon the clouds and blinding dust of this self-important world, with its littlenesses—all the amazing, inconceivable *bizarrerries* of human character—and the impulse thus given to the mind is much gain. You would never stay a bigot on a mountain top. The monks of St. Bernard never ask if the half-frozen traveller is within the sacred enclosure of the infallible church.

During our last month in the island, we made two excursions outside it; one to old Winchester, the other to Salisbury and its vast grassy plain.

Winchester, the once Saxon capital of England, existed long before our historic period began; it lies on a pleasant, sloping hill, the River Itchen flowing by, and wears a calmly dignified, gray and solemn air, quite befitting its venerable history. The illustrious William of Wykeham was a poor boy of the neighbouring place of that name, but *mind*, like water, must find its own level, Wykeham stamped his on the west front of the Cathedral, stately in

its noble proportions, and on Winchester College too, which is adorned with a bronze statue of him.

In the quaint old High Street, one looks up the hill to one of the ancient city gates; in this street is the old Market Cross, with a statue of Alfred the Great, of Wykeham, of the first Mayor of Winchester, and some martyr whose name I forget. The market square is quite built over.

The west front, with its massy arched entrance, vast perpendicular windows, buttresses, pinnacles, turrets, all crowned with a statue of Wykeham, is the finest part of the exterior. From the entrance into the nave, which Wykeham also built, the prospect up its majestic arches and aisles is indescribably solemn and overwhelming.

The stately columns, vast arches, and rich corbels, no two carved alike, between the triforium and clerestory; the numerous monuments, the great window, of *no design*, being the old broken stained glass, put in as it was preserved from the destruction of the Cromwellian period! are most striking and impressive, But the choir! What a miracle of carving in the black oak stalls, the pulpit, the Bishop's Throne, that exquisite stone screen between the chancel and Lady Chapel—bearing directly above the altar a Raising of Lazarus by the immortal West, which struck me as *too small* in proportion—but it is a noble work. I love West—*cold* he is I know—but the majestic, sublime calmness of his greatest creations echo back and reflect the unspeakable composure of nature. If the artist has breathed of nature's spirit, he must be calm, raised

above disturbing elements—looking peacefully down from his secure throne.

Goethe was grandly calm—cold he has been called, but he is full to overflowing with the fire of pure genius. 'Tis all one whether the artist paint, colour or word pictures, this calmness will be there if he be a master.

The several chapels or chantries of the cathedral are marvellous and cunning chisel-work ; so fine, so delicate, so exquisitely cut are they, with their rich tabernacle work, suddenly frozen and crystalized. Nothing can surpass these carvings, though Ely Cathedral may rival them, for *it* glitters with exquisite sculptures, its glorious marbles, its bronze-work, its marvellous reredos, all bathed, softened and enriched by its gorgeous windows, pouring in a flood of coloured beams, falling aslant the clustering pillars, the grand arches, tinting with the most intense lines of emerald and gold, rose, scarlet and violet-blue, corbel, arch, carved capital and mighty column. In this respect Ely outshines old Winchester. The beautiful window of genuine *old* stained glass, in the lady chapel, seen above the reredos, is a remnant of the gorgeous windows before the commonwealth devastations ; but the great windows are plain, with the exception of the great west window of which I have before spoken. There are six of these chantries, each in itself a masterpiece, and as beautiful as if fresh from the chisel.

Wykeham's is quite perfect, his figure in his robes and bishop's mitre resting on the altar-tomb within, Cardinal Beaufort wears his scarlet cap. The others are to Fox,

Gardiner, Edington, Waynflete, two, bearing as effigy, a sculptured *skeleton*! One fancies the days of the imposing Popish ceremonial, when in these rich, but silent chantries, masses were once chanted for the dead. There is, behind the altar, a new table-tomb, with a beautiful sculpture of the late Bishop Wilberforce in white marble, reposing on it. In Prior Silkstede's chapel, the good old "Complete Angler," Izaak Walton, is buried, and here is a disreputable-looking old chair, said to have been used by Queen Mary at her marriage with Philip of Spain. There are some very curious, fine carvings in this tiny chapel—a play on the Prior's name, steeds, and carvings representing twisted skeins of silk. These twisted skeins of silk are also on the pulpit—and in the rich stall-work, occurs now and then a steed, among acorns or clusters of grapes. The original *miserere-seats*, still exist under the modern seats of the stalls. Woe to the good monk who grew drowsy at his prayers! The moment he forgot to half support himself by his feet, the treacherous *miserere* sank forward, and he toppled over on his nose. Winchester Cathedral is not alone petrified poetry and grace, but petrified history too. Many of the old Saxon sovereigns were laid here to rest, from Kinegil, the first of them who became a convert to Christianity, and founded the first cathedral, finished by his son in the middle of the seventh century. Kinegil's cathedral fell into ruin, and St. Ethelwald built a second in 980; but this not being sufficiently imposing for the magnificent William of Wykeham, he rebuilt the nave and west front

during his long bishop's rule from 1366 to 1404—nearly half a century. The Conqueror came here to say his prayers; William Rufus was crowned here, and Cœur de Lion, after his return from the crusades; Henry IV. was married here, and Mary Tudor to Philip of Spain.

In the old castle that William the Norman built, and Cromwell blew up, Henry III. was born, and Prince Arthur, elder brother of Henry VIII.; and in its old walls Henry VIII. entertained his royal and mighty guest, Charles V., Emperor of Germany and King of Spain. It was pleasant to imagine all the pomps of royal nuptials and burials; all that is left of that by-gone glory is those six small antique coffers, ranged above on the screen each side of the choir, containing the bones and dust of buried monarchs! Old Winchester College is the *oldest* school in Great Britain. Surely the princely Wykeham employed his "ten talents" nobly—for not only is royal old Winchester stamped lastingly with his creative genius, but he built elsewhere—and New College, Oxford, is his work. We returned by Southampton, and observed, what we had not thought of going, Romsey, and from the station we could see the Ancient Norman Abbey Church, somewhat resembling old Bakewell Church in Derbyshire; in this vicinity is Broadlands, and the home of Florence Nightingale—Romsey being the station for both.

Southampton, with its broad streets and fine avenue extending out to the north of the city, alongside a pleasant park, is a different-looking place from Portsmouth,

with *such* dirty streets—but her majestic old war vessels atone for all that.

At Southampton one seems marvellously near Egypt, China, India and the East! All one has to do is to step on board a merchantman—water, steam, machinery, will save one all trouble as to arriving “out” at Calcutta, or any place in the romantic East! Do not forget, please, that here the wise old Canute issued that famous mandate to Oceanus, perhaps in the shadow of that very scrap of ancient wall of the grand old feudal days, looking out on the defiant waves.

We drove out three miles to the ruins of the Cistercian Netley Abbey, built by Roche, Bishop of Winchester, in the first half of the thirteenth century. It is very much fallen to decay, but the chapel is a picturesque remnant of this old monkish home. Southampton water looked lovely under the silvery light of the full moon, as we crossed over to West Cowes.

Salisbury Cathedral! Glorious vision, as the queenly proportions of its wondrous spire against a back-ground of blue sky in the soft misty air of an October day, burst upon our view! In my mental picture-galleries, is one cathedral group I often dwell upon with untold delight—those three exquisite spires—Strasburg, Salisbury, Freiburg, in the Black Forest, cathedrals! Never shall I forget the sensation with which I first beheld those noble creations. Salisbury is more perfect in its outlines than Strasburg, which wants the unfinished spire, a striking defect even in presence of the highest spire in the world.

All the outlines and forms of Salisbury Cathedral are perfect. The spire is four hundred feet in height—minus two inches! supported by a tower adorned with crocketed turrets. The cathedral gains by standing free and isolated in its retired close, on that soft green lawn, with here and there a clump of lovely trees, like the crowning jewel in a monarch's diadem. It is a double cross, of the early English Gothic, and doubtless the purest specimen of this type of architecture in the world. I counted on the sublime west front, seventy-eight statues—mostly restorations—and there are yet many empty niches; there are one hundred and twenty-three in all. On the north façade are three statues, one *headless*—St. Cuthbert, mitred, stoled and crosiered, is a restoration. The interior is stern and bare in comparison with the elaborate, magical carvings of Winchester, so fresh in our memory; but its clustered, slender columns, and lofty arches, unadorned with sculpture, impress by their stern grandeur and number, for arch succeeds to arch, column to column, in the lordly nave four hundred and forty-nine feet in length, like vast avenues of petrified elms, their wide-spreading branches interlacing and forming the lofty roof. On either side, crusaders and men of might, clad in stone panoply of armour, with shield and sword, rest on their altar-tombs; the recumbent figures, seem stiffened by death, and an icy, frozen calmness rests on the sculptured features in their long repose; though now and then a missing hand or foot, or a vanished nose, detracts from the proportions; but not from the interest. In chapels and aisles reposes

many a mitred bishop on his gorgeous tomb. Among these defenders of the holy, fiery Cross, reposes the broken and mutilated statue of the first Earl of Salisbury, son of Fair Rosamond and Henry II—William Longsword. On column and tomb falls the soft light of that great west window, with a rich mellow radiance.

What stalwart knights, princes and potentates, stately imperious cardinals and confessors, queens and princesses have trodden this kingly nave—and they, too, are among the shadows. Aye! and twenty generations have worshipped here, and poured out their griefs in the ear of the “Man of Sorrows!”

The Chapter House is in the octagonal pointed style, the roof supported by a single slight-springing-column of Purbeck marble, as in the Glasgow Cathedral. The cloisters are perfect—how exquisite those gray, grand Norman arches are, with those beautiful carvings in trefoils, quatre and cinque-foils, around the central, grassy square with a solitary tree. There is a postern door admitting to the grounds of the Bishop's Palace, a delicious, sacredly secluded retirement. On the south side of the close one enters the “Lovers' Walk,” leading, amid lawn, and foliage, to the river.

Our visit to Salisbury was under the most attractive circumstances—the re-consecration of the choir after its restoration, on All Saints' Day. The restored choir is a gorgeous memorial to the late Bishop Hamilton, whose grave in the cloisters was clad for the occasion in a cross of roses and snowy camelias. The work has occupied

seven years, but is not fully completed. The first arch and its supporting columns on the right as one enters the choir, are richly coloured in green, red and blue—a type, I suppose, of all when finished. The stall-work only extends half the length of the choir, and is only the height of pews, at the end of each division, carved angles. The pavement is one of the richest and most beautiful designs in encaustic tiles; the reredos is in purest alabaster, one incrustation of wondrous sculptures, the crucifixion in the centre, the whole surmounted by a beautiful cross; the softest tints as of rubies, opals, sapphires, emeralds and aqua-marines, from the orient window in the Lady Chapel, bathe this lovely screen in a mass of wondrous light, falling like a glory on arch and column with a magical spell, blending with the answering reflections of the gorgeous pavement,—the crimson and gold of the altar-cloth lighting up the marble steps leading into the chan- cel, and the single chantry at either end of the altar.

The services on All Saints' Day were of a most imposing and solemn character. The choir contained only the choristers, and the clergy robed in white. Imagine the splendors of the choir, and in those masses of richest light, three-hundred white-robed, living forms, chanting the *Te Deum* and the *Kyrie Eleison*, the lofty arches taking up and repeating the now triumphant, now mournful strains! But when the sublime *Hallelujah Chorus* filled the temple, and the arches and dim-distant aisles trembled and shook in their resounding joy, the effect was overwhelming! *That must have been something like*

Heaven! It seemed to me I could not have borne *much* more; and turning to look at Fred, his face was deathly pale—he saw and felt only these mighty strains—he told me after, he felt as if he could soar, wafted by the sea of melody, up to the Eternal Throne. Never, never shall I forget the sensations of that hour. The clergy and choristers robed in the Chapter House, and came in procession up the nave, singing the processional hymn, both at Matins and Evensong:—

“ The Church’s one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord,”

the vast assemblage of worshippers standing and joining. It was a grand, a solemn scene, more especially when one reflected on the actual presence of the unseen “Cloud of Witnesses,” and one, to one’s dying day, to form a central point in Memory.

The Venerable Bishop of Salisbury preached at Matins from the 12th chapter of St. John, 31-32 verses. He said, so many and overwhelming thoughts and reflections presented themselves to his mind, he had hardly known what train of thought to take up, but finally thought he could not do better than to present Christ. The dear old man made many touching allusions to Bishop Hamilton, and was several times moved to tears.

At Evensong the Bishop of Ely spoke from those sublime words of the Apocalypse:—“ And the temple of God was opened in heaven, and there was seen in his temple the ark of his testament, and there were lightnings, and

voices, and thunderings, and an earthquake, and great hail."

It was a powerful, eloquent discourse, the central thought, that when the Spirit of God worked, the result produced was neither a dead calm, a stupor or indifference, but rather zeal, searchings after truth, commotion and strife. He drew his illustrations from the history of the Church, alluding to the great Luther-Reformation, the Puritan-Revival, and the mighty awakening of the last half of the eighteenth century—of course under the Wesleys and that true son of thunder, Whitfield, though the names were not mentioned,

I love best to dwell upon that exterior picture of the cathedral as it looked that All Saints' Day evening after the Evensong, under a full moon, with her train of myriads of stars. We walked up and down the paths of the close, gazing upon the vast, dim outlines of the temple, the two north transepts, and the north porch, the fine tracings and statues of the west front, now, still *lighted up from within*, now, all lights extinguished, when in unspeakable grandeur and deepest silence, the moon threw her masses of silver light upon the vast edifice, and the bold spire that soared to its misty height as if it would pierce even to the awful mysteries of the Inscrutable and Unknown. Leaving the close by St. Ann's Gate, we lingered long, taking at last a regretful farewell of this sublime scene—but it is as fresh in memory while I write, as were those rich lawns and trees.

And Salisbury is the newest—the youngest of English

cathedrals, yet two hundred and fifty thousand times has the setting-sun gilded her majestic spire, two hundred and fifty thousand times has the purple and rosy light of the rising sun lighted up chancel and nave as with a divine radiance, and as many moons have mingled their masses of light in these rich, mysterious shadows. The first stone of the princely pile was laid in 1220, but it was not completed until the reign of Edward III., one of the most powerful of England's kings. We went to Salisbury the day before All Saints', and in the afternoon by train to Wilton, so long famous for its rich carpets—in fact the first English carpet was made there. Wilton House and park is the birth-place of Sir Philip Sydney's "Arcadia," and if there is a lovely neighbourhood in all England, it is this. The hills and valleys are covered with the finest trees, the Nadder, the Avon, the Bourne and Willy winding through. The Wilton Benedictine Abbey originated with Wulstan, an Anglo-Saxon Duke of Wiltshire, who in 773, repaired the old church destroyed by the Danes. Wulstan's widow, Alburga, sister of Egbert, converted it into a nunnery. Edith, daughter of King Edgar, was patroness of this ancient St. Mary's Abbey; was canonized and buried here. After the dissolution, the Abbey lands were bestowed upon Sir William Herbert, in 1543. He was created Earl of Pembroke in 1551. The entrance to Wilton House, built on the site of this ancient Abbey, is through a massive arch, above, an equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius. From this stately entrance, one looks up the high road more

than a mile, till it vanishes behind the hills, through a lovely avenue all the way, of varied trees. Holbein designed Wilton House; Inigo Jones built the garden façade. The Willy winds through the park, among such oaks and beeches, such royal cedars of Lebanon, and rich ilexes, sweeping with their dark massive foliage the velvety lawns, as give this "Arcadia" a character of eastern beauty and luxuriance. But the *glory* of these grounds, lovely as they are, is the kingly spire of Salisbury Cathedral, seen through the dense masses of foliage, by an opening purposely made. The statue gallery is of great interest, containing as it does, the collections of those sumptuous Cardinals, Richelieu and Mazarin. In the *double cube room* is Vandyck's celebrated picture of the Pembroke family, containing ten full-length figures. There is a Descent from the Cross by Michel Angelo, painted by command of Henri II. de France, and given by him to his favourite, Diana de Poitiers.

The new church in Wilton, built by Sir Sydney Herbert as a family memorial, looks as if it had been dropped down in this land of mists and fogs, out of sunny Florence. Its snowy, vine-wreathed columns, and snowy mosaic pulpit; its glittering brasses, blue and gold frescoes, antique fonts, gorgeous pavements and marble chancel steps, streaked and shaded by lines of light of every shade, from its dazzling rosette windows, is a splendid type of the voluptuous beauty of the south.

It is Lombard-Gothic architecture, with a square tower. I did not see a memorial to George Herbert, whose coro-

net is not a whit less brilliant than any of his illustrious family!—indeed, I have a dim notion he was the noblest scion of his race! We walked back to Salisbury, that delicious Hallowe'en, to see the dear little Bemerton Church, where the brilliant student of Trinity College, Cambridge, administered in holy consecration, to the little flock of country-people who came to the tiny place of worship. He—the brother of Lord Edward Herbert of Cherbury, created a peer in 1631, a brilliant statesman and author of the first English autobiography—laid aside all grandeur, save that of *mind and soul*. This branch of the Herbert family is now extinct. Sweet, Christ-like spirit, he sleeps beneath the altar in the tiny chancel, but his true greatness and nobility speak to us still of lofty aims and holy aspirations. The little church is thickly surrounded by mouldering grave-stones; across the road is the rectory, where Herbert wrote and prayed. A new church stands on the sloping hill above.

On our way back we bought a beautiful edition of Herbert's poems, and that happy Hallowe'en read them nearly all;—read them with a relish and joy we had never known before. With all his quaintness, what a mine of wealth, in poetic fancy and heavenly purity, have we in those poems! Is it a rule for life?—they are words of gold:—

“Sum up at night what thou hast done by day;
And in the morning, what thou hast to do.
Dress and undress thy soul: mark the decay
And growth of it: if with thy watch, that too
Be down, then *wind up both*; since we shall be
Most surely judged, make thy accounts agree.

"In brief, acquit thee bravely ; play the man.
 Look not on pleasures as they come, but go.
 Defer not the least virtue : life's poor span
 Make not an ell, by trifling in thy woe.
 If thou do ill, the *joy fades, not the pains* :
 If well ; the pain doth fade, *the joy remains.*"

Herbert was no idler :

"He that is weary, let him sit,
 My soul would stir
 And trade in courtesies and wit,
 Quitting the fur,
 To cold complexions needing it.

"O that I were an orange-tree,
 That busy plant !
 Then I should laden be,
 And never want
 Some fruit for him that dresseth me."

Through all his poems there breathes a deep, self-consecrating piety—a spirit that loves to *lose itself in God*, as in the "Elixir:"—

"Teach me my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
 And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee."

All Souls Day, happily with a bright sun—and *fogless* !
 We drove first to Old Sarum, nearly two miles from Salisbury, the true birth-place of the English Prayer-Book, and once the stage of great events ; once a Saxon city ; before that a stronghold of the Britons ; a strong Roman

fort. The Romans made old Sarum Hill a great military centre, whence six roads radiated. Alfred the Great left it a strong city, and the Norman sovereigns added to its ecclesiastical splendour. But the Bishop in King John's reign, Herbert Poore, moved down into the deep valley, and the stones of the old cathedral he worked into the new one. We climbed to the top of the huge hill, whence the view was one of great beauty, the city and the cathedral spire glittering in the sun-light. The Roman fortress on the summit is reduced to a mere mass of flint-stones and rubble, a fragment hanging over the edge of the height, threatens to tumble upon the head of the bold intruder who has ventured into this deserted place, once sacred to Mars. Desolate and lonely enough it is now! All the sound we could hear was the tinkling of some sheep-bells.

Sarum Hill rises in three terraces, the huge trench is grass-grown, in many places overgrown with tangled foliage; on one of the terraces was a *small ploughed field!* As we wondered yet again at the cathedral, that is from this hill a sublime object, we could not help thinking Poore had a monument not unfit to rival even good old St. Cuthbert's. What Durham gains in massiveness, Salisbury gains in height, lightness, and grace.

And now for Stonehenge! Oh! that drive on the vast Salisbury plain! No such solitude is to be found, except on the moors or the ocean. Miles we drove, and no living soul! No sign of a habitation. They told us, in some parts we could go twenty miles without a habita-

tion or a human soul to be seen. All we saw were chalk-white sheep, in pretty groups among the grassy knowls and hillocks; even the renowned "Shepherd of Salisbury plain" did not put in an appearance! At length we reached the stony avenue leading up to this mighty remnant of a great people, whether Celtic or some other.

"I wonder who really did bring these huge stones here, how they moved them, and *what* this monument or temple was!" cried Elise, as we roamed about lost in wonder and amazement among these gigantic boulders, with but rude marks of the chisel.

"Pray be original, *ma poulette*!" said Fred; "you said nearly the same words at the Christenbury crags."

"Yes, Fred, but you told me *they* were *floated*. You *cannot* hold forth any such absurdity here!"

"Mystery is the best part of it. If we knew all about its builders and the object, half the charm would vanish. As it is, we shall *never know*! If you can tell me who the queen of Sheba was, where the land of Uz was, what became of the lost ten tribes, who the man in the iron mask was, whether Joseph of Arimathea *did* build Glastonbury Abbey, or whether St. Paul went to Spain! I'll tell you who built Stonehenge. I believe it was a temple sacred to the old Viking heroes, fallen in battle. It is the *oldest* existing structure in England."

For my part, I see little use in all the learned theories concerning Stonehenge, for they can, at best, be but mere speculations.

CHAPTER XXIV.

VISITS TO, AND A WINTER IN, LONDON.

LONDON ! a breathing, palpitating giant, emitting oceans of smoke and fog from his mighty lungs !

London, with its masses and its massiveness ; its Thames and Tunnel, bridges and pavements ; its network of railways ; its clubs and libraries, museums and art-galleries ; its banks, millionaires and beggars ; its palaces, princes, paupers ; its churches and theatres, clergy and actors ; its omnibuses, cabs and *cabmen* ! its *miles* of heads—its *miles* of faces—and what faces one sees in London streets ! Happy faces, and faces of pain and anguish ; pale, dying faces ; aristocratic faces ; proud, meek faces ; cultivated, intellectual faces,—where at a passing glance one reads the *great soul and mind in the eyes* ; refined and coarse faces ; wicked faces ; poor faces, looking out from tatters, tangled hair, and dirt ; newsboys with their pertness, shoeblacks with block and brush ; the *gamins* who will stand on their heads or pick a pocket with equal skill ; its Covent Garden, its beef and mutton, fish, game, fruit and beer ! enough to supply all England one might imagine, but more than two and a half million souls need a good deal !—its parks, monuments, Horse Guards and soldiers ; its Houses of Parliament.

Would you *begin* to grasp London's vastness ?—to

comprehend its marvels ? Drive through miles on miles of streets, instinct with life and business—through Piccadilly, Regent-street, Oxford-street, Charing Cross, Holborn, the City Road, the old Strand, Fleet-street, under Temple Bar into Cheapside—always in a grand procession of cabs, omnibuses with densely-packed heads, endless rows of carts and waggons, crowds of pedestrians—if you have a *jam* in Cheapside, and are detained twenty minutes, you may, amid these distractions, recall the adventures of “John Gilpin.” How Cowper ever came to write that ludicrous poem, I never could comprehend !

Perhaps, suddenly every equipage will stand motionless ! What is it ? The royal livery ! Some member of the Royal Family driving among these masses of humanity. Where are all these people going ? What is their history ? Their aim ? Their Future ? You are saddened ? Is it to be wondered at ? 'Tis a good place to learn humility. What are *you* but a mere atom—a mite in this dense throng ?

Drive through these wondrous streets in the afternoon, at fashionable shopping hours, when ladies are abroad with powdered footmen, coachmen, sleek horses and luxurious carriages, —or in London gas-light, when the gorgeous shops shine resplendent with their costly stores of jewellery, silks, velvets, laces, furs, flowers, pictures, books ; or go spend an hour in Soho Square bazaar, or an evening *chez Madame Tussaud* ! You might take it into your head to go down into Pandemonium and whiz through any part of London you fancy, *underground*, if you are

so lucky as to escape breaking your neck, entering or leaving the trains !

Or you may go through Belgravia—Tyburnia, where the gallows once stood, with those weary, tantalizing uniform rows of houses, that look so blank and cold, but you would find splendour, fashion, beauty inside—perhaps warmth and pure friendship very often.

You will wonder at the size and imposingness of Albert Hall, and the new and magnificent memorial to Prince Albert, on which Canada is personated by a beautiful sculpture of a maiden.

You will enjoy in all your ramblings, as much, and as striking variety as Hood's commercial clerk :—

“ Now double-entry, now a flowery trope,
Mingling poetic honey with trade wax ;
Blogg, Brothers—Milton—Grote and Prescott—Pope,
Bristless and Hogg—Glyn, Mills, and Halifax—
Rogers and Towgood—Hemp— the Bard of Hope—
Barilla—Byron—Tallow—Burns and Flax.”

On old London Bridge, it would be worth your while to spend an hour, watching the living stream on it—and on the muddy Thames beneath—London Bridge, once covered with houses, so that it resembled a street, where Holbein and Hogarth lived, and Swift and Pope came to the book-sellers—now, book-and-old-lore lovers go to Paternoster Row, where everything rich and rare in that line may be picked up—and where heads were once set up on its gate-houses. In the Nurse's Ballad, we are told

this famous bridge cannot last, if built of aught but stone :—

“Silver and gold will be stolen away,
Iron and steel will bend and bow,
Wood and clay will wash away,”

but

“Build it up with stone so strong,
Dance o’er my Lady Lee ;
Huzza ! ’twill last for ages long,
With a gay lady.”

“Since we are on the bridge,” said Fred, “we may as well go on to Southwark, and see old St. Saviour’s Church, built in Norman days, as part of an Augustine Priory,” In the choir are two beautiful stained windows to the memory of the *six Martyrs* who were tried here, in the Lady Chapel, during the Marian persecutions, and afterwards burned ! These windows bear the *last words* of these noble men. Saunders, burned in Coventry, exclaimed at the stake :—“Welcome the Cross of Christ, welcome everlasting life !”

Two of them were burned in Smithfield, John Rogers, exclaiming : “That which I have preached, I will seal with my blood !” and John Bradford sounded the *key-note* of all the martyrs : “The truth, for which I lay down my life, shall gloriously conquer !”

The church is rich in tombs. In the south transept is the triple-canopied mausoleum of the poet Gower, bearing his effigy—Gower was married in this church, by William of Wykeham.

Shakespeare's brother, Edmund, was buried here!—he was player in the church. Not far from this St. Mary Overie church, is the Tabard Inn, a resting-place of Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims.

"I think," said Elise, "if London owes any man a debt, surely it is Wren, for beside St. Pauls, he built,—rebuilt, or restored—*fifty churches* in the city, and the towers of the west front of Westminster Abbey!"

I have made a note of a few interesting facts connected with London churches. In St. Andrew's, Holborn, Richard Savage was christened, Hacket and Stillingfleet were rectors, and the register states, that on August 28th, 1770, Chatterton was buried in the burial-ground of Shoe-lane Workhouse!—now a market!

In St. Ann's, Soho, is a tablet erected by Walpole, to Anthony Neuhof, King of Corsica, who, although a king, had not half a crown to bury himself.

In St. Bride's, Fleet street, were buried Richardson, the novelist, author of "Clarissa Harlowe," and Thomas Sackville and Lovelace, the poets.

St. Clement's Danes was the first church west of Temple Bar, Johnson attended service here; his pew, in the gallery, bears his name.

In the church-yard of St. George's, Hanover Square, Sterne was buried.

In St. Giles', Cripplegate, Fox, author of the Book of Martyrs, Speed, the historian, Milton and his father, Sir Martin Frobisher, of Arctic fame, lie buried,—and Oliver Cromwell was married to Elizabeth Bouchier, in 1620!

Cripplegate was named from an hospital for cripples near the gate.

In St. Giles-in-the-Fields, High-street, are buried Lord Herbert, of Cherbury—the first Peer of his family—and Shirley the dramatist. It was at the gate of the hospital, built by Henry Beauclerc's Queen, Matilda, on the site of this church, a *bowl of ale*!—"St. Giles' ~~Field~~ was given to criminals *on the way* to Tyburn!

In St. James', Piccadilly, is an exquisite font, sculptured by Gibbons. The shaft represents the Fall in Eden, on the bowl are bas-reliefs—on Christ's baptism.

In St. Lawrence Jewry, King-street, Cheapside, Tillotson was married and buried;—Anna Boleyn's father was buried here. St. Margaret's, north of the Abbey, is rich in painted glass, carvings, and monuments. In it is Pope's finest of his epitaphs, that of Mrs. E. Corbett:—

"Here rests a woman, good without pretence,
Blest with plain reason, and with sober sense :
No conquest she but her own self desired,
No arts essayed, but not to be admired.
Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
Convinced that virtue only is our own ;
So unaffected, so composed a mind,
So firm, yet soft, so strong, yet so refined,
Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures tried ;—
The saint sustain'd it, but the woman died."

Caxton and Sir Walter Raleigh rest here, and, probably, Wenceslaus Haller, the artist, as also Skelton, the merry poet-laureate of Henry VIII. s reign.

In St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Nell Gwynn was buried, and Lord Bacon baptized.

Miles Coverdale was buried in St. Bartholomews, close by the Exchange.

In St. Mary's, Paddington, Hogarth was married to Sir James Thornhill's daughter; and in the church-yard. Bushnell, Banks, Nollekens, Mrs. Siddons, and Collins, were buried.

In the Chapel of St. Mary's-le-Savoy, all that is left of the old Palace of Peter-le-Savoy, where John of Gaunt lived in state and entertained Chaucer, and where the Black Prince paid honour to his royal prisoner of Poitiers, King John de France,—Gawin Douglass, translator of Virgil, was buried; and in it the Savoy Conference settled the Book of Common Prayer.

An old custom, the reason of which is not known, is still observed in this Chapel :—The Sunday after Christmas, a chair is put near the door, on the chair, a plate, on the plate an orange! Its quaint belfry recalls that of *Holy Island*.

Shoreditch Church stands *on the spot* where poor Jane Shore died. Her *once King-lover forbade any subject to give her food, or shelter, on pain of death!* and she starved in a ditch!

Milton was christened in the old font in St. Mildred's, Bread-street, Cheapside. He was born in the same street, hard by, in full sound of the world-famed Bow Bells!

The head of James IV., slain at Flodden Field, is supposed to have been buried in St. Michael's, Wood-street,

Cheapside; his body in the Monastery of Sheen, in Surrey; Scottish historians, however, dispute the point.

In St. Mary's, Moorfields, Weber, the great composer, was buried, afterwards removed to Germany. On his death the following beautiful lines were written:—

“ Weep, for the word is spoken !
Mourn, for the knell hath tolled !
The master's chord is broken,
And the master-hand is cold.
Romance hath lost her minstrel ;
No more his magic strain
Shall throw a sweeter spell around
The legends of *Almaine*.

“ His fame hath flown before him
To many a foreign land ;
His lays were sung by every tongue,
And harped by every hand.
He came to seek fresh laurels,
But fate was in their breath,
And turned his march of triumph
Into a dirge of death.”

The old Marshalsea Debtors' Prison stood in High-street, Southwark; no vestige of it remains—in it Bishop Bonner lived *ten years*, and died there!

Czar Peter the Great, lodged in Norfolk-street, out of the Strand.

Surrey, Norfolk, and Howard Streets are the site of old Arundel House, where Lord Thomas Seymour lived with Queen Catherine Parr, whom, to his eternal disgrace, he greatly ill-treated. The Earl of Arundel purchased it

after this fourth husband of the Queen's "was executed for treason."

"I, too, have made notes in my various readings," said Fred, "of several interesting facts. In the Strand was the old palace built by Seymour, Duke of Somerset—the Lord Protector—which became the home of English queens for over a hundred years. Elizabeth lived in it, Anne of Denmark, Henrietta Maria, Catharine of Braganza, and Anne of Denmark. Cromwell, General Monk, lay in state in the Protector's palace. Fancy queens making homes of the Strand now! The old palace was torn down in 1776, and the new Somerset House built, where learned societies have apartments, and the state offices. The bronze statue is George III.

"Here in Ludgate hill stood a monastery of the Dominican Friars—Blackfriars, built in 1276—it occupied all the space between this street and the Thames. The Emperor, the great Charles V. of Spain, lived in it while guest of Henry VIII., and the divorce of Catharine of Arragon was discussed and declared there.

"How true it is, a Nemesis pursues the wrong-doer. Anna Boleyn consented to this monstrous injustice—nay, more, *crime*—and paid for her sin with her life. Had she *refused* her royal lover, the greater sinner of the two, she might have been held up now as a noble woman. We pity her—but she deserved her fate—she *helped* to kill the lawful wife and queen.

"As we are going now to Battersea Park, we may remember Lord Bolingbroke was born there, in Boling-

broke House, where he lived with his wife, a niece of Madame de Maintenon, and in which Pope wrote his 'Essay on Man.' It was a rendezvous of the stars of English literature.—Pope, Swift, Thomson, Arbuthnot, and their contemporaries. Bolingbroke died there, and lies in the family vault in St. Mary's Church with his wife; their monument is by Roubiliac, and very beautiful, with busts—the epitaphs are from Bolingbroke's own pen."

If our friends failed to hear Disraeli in the House of Commons, they had the pleasure of hearing him for half an hour at the Lord Mayor's banquet in old Guildhall, as also the Earl of Derby, Lord Stanley—the present Earl—and as guests of the Lord Mayor, of roaming at will in the different halls, adorned with royal portraits—among them, of Her Majesty Victoria, and the well-beloved princess Charlotte—Hogarth's characteristic paintings of the "Industrious" and "Idle Apprentice," a statue of George III., and many valuable books relating to the ancient history of London. They drank of the "loving cup"—a goblet of massive gold, with a lid—and ate turtle soup and turbot in the great hall, where mighty events have left their shadows—the statues of three sovereigns, the author of "Vathek," and others, looking down upon the banquet with stony indifference, and the giants, Gog and Magog, stood guard.

Among all the places of worship of the Metropolis, none possess a greater attraction for the stranger than the

Tabernacle—its immense congregation rising to sing, is a striking sight—and everybody sings.

Mr. Spurgeon has a beautiful voice; his reading of a hymn is perfect, and his comments on the Bible-lessons original and appropriate. The foundation of his—their first-heard—sermon was: “In my Father’s house are many mansions.” Mr. Spurgeon’s free and simple manner, deep earnestness, strikingly original style, and magnificent voice, give him immense power in the pulpit. I will only mention two quaint thoughts:

“Some Christians always wear Chinese shoes, and their feet never enlarge.”

“Some Christians always wear pebbles in their shoes—scruples of conscience—the Christian has nothing to do with scruples of conscience; the moment a matter must be called in question as doubtful, it should be *left* as dangerous.”

He read the closing hymn:—

“There is a fountain filled with blood,”

with an intensity of feeling, and pathos, not to be described, and then raised the tune himself! I do not think another person could have been crowded into that vast throng—all standing, singing that glorious hymn.

That Sunday afternoon they walked in the old cemetery of Bunhill Fields, among a forest of tomb-stones. Over 200,000 are buried in this ancient grave-yard—many Dissenters—the mother of the Wesleys, on whose grave John Wesley once preached, Dr. Watts, Bunyan,

Fox, founder of the Quakers, De Foe, author of "Robinson Crusoe," the book, after the immortal "Pilgrims," that has most fascinated the child-world. *Vis-à-vis* stands the City Road Chapel, the foundation-stone of which was laid by the great Wesley himself—whom Burke calls "the greatest church legislator the world has ever seen"—and in the grave-yard around the chapel, he is buried with many of his coadjutors, Benson, Dr. Adam Clarke, Bunting,—beacon-lights all, in this dark world. In an "upper room" of the adjoining parsonage, the great church-reformer died, surrounded by a few of the choice spirits who so fully understood him. If we had a few Wesleys and Whitfields in this Babylon to wake up the people!

There were pleasant drives to Sydenham, Brixton, Richmond and its grand old park, and the other suburbs. The Crystal Palace, with its extensive grounds and *jets d'eau*, are best seen illuminated, when the place seems like some palace gardens of the East, but the palace is too large for solo singing, as Adelina Patti herself must have felt it—it requires a chorus of eight or ten thousand voices.

Twice during the year the sun is perpendicular to the equatorial regions, his rays are vertical, the atmosphere becomes penetrated by the burning heat, lighter and thinner, and rises; on the borders of this fiery zone we find matters somewhat different; the vacuum created by this rarefaction and rising of the air is being filled by the air-streams rushing in from the north and south poles;

—this is the origin of our winds, of the tornado, and the fundamental cause of many a raging storm. When the mariner in the Atlantic with his ship approaches the equator, a sudden fear seizes his heart. Sooner or later the favourable wind that has borne him so triumphantly onward, ceases, and finally gives place to a fearful calm in this burning heat, and the noble ship lies motionless on the crystal mirror of the ocean, helpless—powerless. Days and weeks pass by in this hopeless stillness,—the stillness of despair, with no fresh water, no quickening, life-giving breeze. At last the sun sinks in flaming red, and hark ! what is that ? A light breeze whistles in the distance, accompanied by a streak of foam on the till now motionless sea. Suddenly the tempest rages with fearful fury, the ship tosses to and fro like a ball, with a crashing noise the masts are hurled into the billows, the hurricane shakes the ship in its rage, and dashes it to the bottom amid the thunder's roar and the flashings of the lightning.

“ Am I going to write a physical geography ? ”

Bewahr, bewahr, meine Liebe ! I have only described very faintly what often takes place in the inner world of every human heart. Does not pale passion stretch out her hand to every beating human soul and say, “ My empire is misery and my sceptre terror ? ” If man is not the victim of his own passions, he too frequently falls, or deeply suffers, through those of his fellowman ;—through his unkindness or neglect. “ They say so ! ” Of course “ they ” do ! and many a noble heart has been thereby

broken. Look at the history of the great composers, painters, poets :—almost without exception, how unhappy they were—sorrow is the inheritance of Genius, the food on which she best thrives. Mozart, "*der König der Töne*," died broken-hearted, in what should have been the prime of his life, before he had reached what would have been the zenith of his fame, all because stupid people took so long to understand his greatness—when they did, it was *too late* ! Sebastian Bach, the king of organists, died poor ; even his grave is lost in the growth of Leipsic, the old Friedhof where he was buried, being covered with streets and houses, and his poor wife died *Almosin* ! Beethoven, the Titan, grew bitter, hard and cold, through a false friend who deceived him, and never believed in human nature again. When he discovered the falsehood, his bitter exclamation was :—" *Mein Lebensglück ist auf immer yerstört,—mein Vertrauen auf die Menschheit unrettbar verloren !*" And how about poor Chatterton, and Surrey ? both victims, though in a different way. "But was not Cowper an exception to this empire of Passion ?"

Your question, *ma chère*, proves you have considered the subject, but the reply must be negative. Cowper's ruling passion was fear. If he had not been fag to the school bully, he might not have been through life an hypochondriac ! What Cowper and Byron, under other training and circumstances, would have been, must remain an unanswered question. And through all examples of history, mankind seems little wiser. Every man must be

his own Columbus in a double sense. Do you ask why the truly great have been unappreciated during life? Because they were *seen too near*! All great objects look better at a distance—and there were often other causes, which History betrays as she draws aside the cur that hides the past. “What has given rise to these random reflections?”

Do you see that gray, gloomy mass of masonry there before you, crowned with battlements and towers? That's the Tower of London! It figured in your fancy when, a little child, you read about the humpback Richard III., and the little Princes! Grim enough it looks yet—and strong.

What historical excursions we have made in its sombre shadows, from the Norman Conqueror down, among Plantagenets and Lancastrians, Yorkists and Tudors, Stuarts and Guelphs! We seem to hear the trumpet of victory, and the muffled drums beating the march to death. It is *haunted* with groans and sighs! We fancy the triumphant entry of kings and queens, but how quickly it changes to the mournful procession of those doomed to die! Sorrow and Joy, those twin sisters, rarely part company—so here in this grim old keep. Alas! for poor meagre humanity! how many victims! 'Twas hard, in the greed for power, to be great! We walk in a whirlwind of thoughts and emotions, amid the long lines of armour, through the prison of Sir Walter Raleigh, where he wrote his history, and wonder how any

heart could have permitted such a man to sleep all those years in that little, windowless closet opening out of his study;—stand as in a dream in the state-prison, whose walls bear testimony enough to the agony they have seen, in the sketches its occupants have made!

What recollections are awakened by the name “Jane,” twice cut here by Dudley, while his gifted girl-wife awaited death in her prison directly beneath his own! To us it is impossible to measure such a sorrow.

Dudley had four brothers imprisoned in this chamber, and the Howards, Percies, Nevilles, Peverils have all left their memorials! One writes: “My hope is in Christ!” another, “Hope in God!” one wishes time were ended! and no wonder. The old Beauchamp Tower serves well now as a monument to the memory of all these sufferers, and the strong, unsparing light of history brings out in high relief the true character of oppressor and oppressed. It is a tragedy in stone—or rather a thousand tragedies condensed in one mammoth horror. Raleigh’s prison was in it one of the three times he was sent here, but his *twelve years*, with that bed-room in the wall, was in the Bloody Tower. The gateway of the Bloody Tower is the chief entrance to the inner ward; it has massy gates, and portcullis *still in working order*. *En face* is the Traitors’ Gate—the Water Gate, a small postern with drawbridge, fronting the Thames. Through it came Elizabeth—and the others are legion. Like dark phantoms they seem to glide by us as we linger, and listen to the cries of the

boatmen, the tread of the soldier, the executioner with his axe : they pass

“On through that gate, through which before
Went Sidney, Russel, Raleigh, Cranmer, More.”

The White Tower is the oldest portion of the fortress, built in 1087, by Bishop Gundulf for the Conqueror, and from the Normans down, nearly all the sovereigns have held their court here, and gone hence in pomp and great state to Westminster on the coronation day. In it was the council-chamber, and the old Norman Chapel of St. John. Instead of the ancient tapestry, a fine collection of armour and arms, chronologically arranged, adorns the walls. In the White Tower, Henry VIII. received *all his six wives!* Poor things! The brave soldier-prince and poet, the royal prisoner of Agincourt, Charles d'Orléans, was confined in it *twenty-five years*; which he employed in composing poems, and illuminating the manuscript with pictures of his life. The tower green is railed in now with an iron fence, and is grass-grown!

On this spot perished three queens—Anna Boleyn, Katharine Howard, Lady Jane Grey; also the aged Countess of Salisbury, daughter of Clarence, brother of Edward IV., all victims of Tudor cruelty, three of Henry VIII's, Elizabeth's favourite, Essex, Anna Boleyn, and Lady Jane Grey were buried in St. Peter's Chapel, and just in front of it, the unfortunate Hastings was murdered at a moment's notice, dragged from the Council-Chamber.

St. John's, or the Chapel Royal, is one of the oldest

portions of the tower; it consists of nave and aisle, with triforium above, rounded arches, and a rich pavement, a restoration of the old one.

Here all the monarchs with the court came to worship, and in it Elizabeth of York, Queen of Henry VII., lay in state. What scenes and pictures of pomp and beauty and love, busy fancy conjures up in this tiny chapel! All vanished into nothing!

"How true the words of the German poet are," exclaimed Elise, as they lingered where so much royalty has said its prayers:—

" 'Ach ! wie nichtig, ach ! wie flüchtig
Ist der Menschen Leben !
Nehm'es vorwärts und von hinten,
Du wirst immer Nebel finden,
Welcher plötzlich muss verschwinden.

" 'Ach ! wie nichtig, ach ! wie flüchtig
Ist ein froh Geniessen !
Aber Lust lässt sich nicht binden :
Kaum dass sich die Freuden finden,
Siehst du sie auch wieder schwinden.' "

In strange contrast with the gray old tower and its myriads of associations, is the English Regalia. This dazzling glitter of gold and costly stones, seems a cutting sarcasm, a bitter irony, in the face of the grim Norman Keep, and the awful tragedies that have been enacted here on the stage of life! Here are five crowns, Edward the Confessor's the largest and most ancient. St. Edward's crown was made in the time of Charles II., in imitation

of the one worn by the pious Saxon king, and with it the monarch is crowned at the altar. Its arches, flowers, fillets, are of varied jewels. Victoria's crown is a glittering object, worth nearly 112,000 pounds! The Koh-i-Noor is milk-white, but does *not* seem worth its fabulous price. The cap is purple velvet; the arches are diamonds, surmounted by a Maltese cross of brilliants, intermingled with three large pearls, a sapphire almost two inches square, a heart-shaped ruby worn by the Black Prince! and an emerald seven inches round! In front is a Jerusalem cross entirely of brilliants. The Prince of Wales' crown is of plain gold, unjewelled.

The Queen Consort's crown is gold, set chiefly with diamonds and pearls.

The Queen's diadem is a circlet of gold set with diamonds, surmounted with a string of pearls. There are four sceptres, St. Edward's staff, the two Swords of Mercy and Justice, two orbs of gold, and many other costly objects. The ampulla is in the form of an eagle, the massive gold salver of the coronation communion plate bears a beautiful *alto relievo* of the Last Supper.

"Well," said Fred, as they turned away from this splendour of gold and precious stones, and bade farewell to the Bastile of England, "it is true enough what Beethoven says:—

"Wenn Jemand eine Reise thut,
So kaun man was erzählen!"

"What is it that gives one so much pleasure in view-

ing the great works of art ?" asked Elise, as they walked among the paintings of the National Gallery.

All the works in this collection are by the old masters, except the Turners. Turner's "Sunrise," "Dido building Carthage," and that wondrous sea-scene, "The fighting Téméraire," are among his finest here. The management of the light in the works of this artist is something magical; one seems to see the thin mists, and the shadows as they come and go—the effect is wonderful. In this respect, as painter of *the air*, Claude is Turner's chief rival. I remember in particular, Claude's "Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca," where one involuntarily imagines one's self transplanted into that wonderful landscape, and soft, misty air.

"Oh! that's one of Turner's daubs!" cried some one near. The critics have handled the great artist roughly enough, and *some* of his paintings deserve severe criticisms—his works are remarkably *unequal*.

Among nearly eight hundred paintings, one can only mark in his mind the few richest gems that have most struck and pleased the taste and fancy. There is a very fine portrait by Van Dyke; a "Holy Family" by Murillo; a "Raising of Lazarus" by Sebastian del Piombo, a work of great power; the majesty of the Messiah, the kneeling figure of Mary, the astonishment of the spectators, are strikingly brought out.

"You ask, Elise," said Artist Annie, "what is it that gives one so much pleasure among works of art; is it not the idea and expression of beauty?"

"Undoubtedly; but what is your conception of beauty?"

Artist Annie reflected, and Mr. Hopeton said: "It seems to me beauty is both objective and subjective; I mean to say, in any subject we find the inherent meaning and thought, and, on the other hand, its outward expression in form."

"But," said Fred, "all material form does not express beauty."

"Certainly not, but only that which gives to the idea of beauty, its perfect, corresponding form."

"And even then," said Artist Annie, "the chief charm lies in the meaning involved, the outward form merely assists us in our comprehension of beauty—moral or physical. For example, the beauty of a painting of the Madonna lies, not simply in the form and face, but in the seeming embodiment of the idea of child-like purity, of motherhood, and of the most exalted piety."

"That is perfectly true," said Mr. Hopeton, "and the same may be said of the figure of the Messiah, in the Raising of Lazarus—it is the expression of majesty—of divinity—and behold the *love and trust* in Mary's up-turned face!"

"It is something of the notion of divinity," said Aunt Jessie, "dim and misty though it was to the ancients, that is the secret of the wondrous power of that masterpiece of antiquity—the Belvidere Apollo—the thought of godlike power and strength—of everlasting youth. I shall never forget the thrill—almost of pain—of wonder

and joy, when first I stood before that mighty conception."

"And then one *feels* the agony in presence of the *Laocoon*!" cried Artist Annie: "that deep criticism of the great German writer, Lessing, so expresses what one feels, and how one should regard this great work. I am more and more convinced that Genius is, to a certain point, inspiration."

"Do look at the joy in this statue—'The first Pocket,'"
said Elise, "What a story that tells of child-life."

"Mrs Thornycroft's 'Sleeping-Girl' is the best sculpture here, I think," said Fred, "but see! there is Mrs. Wentworth talking to Aunt Jessie; you have not forgotten she was to join us here and drive us to the South Kensington Museum, where I suppose we shall have another attack of Raptus."

South Kensington Museum abounds in objects of beauty,—rare cabinets and consoles, lapis lazula, pearls, diamonds, cameos, carvings in ivory, old china, rich tessellated pavements, sculpture, original paintings, Raffaello's Cartoons—a bewildering display of Taste and Genius.

"Elise!" cried Artist Annie, "do come and see this 'Song of a Shirt!' What an exquisite piece of sculpture! Look at the weary, patient face, and that *patch* on the scanty dress! Hood's touching poem as touchingly illustrated."

Now we may revel among the works of Landseer, and his brother, Mulready, Wilkie, Wilson, Gilbert, Stuart, Gerard, Dow, Turner, Leslie, Collins, West, and so on.

Rosa Bonheur's "Council of Horses" is here. She is the only rival of Sir Edmund Landseer as modern animal painter, and I must confess I find she paints *life from love*, and far excels him. Now we see the *originals* of Leslie's "My Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman," Mulready's "Giving a Bite,"—a life-like boy story!—"Choosing the Wedding Gown," Wilkie's "Broken Jar," "Village Festival," "School," "Play-ground." What inimitable humour! What portraitures of character!

"Ah!" exclaimed Artist Annie, "how Raffaello Sanzio—or Raphael, though I prefer his Italian name—towers above them all in his sublime conceptions—in these Cartoons! Such majestic figures, such glorious-in-their-symlicity draperies, such gorgeous colouring—as in "Paul preaching at Athens," and "Joseph interpreting Pharaoh's dream."

"You observe," said Aunt Jessie, "his Holy Family is a copy in Gobelin tapestry;—we shall see many such in the royal palaces of France."

"I say, *Mademoiselle Artiste*," said Fred, "you'll have a jolly time of it sketching here; there's an awfully pretty *blondine* copying the Play-Scene in Hamlet by Mac-lise! She has chosen a stupendous subject! I suppose you will attack Paul in the Cartoon, or something equally tremendous."

"We must go now," said Mr. Hopeton, coming up to the group, "it is already late, and we are to see the Commons in Session to-night, or we shall miss it altogether, for Parliament will be prorogued to-morrow."

"And we can imagine ourselves Turks, or Egyptians, or any other interesting ladies of the East, hidden behind that *lattice-work* in the ladies' gallery!" said Elise laughing; "a lady sees little behind that screen, and hears badly."

"I shall help all the other busy fingers, that have broken out the ornamentations between the trellis work!" said Artist Annie—"I wonder why they *screened* this gallery so?"

"Out of awe of the superior splendour that was expected to dazzle and shine there!" said Fred. Disraeli did not speak, to their great disappointment; he sat with that taciturn, impenetrable face of his, those dark eyes, that massive head and jet black hair, looking as if he could say and do anything he chose. There is a wonderful look of power in the dark, still face—it is a face *unlike* any other face, once seen, to leave a lasting impression.

There was a good deal of eh-ehing—and nobody seemed in a particular hurry to finish what he had to say, but lingered with a loving drawl, as if loth to part with every word!

The following morning our friends visited the Dulwich Gallery, of which the gem is Murillo's group of the "Two Beggar boys," and, on their return, were conducted by a friend, a member of the Commons, over the Houses of Parliament, which they had only caught dazzling and hurried glimpses of under the gas-light the evening previous.

The entrance is worthy of such a princely edifice. One mounts a broad and noble stairway from the ancient Westminster Hall, and enters an avenue named St. Stephen's Hall; the dignity of this superb corridor is guarded by full-length marble statues of great English Legislators; Pitt, Burke, Fox, Chatham, the echoes of whose voices still seem to linger in the lofty arches and panelled ceiling; the patriot Ship-money Hampden, Mansfield, Clarendon, Falkland—the Genii they seem of Law and Right!

Its walls are frescoed; the great window of St. Stephen's Porch is forty-eight feet high, in gorgeous stained glass,—the insignia of English monarchs.

The Central Hall, between the Chambers of the Lords and Commons, is an octagon with superb Gothic roof, windows of stained glass, and sixty niches, all to be filled with statues in Caën stone, draped in the costume of their own age, of England's kings and queens. Several are already filled—William the Conqueror, Cœur de Lion and Berengaria, Edward III. and Philippa, Henry V. and Katherine, Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York. The pavement is very fine, of encaustic tiles. Turn to your left, and arrive by a corridor, in the Chamber of the Commons, where you may wonder at the splendour of gold and brass-work, stained-glass windows and frescoes, lavish carvings in varied and cunning designs—Tudor emblems predominating—for have we not here Tudor architecture? but do not, pray, be overwhelmed, for there is the House of Lords to come—a blaze of crimson and

gold, stained glass, frescoes, carvings in oak of the Tudor rose and portcullis, the pomegranate of Castile, the fleur-de-lis of France, oak-leaves, shields, acorns, and other emblems. The throne is a marvel of splendour, the ascent by three steps, the carpet scarlet, powdered with white roses! The superb ornamentations of this throne are on such a scale of richness and grandeur, one thinks involuntarily of Solomon! Well, we have *not* those twelve lions of solid gold!

The royal entrance is by the Victoria Tower, the highest square tower in the world—twenty feet higher than the Clock Tower—at the top of the royal staircase is the brilliant Norman Porch with statues of Norman sovereigns, and frescoes illustrative of Anglo-Norman history, groined roof, clustered columns, bosses; from it you enter the Queen's Robing-room,—boudoir fit for the Queen of Sheba, or Zenobia—a miracle of *subdued* splendour, stained glass, frescoes, mirrors, carpet of softest dyes—but nothing glaring—all blends in one gorgeous, harmonious whole. The south front is *alive*! with Saxon monarchs. But enough. I have lingered two pages, where our friends revelled as many hours, and could only say as did the Eastern Queen: “The half has not been told me!”

We have all made our Argonautic expedition in search of the Golden Fleece,—man's lost Paradise. How full of a pure gladness and joy youth's tiny bark floats down the clear, unruffled stream of life, which flows amid the greenest meadows, the mightiest of mountains, the love-

liest flowers! How life lies there before the young dreamer, so fresh and fragrant, and wondrous melodies echo everywhere. The sunny stream has not yet widened into the wide ocean of experience, where merciless tempests rage and howl. How beautiful and touching is the fearless, keen, penetrating gaze of a child, as it looks out in wonder on all faces and forms! How the great masters have caught this expression in the Divine Child! Why is it that the early years of life are an unending poesie? Childhood-life is objective almost, not at all subjective. If the brain is fully developed at the age of seven, and the understanding also is early unfolded, experience fails. Young life is more a recognition than a willing; there are few relations and few wants, hence little excitement of the will, and the fancy, free and unwearied by repetition and disappointment, sees all through a poetic lens. Life is an Eastern legend, an enchanted castle,—*c'est l'age des illusions*. And these dreams, coloured with the fresh morning's purple-gold light, and fragrant with perfumes, give an earnest longing for life and an energy in entering upon it, which are indispensable to the success of any purpose or plan.

If it be true that the age of awakening, of sorrow and broken hopes, also comes, yet will these rosy dreams mature into reality *in futurum*,—so man need never be hopeless. Here, in the old Westminster, the Queen of Abbeys, all these slumbering kings and queens, these brilliant geniuses, still monarchs in the Empire of Mind, have dreamed their dreams, and have been rudely shocked

into a bitter awaking. Happy they who learned the *intended lesson*, earth is not the home of an immortal mind.

We linger often and long, losing ourselves in reveries, in these chapels of the glorious old abbey, where so many sovereigns rest from crowns or crimes; and we know now that sorrow lay as cold at their hearts as these marble and alabaster mausoleums rest above them: for has not history taken us behind the scenes, and given us her confidence? And how true they have all found the old popular tradition of Dr. Faust, that Goethe's mighty genius has woven into his "Faust?" That is the *duality* of man's character—the unceasing combat in the inner life. They had, like the Norman Prince, Robert le Diable, their "Bertram" and "Alice." What a tremendous reality in that painting—"The Game of Life!" Queen Elizabeth had her day of temptation, and yielded, and posterity judges her justly. Now her fair rival, her hapless victim—the beautiful Stuart—rests beneath a mausoleum as splendid and as cold as her own.

One thinks of all the pomp and pride of power, of the splendours of military victories, with a singular sadness, among all these marble, and porphyry, and alabaster tombs. Hastings and Bannockburn, Cressy, Poitier, and Agincourt, and down through the long line of battles, we listen to the tramp of armies, the clashing of arms, the shouts of the victors, and the groans of the dying! Where are the conquerors? And childhood has suffered too! What recollections are awakened by the white marble

sarcophagus, supposed to contain the boy Edward V. and his little brothers ! In these twelve chapels, nearly all the English monarchs sleep, and Addison mingles his dust with all this royalty—*his* crown is evergreen.

Here poor Arabella Stuart has forgotten her troubles, and the " Winter Queen " of Bohemia her lost crown ; and Darnley's ambitions are hushed to rest in this cold stillness.

Edward the Confessor's Chapel is immediately behind the chancel, his shrine in the centre ; around are the tombs of Edward I. and his Queen Eleanor ; Henry V., with his helmet, shield, and saddle, used at the field of Agincourt, above ;—his Queen, Katherine de Valois, ancestress of the Tudors, by her second marriage, does not lie behind him, but in the Chapel of St. Nicholas, next to the vault of the great Percies—(Edward III., and the good Queen Philippa. Edward VI. lies close behind the altar, with nothing to mark his grave), &c.

In this Chapel are the coronation chairs, of oak, the oldest made by command of Edward I., containing the royal coronation stone of bonnie Scotland—a block of sandstone—used at Dunstaffnage and Scone. I am not prepared to say whether this relic was really and truly *Jacob's Pillar* ! that night of his heavenly dream on his journey to Padan-aram ! It is not impossible, is one of these chapels—Abbot Islip's—the *Madonna* is honoured with a statue representing her in her famous rôle of Lady Macbeth, in the walking dream ! It is of marble, the work of Campbell.

Near, in this same Chapel, is that masterpiece of sculpture by Roubiliac, that sends an icy thrill to every heart,—to Mrs. Nightingale. This lady died suddenly in her husband's arms; her figure sinks in his arms, and he, in an agony of terror, strives to beat back that dreadful skeleton-figure Death, that from beneath is about to grasp his certain prey with that bony hand! It is a thrilling, an awful representation.

"I find *more power* in this than any other work in the Abbey," said Artist Annie, "nothing so tragical."

"I think it is too theatrical," said Fred; "the art critics say the marble group to Lord Holland, by Baily, is the finest sculpture in the Abbey."

"It may be, but I do not *feel* it as this."

How to describe the subdued splendour of Henry VII.'s Chapel? If there were only more light, it is so *triste* in its cold, dim twilight! It is a nave and two aisles, with five chapels at the east end: in the *apsis*, shut in by massy gates of brass, is the gorgeous tomb of the first Tudor monarch and his queen, a splendid type of Florentine art.

The carvings in the vaulted porch, and the chapel itself, are exquisite and varied; Henry's supporters, the lion, dragon, greyhound; the arms and badges; radiated quatrefoils, the portecullis, crown, roses, fleurs-de-lis, falcons, angels, fruit, flowers, niches filled with statues, and angels bearing escutcheons, and that marvellous fan-traceried roof, one encrustation of Tudor roses, knots of flowers, pendants, bosses, in bewildering richness—and it

is a neck-breaking affair! to study it. Around the nave are black oak canopied stalls of the Knights of the Bath, above each the knight's banner.

Now our friends wander through those avenues of arches and columns and monuments, enriched with the lights from those gorgeous stained windows of the transept, and the west end of the nave. There is in the north aisle of the nave a memorial window to Stevenson, bearing his great bridges. There are memorials to Wolfe, and the unfortunate Major André.

Westmacott's memorials to Pitt and Fox are sublime conceptions.

Fox is dying in the arms of Liberty, Peace in attendance, an emancipated slave weeping at his feet. Such a monument is worth having. Near, is the sitting figure to his great coadjutor, Wilberforce. 'Tis a holy spot, this Temple of the Dead. The holiest thoughts and highest aspirations spring into being in these shadowy aisles—in this spot of enchantment. Here the *Great in all fields* sleep peacefully on, awaiting the last trump and the words of the "mighty angel, that time shall be no longer."

Yes, the Great in all fields—on the throne, in the camp, the political arena, in the empire of letters, in the Church,—hallow this grey and ancient abbey, once possessing the right of sanctuary, now the shrine of the Great. Here often our friends listened to the notes of the organ, and the chant of the white-robed choristers, sobbing and wailing down through the grand old arches, like a mournful

dirge for the fallen. There quietly they sleep! How grand and solemn the resting-place of these great souls! And will that last trumpet-blast be loud enough to waken them? Imagine that moment of the Resurrection, when these arise from their dark chambers! And *will* they come forth? Is it no dream, no chimera of the brain? Is it true there is yet a grander future, where Death will forever be a stranger? "I am the Resurrection and the Life, he that believeth in me shall never die."

Most of all they loved the Poets' Corner, and often Elise and Artist Annie stole away, weary with painting and study, to dream and wonder, their enraptured senses bathed in the echoing music, and lost in a trance as of a beatific vision. Tread softly and reverently, *cara mia*!

You are in the midst of mighty souls in this corner. Handel looks down upon you. Does he compose Hallelujahs now for the heavenly choirs? Perhaps infinitely grander. Shakespeare, with his unfolded scroll, repeats his own immortal words:—

" The cloud-capt tow'rs,
The gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples,
The great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inhabit,
Shall dissolve ;

And like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind."

Campbell's white marble standing figure gazes pensively

across the transept to that of Addison, as if he felt that the "pleasures of hope were gone forever!"

The satirist Thackeray; England's most accomplished historian, Macaulay; the great life-painter Dickens, are near the classic Addison, who looks down upon their new-made graves—and the great traveller, Livingstone Africanus is gathered to his brethren, Milton, Spenser. Here are memorials—though all rest not here—to Drayton, Southey, Johnson, Goldsmith, Butler, Pritchard, Gray, Prior,—there is no such spot as this on the globe—the nearest approach to it is that vault where Goethe and Schiller slumber in brotherly proximity, but of that anon. The poet Gay lies in the south aisle of the nave. He knows now the words on his tablet are untrue:—

"Life is a jest, and all things shew it,
I thought so once, but now I know it."

"No, the sentiment is false," said Elise; "if I did not know life is not a *jest*, but an earnest preparation for our future admission to the Blessed Home, I should lose all enthusiasm for study and art."

"So should I," said Artist Annie; "I cannot imagine *mind going to waste*; it is impossible, or why these exalted powers, and creative faculties? Milton, Shakespeare, Homer, Handel, Beethoven—all the great *minds* of all nations—what is their destiny *as mind*? To achieve mightier creations."

"Let us not forget, Artist Annie, holiness is the standard of merit at the Divine Tribunal; mind is immortal,

that we know, but the Prince of Darkness had the loftiest intellect of all created beings! That mind has not lost its powers, but it seems to me, it is *worse than wasted*—it had better have become inactive—for him.”

“Perhaps *not*, for the universe. There can be no virtue without the principle of Evil, can there? The problem is beyond us; we cannot fathom God’s infinite purposes.”

From this Poets’ Corner, one goes out into the still, cold, gray old cloisters around a grassy square, lighted with true Rembrandt lights, and here the deepest shadows fall. The two most striking interior views of the Abbey are,—one from the entrance into the west end of the nave, the one from the Poets’ Corner, where one sees both transepts, and part of the nave and choir. Sebert began the first church on this site in 616, which was finished by Edgar; the Danes destroyed that. Edward the Confessor rebuilt it, and every English monarch, from Harold and his Norman Conqueror, has been consecrated and crowned here.

We have types of the Early English Decorated and Perpendicular Gothic in the Abbey. With solemn grandeur and composure, its towers look out upon the busy city, and its gray masses, buttressed and pinnaced, are a striking contrast to the vast, new-looking houses of Parliament! A more striking contrast to Westminster Abbey than St Paul’s could not well be imagined.

St. Paul’s impresses more from its size than beauty. It lacks the adornments of the great masters, which St. Peter’s at Rome possesses;—and it needs an Italian atmosphere. Its lordly dome, sometimes half hidden in Lon-

don smoke and fog, looks down with an inexpressible majesty and calmness upon all this humanity !

Our friends, at the top of 616 ! steps, arrived at the *ultimatum* of their ambition—the Golden Ball, and *in it*, had the satisfaction of being the highest, and the most uncomfortable, people in London ! From the outer Golden Gallery, at the summit of the dome, the people are very minute objects, the streets narrow lanes—the view—house-tops and spires—beyond, misty indistinctness. On their way up they encountered a rather corpulent gentleman descending, puffing and blowing like a steam engine ; he informed them he “ never saw such a getting up stairs in his life ! ”

From the Whispering Gallery, two hundred feet from the pavement, one can better grasp the huge proportions of the building ; those below look little children, but the dome gains by this nearer view between it and the vast nave beneath, and the frescoes by Thornhill—the life of St. Paul—are illuminated by the flood of light from the lantern. While on this gallery, the great bell rang noon, and its tones echoed through the church with fine effect ; its tone is sweet, wondrously musical and soft, with such power too, as to be heard at Windsor Castle ! It is *one* of the four great bells of England, York, Tom of Lincoln, Oxford, St. Paul's, and it has rung for great events ! Marlborough's and Wellington's victories, State processions, the recovery of the Prince of Wales ! The monuments are numerous—over forty—and chiefly military, but there is a memorial to Howard the philanthropist, and in the

south aisle of the choir an exquisite kneeling figure in white marble, by Chantrey, of Bishop Heber. There is a monument to Sir John Moore, his burial:—

“ We buried him darkly at dead of night.
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams’ misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.”

In the crypt one sees the mausoleums of Nelson and Wellington, and here rest near them men who were giants. Wren’s tomb bears the words, “*Lector, si monumentum requiris, circumspice!*” In this crypt rests Sir Joshua Reynolds, Lawrence, Barry, Opie, Van Dyck, Turner. Nelson’s mausoleum is of black marble, Wellington’s of porphyry, near, the catafalque used at his funeral. The choir has rich carvings from the chisel of the matchless Gibbons, especially a *pelican*, that seems instinct with life.

The exterior of St. Paul’s is far above the interior. As one gazes through Ludgate Hill, its west front, with those dome-crowned towers, is a glorious object. From Blackfriars’ Bridge the dome is best seen. To think that the sea once flowed where St. Paul’s now stands, and that perhaps St. Paul preached here! You can’t prove he did not!

From St. Paul’s our friends went to Greenwich, on the Thames, lunched on whitebait, and saw the hospital—once a palace—for worn-out mariners, and the observatory which stands on a lofty hill. Some very old men sat on

the terrace and in the halls, where no doubt Henry VIII., as well as his daughters Mary and Elizabeth, have had many a childish play. There are paintings, mostly sea-fights, Nelson's naval victories among them ; there are a plan of the " Victory," the clothes worn by Nelson at the battle of the Nile, his coat worn at Trafalgar, with the hole pierced by the ball that killed him ; an astrolabe used by Drake in 1570, in his first expedition to the West Indies ; articles used by Lady Hamilton, and numerous other interesting objects.

Not a whit less pleasant was the sail *up* the Thames to Chelsea, once a favourite suburb where nobility and royalty came, where Erasmus and Holbein lived. The old palace is an hospital for soldiers, but the old Bunhouse is gone.

Classic Kew ! of all the London parks, fittest home of the Muses ! In Rotten Row, and the Serpentine of Hyde Park, one sees the élite of England—*à cheval—en voiture*—in Regent's Park, the old Marylebone, the Zoological Gardens—the finest collection of animals in the world—and in its circular, beautiful Botanic Gardens, the plants of every clime, and the fairest of faces too—if one is there at a " Flower Show." But they all lack the delicious retirement of Kew, where the perfectly-kept lawns, fine trees, vast conservatories with their giants palms, lovely ferns—and the celebrated *Victoria Regia*—are an inexpressible delight, and a source of much information. Here George III. with the Royal family, drove to dine, and if they became disgusted and weary with the dust and

heat of the drive—as “*Fannikin*” says they did—the cool seclusion must have proved, to some degree at least, a compensation.

In these Calypso-like grounds, among these noble trees, unassuming Fanny Burney has invented her plots no doubt, and perhaps the burly Dr. Johnson has joined her—the *only* lady he never *bullied*!—Pardon, but no other English word expresses my meaning—whom he even condescended to give a *nom de nique* in her ramblings—who knows? Fanny was fortunate to win Dr. Johnson’s entire favour, for even poor Mrs. Thrale, who often made tea for him *three times* of a morning, before she could get him to breakfast, came in sometimes for a *snub*! A thousand pleasant things—how many *unpleasant* I cannot say—have happened in this lovely retreat, on which memory dwells as we saunter at our leisure through its paths. No refreshments of any kind are permitted in the grounds, since it is understood you are come to *assist* at a pure banquet of the gods.

“Can you tell me,” asked Fred, “why these gardens and lawns resemble the Eastern Paradise?”

“Yes,” cried Artist Annie, “because there are so many Adams in it!”

“I’ll wager a shilling,” said Elise laughing, “Fred meant to say because there are so many Eves!”

“Talking of a free, pure existence,” said Fred, “amid Arcadian charms, as you girls call it, with flowers, and trees, and silence, and all that sort of nonsense, it would soon prove a stupid affair with nothing to eat or drink!

not ever nectar ! Poetry is very nice, but pudding has also its charms ! You know my oyster-theory, and you manifested a warm sympathy for it last night at dinner ! ”

In a picture-gallery no two paintings are the same, so in the mind, remembered scenes, though ranged in due order, are utterly unlike.

Very different from Kew, were the dust, noise, smoke-and-fog-tints of London streets, and old buildings.

Now they stand in the square green, all that is left of the once extensive grounds of Lincoln's Inn, one of the head-quarters of the legal fraternity, the rival of the Temple. Does the place recall anything to memory ? The noble political martyr, Lord William Russell, was executed on this spot ! and in Chancery Lane, through which they went to it, and through which Russell was led to his death, stood his town house. Lincoln's Inn stands on the site of the palace of Ralph Neville, and also of a Monastery of Black Friars. The new dining hall was opened by her Majesty and Prince Albert. There is a pleasant drawing-room, and a noble library of some 60,000 volumes.

In Temple Gardens, a few trees and flowers make a desperate attempt to grow ! In Shakespear's "Henry VII." this is the spot where the red and white roses became the cognisances of the Yorkists and Lancastrians. Plantagenet plucks a white rose, Somerset a red, a dispute arises, and Warwick says to Plantagenet :—

“ In signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset and William Poole,

Will I upon thy party wear this rose :
And here I prophesy,—this brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction, in the Temple Garden,
Shall send between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night."

The Temple is in Fleet street, extending to the Thames, and consists of Middle and Inner Temple, divided by a lane.

In the Inner Temple Dr. Johnson lived, and the name on the door *No. 1.*, is "Dr. Johnson's Staircase." In the Middle Temple Goldsmith lived in Brick Court, *No. 2.*, over the chambers of Blackstone, *then* finishing the fourth volume of his commentaries—which every student of history, as well as of law, ought to read. The dining halls are richly adorned with carvings, paintings, screens, stained glass, and the "Loving Cup" has been drunk even by royalty in this stronghold of English Law! The Temple Church was built by the Knights Templars after the crusades; it consists of the "Round,"—a Romanesque nave and an oblong choir in Lancet or Early English Gothic. Its grand entrance reminds one of the entrance to the Château de Loche in France. The nave has Purbeck marble columns, with richly sculptured capitals, supporting a triforium of interlaced Norman arches; the windows are Romanesque, the Saracenic ceiling is coloured. On the beautiful pavement of encaustic tiles, are several—eight if I remember rightly—sculptured effigies in freestone of Associate Knights Templars—once resting on altar-tombs. They are in Norman armour, with huge

shields, all recumbent, and with the legs crossed. The choir is in three aisles, with clustered marble columns, between, the groined roof is coloured in arabesque; the triple lancet windows are of marvellous beauty; and its gorgeous pavement and rich sculpture, all softened and enriched by the stained glass, the frescoes of the old crusader kings, or of those who ruled during them, Henry I., holding the *Beauseant*,—half black, half white,—Henry II., Cœur de Lion with his sword, John, Henry III.; then mount to the triforium, and look down and around, listening meanwhile to the sweet-toned organ, and you find yourself back in crusader days! Goldsmith, Plowden, Gibbon, are buried in this beautiful spot. Beauseant was the *first* standard of the crusaders, but it was changed in Stephen's reign to the Red Cross:—

“And on his breast a bloodie crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord.”

Grim old Temple Bar looks down with a very black look upon all the *Modernismus* around him, for he misses his adornments of trunkless heads, that once brought terror to the trembling Londoner.

Gray's Inn is in Holborn street, where Lord Burghley studied; it has a handsome hall, and gardens laid out by Lord Bacon; the *catalpa tree* grew from a slip taken from the one he planted.

“Gray's Inn for walks, Lincoln's Inn for wall,
The inner Temple for a garden, and the Middle for a hall.”

Nature celebrated her high mid-summer festival ; the nymphs of the woods and springs, the hamadryads of the trees, the fauns and satyrs were all abroad in gala dress, for Jupiter's royal court ; the hunting-horn of Diana resounded through the forest, Apollo's divine music paid court to the fascinating Daphne, Echo rambled with the vain Narcissus, Pan played his flute among the thick trees, forgetful of his mid-day nap, and even the handsome god Endymion had awaked from his perpetual sleep on Latmus, and looked on enraptured, while the fauns and nymphs danced with the Tritons their ring-dance by the beautiful lake, Virginia Water, in Windsor Park.

Venus and Juno, more than ever radiant in their god-like beauty, received the dutiful homage of Paris, and Cupid busied himself with his innocent mischief.

The soft notes of Elise's guitar and Fred's flute added their *moitié* to this glorious *fête*, Artist Annie sketched a gigantic oak, while Aunt Jessie and Mr. Hopeton looked on with a serene smile. Suddenly Artist Annie looked up from her sketching, and said : " Did it ever strike you Fred, that in the elaborate, massy foliage of the woods, there never seems a leaf too much ? All is in perfect proportion and harmony ; no confusion, no stiffness ; all is perfect grace.

" See these wonderful oaks, how they spread out their grand branches, and the dryads murmur their mystic music among the myriads of leaves ! How these trees speak to the heart, of a higher life—a nobler To Be, and when you and Elise were playing, it seemed to me this

spot must be a fair type of the divine Elysium ; the music seemed to come from the eternal depths and heights. Oh ! the divinest thing on earth is music ! She stirs all the fountains of the soul ! She comes to us wreathed with the rays of immortality, her tones are the faint echoes of the ' Golden Harps.' "

And Fred gazed with admiring wonder into the great brown eyes of the speaker, sparkling with a genuine enthusiasm, but Elise's dark gray eyes were filled with tears.

" It is true," said Mr. Hopeton, " the influence of music is almost omnipotent, because she deals not with things, but with the sentiments and passions. Were we pure spirit unburdened by matter, we should be able to *hear* that all Nature is one grand symphony, but since we are but human, it is only the embodiment of music by an inspired spirit that we are competent to understand. Music is the universal language, akin perhaps to the language of heaven, that every nation comprehends, and under her holy influence every soul feels a consciousness of her immortal destiny. This, her embodiment of the passions, is the secret of her power. The cradle-song of the mother is but the embodiment of love, and why does the soldier rush into the very face of death without fear, as he hears the stirring music of the march, but because that is the expression of fearless bravery ? "

" I shall never forget," said Aunt Jessie, " my sensations on hearing Allegri's *Miserere*, in the Sixtine Chapel in St. Peter's, in Rome, at the *Tenebræ*. At first the chapel blazed in light from hundreds of gigantic wax tapers,

throwing into bold relief Michael Angelo's 'Last Judgment,' and the beautiful proportions of the chapel. The mighty thought of the great composer seized the mind with irresistible power, and the wailing anguish, and everlasting despair of the lost, filled the soul of the listener with an inexpressible horror and woe. Suddenly, all the lights save fifteen were extinguished as by magic, and in the deep, mysterious shadows the mighty tones of the '*Matutino delle tenebre*' floated on the air. At the end of each of the fifteen psalms, one of the fifteen lights was extinguished; at the fifteenth, total darkness wrapped the chapel in its sepulchral-like folds, and in the awful silence as of death, rose the tones of the *Miserere*, like the sigh of a wounded soul, mounting to the eternal throne. We stood on the shores of eternity; for us earth was forgotten, and the secrets of a universe seemed about to be revealed."

"And to think we shall soon hear it!" exclaimed Elise. "And Artist Annie can revel among the works of art of which she has dreamed so long, and Fred can hear music to his heart's content."

"And what will you do, Elise?" asked Artist Annie.

"Oh, have you forgotten that Elise is our *Chroniclerin*?" cried Fred, laughing. "Depend upon it if Elise can get into a ruin, a gallery of art, or a library, she will find plenty to do."

Their pleasant chat branched out upon many a plan for the future, and Aunt Jessie's luncheon-basket played a high rôle in the pleasant hours. They had looked down

from the great Round Tower of Windsor Castle upon the towers of Eton and the spire of Stoke Pogis Church, the Thames, Frogmore, Runnymede—where Magna Charta was signed,—and the wonderful Windsor Park. They had driven through the majestic avenue—the Long Walk,—the park, among trees fit to grace Olympus, to this lovely lake. They had rejoiced in the splendours and beauties of Windsor Castle, from the time of William the Conqueror the favourite fortress-palace of our English monarchs. The works of art are numerous, and of the highest order. Verrio's beautiful frescoes adorn several of the state apartments; and the Gobelin tapestry with which the Presence Chamber is hung, is especially interesting, representing the chief scenes in the history of Jason in search of the Golden Fleece. This chamber is a dazzling mixture of gilding, costly cabinets, mirrors, and glass chandeliers, and here is the great malachite vase presented to Queen Victoria by the Russian Emperor Nicholas, an exact counterpart of the one at Chatsworth. The Vandyck room contains about thirty works by that great artist, the finest the celebrated equestrian portrait of Charles II. The Zuccarelli Room has portraits of the first three Georges, and the damask hangings bear the arms of William IV. and Queen Adelaide. The Waterloo Chamber contains some forty splendid portraits chiefly by Lawrence, among them Wellington, the great German traveller Humboldt, and here are the magical carvings by Gibbons, of fish, fruit, flowers, foliage.

The great Banquetting Chamber is royal in its full-

le upon the
Church, the
na Charta
ark. They
Long Walk,
this lovely
ad beauties
the Con-
glish mon-
the highest
ral of the
with which
interesting,
f Jason in
a dazzling
and glass
presented
cholas, an
The Van-
hat great
portrait of
the first
e arms of
oo Cham-
chiefly by
German
vings by
its full-

length portraits by Vandyck, Kneller, Lawrence, Gainsborough; its ceiling emblazoned with the arms of all the Knights of the Garter from Edward III. down. In one of the rooms, I forget which, one sees the little clock of brass given by Henry VIII. to Anna Boleyn, on their wedding-day. It is ornamented with fleur-de-lis, and surmounted with the arms of England. *On the weights* is their monogram, within true lovers' knots, one bearing the words, "The most happye," the other, the royal motto.

And this devout Tudor broke his wife's heart, confiscated the property of the abbeys, destroyed poor Wolsey for speaking against the divorce from Katherine, and styled himself Defender of the Faith! *all* for the sake of an empty-headed, selfish girl, with *one too many fingers*!—whatever he may have professed to the contrary.

Now they are amazed at the costliness of the famous gold pantry, and the wealth of marbles and bronzes in the great gallery.

Chantrey's busts of Nelson and Wellington, and his marble statue of George IV., adorn this royal suite of chambers, as also a gorgeous painting on glass of George III. in coronation robes.

The private apartments are home-like, rich with works of art, family portraits, books—all, in short, that can adorn an elegant home. The magnificent terrace leads by noble steps to the private gardens, graced with statues, and affords a wondrous picture of woodland beauty—but of the thousand charms of old Windsor, one can give little idea.

St. George's Gothic Chapel is at least second in elegance and splendour, to nothing of the kind in the world. In the choir are the rich stalls of the Knights of the Garter—who are installed here—above which are their banners and escutcheons. In the chapel are buried the mother of Edward VI., Lady Jane Seymour, and Henry VIII ; Charles I., George III. and Queen Charlotte ; George IV. and his daughter Princess Charlotte ; William IV. and Queen Adelaide ; Edward IV. and Henry VI.

The memorials in the Beaufort Chapel are rich and costly, but the mausoleum to the Princess Charlotte throws all others in the shade ; it is of pure white marble ; the beautiful proportions of the dead figure, which reposes on a couch, are seen through the light drapery thrown over it. Above is a stained-glass window, and the rays of the afternoon sun throw streams of soft and varied light upon this touching memorial. Here one indulges in trains of thought, the burden of which is sadness and regret.

During the three days our friends spent at Windsor, they paid a visit to Stoke Pogis, whose moss-grown-stones-filled church-yard is the birth-place of Gray's immortal "Elegy." "The rugged elms" and "yew-tree-shade" still throw their rich, deep shadows over the dear old ivy-grown country church, as in the days when the poet dreamed his golden dreams.

He sleeps in the peaceful shadows he loved so well—his monument is in human hearts that thrill, as they dwell on his sweet pictures ; but there is one here to the poet, at

some distance from the church, by a lovely grove—a background of hill, green and fresh as the poet's memory. The monument is of stone, and bears quotations from his poems.

From Windsor they went to Hampton Court, deserted and still, empty of all furniture, but the walls of its vast suites of rooms are hung with paintings commemorative of the reign of William of Orange and his Queen Mary Stuart, portraits of many beauties of the court of Charles II., some portraits by West—those of the family of George III. being the finest—and a few good works by the old Masters,—Titian, Rembrandt, Poussin, Holbein; portraits by Gainsborough, Lawrence, West's "Peter denying Christ;"—in all over a thousand paintings—and it must be confessed there is much mere rubbish among them. Many of the apartments, and the grand stair-case, are adorned with frescoes by Verrio, now much faded and neglected. The glory of Hampton Court Palace is the great Hall of Wolsey, afterwards named "Hall of Henry VIII!" It is Gothic, adorned with old arras, and rich ceiling of beam-work with pendant corbels, and rich stained windows, of exquisite tracery. Six of these, three on the north, three on the south side of the Hall, bear the armorial pedigrees of Henry's six wives; these are alternated with seven others, charged with heraldic emblems of the Tudors—the lion portcullis, fleur-de-lis, Tudor rose, the red dragon of York, the white greyhound of Lancaster. The great window at the east end is a gorgeous display of Tudor emblems, and a half-length por-

trait of Henry. In this superb Hall the tragedy of "Hamlet" was played—and "Henry VIII., or the Fall of Wolsey." Alas for human greatness! Of the three prelate prime ministers who undertook to assume absolute power in England, two at least fell—Wolsey—Thomas à Becket. Dunstan had a different sovereign to deal with, and a less enlightened age. One gladly leaves the dusty, deserted interior—where the gloomy Philip of Spain and Mary Tudor, seem to have left their sombre shadows, although they passed their honeymoon here—to ramble among the trees, lawns and flowers of the grounds. The palace itself covers eight acres; court succeeds to court—four in all. The gardens are of sylvan beauty; the soft, green, mossy grass, the long terraces, resplendent with roses, the snow-white guelder rose the loveliest of all, the dark, dense masses of foliage of the sycamore, the lighter greens of the oak, the lovely leaves of the sweet limes that breath out their Italian sweetness—for they are children of the sunny south—mixed and blended in a harmonious mass of rich lights and shade. There is one avenue of limes, interlaced above your head, much like those at the Château d'Amboise. The soft trickling of the fountain sounded oddly in the stillness.

"We might imagine ourselves in the palace of 'Beauty and the Beast!'" exclaimed Artist Annie; "fancy these terraces, and that superb lime-tree avenue echoing back the voices of the queens and beauties who have lingered among them!"

The two large conservatories contain some fine plants,

and the remains of Queen Mary's orange and lemon trees, both bearing their golden fruit.

The famous Black Hamburg grape-vine, occupies one vinery, three times enlarged ; it is the largest grape-vine known ; in order to preserve its strength, every alternate bunch of grapes is cut off early, and not permitted to ripen. The Wilderness is delicious in its deep, dense shadows ; here is the famous labyrinth, which Fred was the first to "unravel," and Artist Annie and Elise declared it most tantalizing to wind round and round, all the time seeing Fred through the thick hedge coolly seated under one of the trees in the centre ! From Hampton Court they drove through the magnificent avenue of horse-chestnuts and limes in Bushy Park, and those wondrous green glades seen on either hand, to Twickenham, the home of Walpole at "Strawberry Hill," and the delicious Richmond Park. They had made the order of the day previous, and lunched at the "Star and Garter," where one has a noble view of Richmond oaks and beeches, and over the valley and Thames.

"No wonder," said Elise, as they drove in Richmond Park, "that the wits and beauties of Horace Walpole's time loved this Arcadian neighbourhood ! Pope, Thomson, the brilliant Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and their 'set,' it was to England—more especially Strawberry Hill—something what old Rambouillet was to France."

"Only that England had not, *then*, the dissolute court of fair France," said Aunt Jessie.

After this little *détour* to Windsor and its two sister palaces, and the refreshing shade of their glorious trees, London noise, dust, and heat were all the more trying. But there is something irresistible in the life of London streets, and as it contains within itself such inexhaustible treasures in the way of art and literature, the mind need never hunger nor thirst, but feast on Olympian ambrosia and nectar! no matter if it is a little mixed up with dust and noise, instead of mountains and country freshness and greenness.

"I think," said Artist Annie, "while the clear weather continues, we might climb St. Paul's again; I should like to see London in the *smokeless air*! Wordsworth tells us about in his 'Sunrise in London.'"

This time they had a broad prospect into the country for twenty miles; but after all, the view of the city was disappointing, for men and things became ridiculously Lilliputian!

Hood pictures it to perfection:

"Oh! what are men? Beings so small,

That, should I fall

Upon their little heads, I must

Crush them by hundreds into dust!

"What is this world, with London in its lap?

Mogg's map.

The Thames, that ebbs and flows in its broad channel?

A *tidy* kennel.

The bridges stretching from its banks?

Stone planks.

Oh me ! hence could I read an admonition

To mad Ambition !

But that he would not listen to my call,

Though I should stand upon the cross and ball ! ”

“ As soon as we have studied the British Museum a few days, I am going to settle down to steady work,” said Artist Annie, the morning after their return from the Isle of Wight ; “ the winter will be all too short for my planned copying. Elise and I will make a *raid* with you, Fred, *hie und da*, to unexplored parts of London, or to the Museum, especially to the noble reading-room.”

“ What are you going to begin with, *ma chère artiste* ! ” asked Fred ; “ the cartoons, or Rosa Bonheur ? ”

“ Don’t be absurd, Fred ; but I am going to begin with what you call a ‘ stupendous subject ’—a Turner ! That grand work, ‘ Ulysses deriding Polyphemus ’—then ‘ Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage,’ and *then* I’m going to South Kensington ; now for the museum ! ”

The Museum ! *ma chère* ! When you begin to master the details of that stupendous accumulation of *antiquity*, you will not wonder our friends took months for its details ! There one roams through the streets of ancient Nineveh and Babylon, Egypt, Greece, Rome—aye ! *further back than that* ! into chalk, coal, old and new red sandstone, Lias, among Placoids, Ganoids, Oolites, Trilobites, Reptiles, Mammals, ages upon ages before even the Older Pliocene, and *that*, ages before the Pliocene that saw

man arise! Sesostriis and these withered, horrid Mummies, are modern in comparison!

Nimrod, Sennacherib, the Hyksos, or a priestess of Amen-ra, would blush to set up for antiquity beside a *Trilobite*! Amid the wondrous manuscripts are Magna Charta—Charlemagne's Bible, illuminated, the Prayer Books of Lady Jane Grey, of Queen Elizabeth; original letters of *all* the reformers. It is overwhelming. No-where can a student better *review*, and see *how much he knows*! than here.

The library is surpassed only by those of Munich and Paris; the reading-room is circular in form, the light thrown from the roof; each person has a desk to himself with pen and ink.

What with Museum and art "studies," "readings in pleasant evenings," "researches," "raids" upon unexplored regions of London, that winter was all too short, and May, with her golden laburnums, and faces of radiant loveliness and joy, took our friends by surprise. In those last days of rides in Rotten Row, drives in Hyde Park along the Serpentine, and musings in the Queen Abbey of the world, Mr. Hopeton said one day, as they loitered in Hyde Park, "we must have some fresh sea breezes and bathing before we go to Paris *pour la Grande Exposition*. What say you all to Dover? We should be in an interesting district, and could make some very pleasant little trips in the out-lying places."

Mum-

stess of
eside a
Magna
Prayer
original
g. No-
much he

ich and
e light
himself

ings in
unex-
p short,
aces of
urprise.
n Hyde
Queen
s they
esh sea
Grande
ould be
e very

CHAPTER XXV.

DOVER AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD—CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

SO to Dover they went, took a house for a month in Waterloo Crescent, where their windows “gave” upon the glittering, sparkling straits, and on clear days across to the shores of sunny France. At the Tunbridge Junction, they branched off five miles to Tunbridge Wells for a day or two. This pretty, much-visited watering place sits peacefully among its rock-strewn moors, sweet with thyme and myriads of wild flowerets, the coronet of a graceful hill, the ruins—the picturesque ruins—of Bayham Abbey proclaiming it is no *parvenu*!

“Pray remark well the geologic character of this neighbourhood,” said Mr. Hopeton, as they rambled in the delicious lanes, and on the moors; “these sandstone rocks are a portion of the Wealden Beds, a superficial stratum of clay, ironstone, limestone, and sandstone, formed above and around the great chalk formations of these regions. These beds spread over large portions of Kent and Sussex, and are also found in the Isle of Wight—you remember the fossil *Polacanthus* from the Wealden of the Wight, that we saw in the museum.

This stratum contains petrified forests, as we saw on the Hastings beach—and other characteristic fossil re-

mains that have led geologists to conjecture these strata were fresh water deposits. If that be the case, the Wealden marks the bed of a mighty river—an English Volga—long before the English Channel broke through, chalking out for his waters a new connection with old ocean, and a new field for his energies! We have now gone over, too, nearly the whole vast chalk system of England. It is found in Cambridge, Suffolk, Norfolk, Sussex, Hampshire, Dorset and Wiltshire—and in the Isle of Wight. Its snowy whiteness is a striking and beautiful contrast to the vast, dark and sombre slate-masses of Cumberland and Wales.”

“Is the chalk an old—very old formation?” asked Artist Annie; “I do not know if I am *quite clear* what is the cause of its whiteness—or palest gray! I must confess to a deplorable ignorance of geology.”

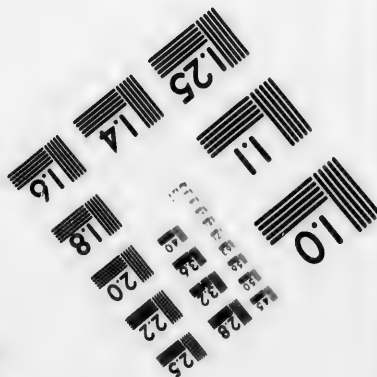
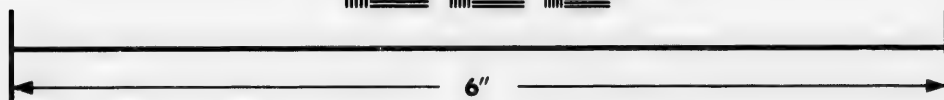
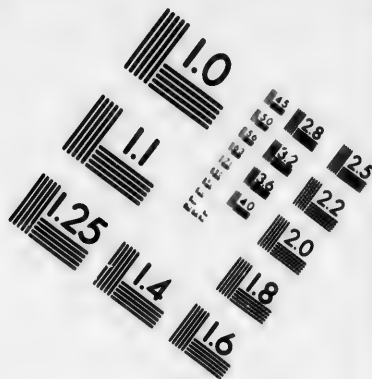
“Is the chalk system—those masses of dazzling calcareous rocks—‘very old?’ Yes and no. Absolutely ‘*very*,’ *relatively*, no, young! although its fossils belong to *extinct species*! You know the four old divisions of geologists—now much modified, and *ramified*, are the Metamorphic, Primary, Secondary and Tertiary. To go into details would need a whole geology. The chalk, the cretaceous system, is the *last* of the secondary formations. All its types of life are eminently marine and animal. Fossil Flora rare, and those Algæ. To compare the age of one of the *sea-urchins*—of which there are several varieties, of the chalk, to a *trilobite* of the Metamorphic or Silurian, would be like comparing an infant to Methusaleh! And

the old red sandstone, and new red sandstone are not-to-be-imagined *ages older* ! Chalk is an almost pure carbonate of lime, and is grouped with the green sand and gault. It is the bed of a primeval ocean, and was once *instinct with life* ! It was formed by the accumulations of minute marine Crustacea—and subsequently, through unnumbered ages, became the tomb of reptiles, birds and mammals, of which we saw so many remains in the museum. These layers and cliffs then, at which one is so amazed, are mountains of shells and bleaching bones ! What awful, inconceivable commotions those must have been, that thrust up and planted in such majesty, as protecting, sleepless sentinels, the grand cliffs of the Isle of Wight, of Dover, and so many parts of this southern coast. 'Tis a noble, an overwhelming study—this of geology—and when one gains a faint glimmering notion of the age of this globe, and then begins to speculate upon other worlds—the universe—one begins to grasp an *idea* of infinity, with no power to measure or comprehend its vastness."

"Is chalk allied to limestone ?"

"Limestone is a *general* term for all rocks, the basis of which is carbonate of lime, and includes not only chalk, but marble, alabaster, dolomite and other compounds. It exists in different formations, and has been formed by different processes."

Through the garden-like Kent, last autumn, as they passed through, so rich in her ripening, yellow-brown-tinted hops, and gay hop-pickers, past kingly, gray old



Photographic Sciences Corporation

**23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503**

18 20 22 25
E6 E8 E10 E12 E14 E16 E18 E20 E22 E24 E26 E28 E30 E32 E34 E36 E38 E40 E42 E44 E46 E48 E50 E52 E54 E56 E58 E60 E62 E64 E66 E68 E70 E72 E74 E76 E78 E80 E82 E84 E86 E88 E90 E92 E94 E96 E98 E100

10 01 02 03 04 05 06 07 08 09 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

Canterbury, they reached at last the regions of the famous Cinque Ports, the old Hanse-towns of England. They had chosen, as they found, the most desirable situation. From their windows they could watch the vessels that arrived and departed every hour; guns were always booming on the castled, battlemented heights above the town, and at stated intervals the bugle-call resounded and re-echoed among the snowy cliffs, that look so singular, so mysterious at night, with those lines of lights, the castle lights, and the glittering beacons. There were climbings of the cliffs and wanderings on the *breezy* downs, explorations to the villages of the pretty Dour valley, to Walmer Castle, Deal, to St. Margaret's along the coast—a rough wild scene, and an exhausting walk enough, among shingle and fallen rocks, old tide muttering unutterable things, as he seemed hastening on to shut them in at the foot of these frowning, overhanging cliffs of the grand south Foreland, crowned with a lighthouse. The prospect from the summit of the lordly Shakespeare's cliff, now pierced with a tunnel almost a mile in length, is one of the grandest conceivable. Twenty-one miles across the shimmering straits, France is clear and distinct, while the stern, unbending, solitary, solemn, cliffs, those pale, unwearied watchers, would seem to pierce all French secrets of intended invasion, or any hostility whatever.

And the billows beat in vain against the rocky ramparts, now sweeping in with sounds of triumph and joy, or retreating with hollow groans, *plunging* and sinking down into the untold depths, suggesting ideas of death and de-

struction—it is very striking, this difference in the sound of the rising and ebbing tide. One feels, as at Niagara, the awful majesty of the eternal thunder, endless, unwearied. “Deep calleth unto deep, at the noise of Thy water-spouts!” “The Lord sitteth upon the flood,” sounds one “deep,” another answereth, “Yea, the Lord sitteth King forever!” And then all the “Deeps” unite in an overwhelming chorus, till the cliffs tremble before an Almighty, to whose might they bend their proud heads in meek submission. And more than a hundred white sails glitter on the waters! Had we been here nearly two thousand years ago, we might have seen the Roman galleys! And that grand race left their mark here in the south, as well as yonder on the borders. *Watling Street*, beginning near Dover, extended through Kent to London, past Canterbury, through the midland counties by St. Albans, old Stratford; along the Severn to the cathedral-town of Worcester, thence through Central Wales to Cardigan. What a stupendous work it was, especially when we remember what the face of the country then was, but what cared the conquerors of the world for forests, swamps and morasses?

Our friends made two visits to ancient Canterbury—older even than the Queen of the Seven Hills—a second time, that they might attend Sunday service in the grand old cathedral. The city, in that lovely-hop-grown plain, the Stour winding through, along its course, and in the green fields, those objects that always lend a picturesque charm to any landscape—the round wind-mills whirling their

busy wheels,—the central and grandest object, the tower-crowned cathedral, is a fair and ravishing sight. Nothing of the ancient surrounding walls remains, save *Westgate*. Canterbury Cathedral stands where stood the palace of King Ethelbert, and the coronation chair of the old kings of Kent is still in the cathedral. Here St. Augustine lived and taught, but his abbey is utterly vanished, a missionary college occupies its site—two gateways and an arch are incorporated in the modern building.

We are in a rich mine of old events here. Scraps of history come to meet us at every step, sometimes on that rich remnant of Norman staircase, with its massy pillars and chevron ornamentation, trodden very likely by the Black Prince himself; in the deep Saxon and Norman crypt, in the transepts and aisles of the sanctuary. What multitudes of pilgrims once flocked here to visit the holy shrine of the once powerful prelate, Thomas à Becket, from princes and nobles to the poor and obscure! Melrose, Durham, Byland Abbey, are the only rivals in England of Becket's shrine at Canterbury.

The cathedral is a gray, massive, and imposing pile, with two noble west towers, and the central, or *Angel Tower*, of graceful form, like the others, finished with turrets, is two hundred and eighty-five feet high. The cathedral is cruciform; the west front and the porch are beautiful specimens of the Perpendicular Gothic. Over the porch door was formerly the carved stone scene of Becket's assassination. What has become of it I do not know; perhaps it was *like the stone stained with his*

blood, sent to Rome as a relic to be adored. One sees the square spot where this piece of blood-stained stone was cut out! Thomas à Becket was slain in the north transept, which is now called "the Martyrdom," the 29th of December, 1170, and for centuries was a sacred day in England, and, of course, is yet in the Popish Church. Becket's shrine was in Trinity Chapel, behind the reredos and high altar, and probably no shrine in the world was richer and more gorgeous in its times. *Nothing* of all this splendour remains save the stone steps which led up to the shrine, deeply worn by the tread of many generations and myriads of votaries. Very likely the brave Black Prince, aye, and the warlike Edward III. have mounted them, and the proud and haughty Henry II., who did penance for his hasty words in the Chapter House.

The Black Prince is buried here, and there is a well-preserved tomb to his memory, crowned with his effigy in bronze, of very fine workmanship, graceful and elegant in form, and *once* highly gilded—of the gilding, however, no trace is left. Above the tomb are the coat of mail, gauntlets, helmet, and shield worn by the noble hero on the field of Cressy. The helmet bears a bronze lion with open mouth. The Prince died in the archiepiscopal palace in Palace Street, close by.

There is a tomb to Henry IV., and the celebrated Cardinal Pole. The cathedral is hung with well-tattered banners from many a battle-field.

It is very pleasant to recall scenes of solemnity and

splendour, as one looks with admiring wonder and awe on the rich architectural beauties of the majestic nave and aisles, and the gorgeous, richly-sculptured choir, the beautiful altar-piece, and that wondrous, marvellous window.

Edward I. and Queen Margaret were married in 1299 at the altar of the martyrdom. The cathedral contains numerous monuments, many of them to warriors.

In the deep, vast crypt is the chapel given to the French Protestant refugees—Walloons—by Queen Elizabeth, and here they still worship.

Canterbury Cathedral owes its rich and beautiful choir to the genius of a Frenchman, William de Sens, to whom was entrusted its rebuilding, after the destruction of the former one by fire in 1174, but he did not live to complete it. The *Corona*—round chapel—was finished by an English artist. The cathedral could once boast of as many relics of saints as St. Denis or Cologne—of Martyr Blasius of Rome, of St. Wilfred, St. Dunstan, St. Elfege, St. Thomas à Becket.

There are several churches in Canterbury that look ancient enough—in character with the picture in which they are set; but St. Martin's is more ancient than the cathedral itself. It is built of Roman bricks, and is imagined to be as old as the second century! Perhaps Constantine the Great went to church in it!

Not far from the cathedral, in a narrow lane, Le Mercerie, is a *Tabard Inn*, where the Canterbury pilgrims rested.

From Dover our friends went to Folkestone, only six miles distant. It is very near three other of the English Hanse towns.

The Cinque Ports of Norman days have seen strange and stirring events from the Conquest down, and when that great, decisive battle of Hastings was fought the good poet tells us :

“ Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hythe and Dover,
Were all alert that day,”

and *lost*, in the end thereby to gain! a seeming paradox, often in life as true as of the Saxon defeat.

“ In the fair scenery of this part of England,” said Fred, as they watched the rising tide, “ and amid the many picturesque ruins of castles and abbeys, one loses himself in contemplation of that bewitching something we call the Past—that shadowy, mystic Past we love to linger in and dream about, enchanted with the *glamour* of poetry and romance. True it is—

‘ There is a power
And magic in the ruined battlement,
To which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower.’

“ And what lessons—old, yet new—one is ever learning of change and decay in these old, mouldering ruins. See, Elise, here is a fragment I wrote in the ruined Bayham Abbey: —

To-day man’s drest in gold and silver bright,
Wrapt in a shroud before to-morrow’s night ;

To-day he's feeding on delicious food,
 To-morrow dead, unable to do good ;
 To-day he's nice, and scorns to feed on crumbs,
 To-morrow he's himself a dish for worms ;
 To-day he's honour'd and in vast esteem,
 To-morrow not a beggar values him ;
 To-day he rises from a velvet bed,
 To-morrow is in one that's made of lead ;
 To-day his house, tho' large, he thinks but small,
 To-morrow no command—no house at all !
 To-day his friends and menials at his gate,
 To-morrow scorned, *not one of all* will wait ;
 To-day he's grand, majestic, all delight,
 Ghastly and pale before to-morrow night ;
 To-day is his to win the heavenly goal,
 To-morrow—— ? Who shall paint a ruin'd soul ?"

" I was thinking," said Elise, " as I sat here alone, yesterday, how much more I love the sea in her smiles and gentleness, and the cliffs warmed up with the sun-rays, when they, too, put on grim smiles ! And the meadows and ruins are so lovable, clad in soft flowers and creeping vines—are they not ? And I wandered off into a pleasant dreamy land of rare sounds and wild, unspoken fancies, and then I thought these fancies about *human smiles*:—

Weep not at what the world can do,
 Nor sorrow for its wrong ;
 But wear a smile upon thy brow,
 It cannot harm thee long.
 The cold contempt, the bitter scorn,
 The hatred and the guile,
 Will not fall lighter if we mourn—
 'Tis better then to smile.

Then smile at human vanity,
 And smile at human pride,
 And smile when men do flatter thee,
 And *smile when they deride.*
 If some would do thee wrong, then smile,
 And care not to condemn ;
 When some with softer looks beguile,
 Why, have a smile for them."

"I wrote out a *wish* for you both," said Artist Annie,
 "when we were in Canterbury Cathedral the other day—
 this is it:—

When my soul wings her flight
 To the regions of light—
 And my form shall recline on its bier ;—
 As ye visit the tomb
 Where my ashes consume,
 Oh ! drop to my mem'ry a tear.

Let no marble bestow
 That splendour of woe
 Which the children of vanity rear ;—
 No fiction of fame
 To blazon my name ;—
All I ask—all I wish—is a tear."

"I think," replied Elise, "your friendship and mine is
 no 'sentimental moonshine,' as Fred sometimes playfully
 says, but a feeling I have expressed in" the following
 lines, which please take as an answer to your wish :—

Oh ! 'tis a blessed thing to know,
 Though but beloved by few,
 That there is one in weal or woe,
 That will remember you.

To feel when not a friend is nigh,
Whose hope-inspiring breath
Can make this changeful life more dear,
And soothe the hour of death ; -

That there is one who would not shrink,
That all you bear, would bear,
Of the same cup you drink—would drink,
Nor ask what draught be there."

"And you actually *believe* in such a friendship?" asked Fred.

"Without doubt. Look at our uncle! True, all his life to a memory! I often sit and look at his dear, benevolent face, his broad, noble brow, and those dear whiten- ing locks, and feel something akin to worship. His is a grand character."

At this *mal-a-propos* moment Aunt Jessie and Mr. Hopeton joined them from a ramble along the beach, Aunt Jessie interrupting our poetic trio with the ques- tion—"Do you know that this is, for the present, our last day in England? To-morrow morning finds us with our eager faces turned towards sunny France."

"*Quant à moi*," said Fred, "I am not sorry to leave this land of fogs and *eternal drizzles* for awhile. Second to no land is it in grand ruins and a grander history—but I prefer a blue to a gray sky! The blue of our own Canada!"

So now, *ma chère amie*, for awhile I bid thee a re- gretful farewell—but 'tis—

AU REVOIR!

62

friendship?"

...e, all his
...ear, bene-
...r whiten-
His is a

and Mr.
...e beach,
...ne ques-
...our last
...us with

...o leave
...awhile.
...grander
...he blue
...e a re-